

THE

MAN ABOUT TOWN

BY

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"Your counsel," quoth Panurge, "under your correction and favour, seemeth unto me not unlike to the song of *Gammer Ya-by-Nay*. It is full of sarcasms, mockeries, bitter dipping bobs, derisive quips, biting jerks, and contradictory iterations, the one part disproving the other."—RABELAIS.

"I, too, am in love with this green Earth—the face of Town and Country—the unspeakable rural Solitude, and the sweet security of Streets."

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ERRATA.

Page 57, line 15, for "rapt" read "*rapped*."

— 243, line 17, *dele* the hyphen in "uncomfortably."

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE POETRY OF EARLY RISING.

If there is one time more than another in which our dear old mistress, Nature, seems most happy in herself, and looks more proudly and admiringly on her own works, and the creatures and creations of her hand, it is in the early months of summer, and if there is one time more than another in which her beauty is more beautiful, her eternal youth more youthful-looking, her delight more infectious, stirring up our sluggish spirits from their trance, it is in her spring mornings, splendid with excessive light, glittering with her dewy jewellery, balmy with her warm and fragrant breath, and continually new and fresh with the

“Hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers.”

When the hedges, which were green at your retiring to bed, look at them when you rise again, and they are white (as if covered with snow) with

the fragrant thorn-blossoms—as if Nature, in the secrecy of night, had showered a rain of silver spangles among their green leaves, to surprise the waking Hours of the morning with beauty, and taking the unwilling soul of Man from the sensuality of Sloth, lay it in the happy Elysium of her green lap, to slumber there—if it must sleep on and will not be awakened—with those innocent, sweet bedfellows of the tawny gipsy girls, .

“The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.”

—when the breath of health may be quaffed like a precious elixir made for medicine the sickness of the heart and cleansing it of

“The lees and settlings of the melancholy blood :”

—when Health herself, robed in green, and looking like a summer-browned companion of the buxom wood-nymphs,—

“The wanton wood-nymph of the verdant spring,”—

or like one of Diana’s own chosen troop of hunters, each as beautiful as their most heavenly mistress — when the hunter’s horn, and the horn of the bee, and the anthem of the lark, “singing at Heaven’s gate,” call us away from the “smoke and stir of this dim spot” to the dewy-shining fields of Day, in the freshness and glory of his youth ;—when these pleasures invite us, oh who, save the insen-

single, would toss upon the bed of indolence?—
Surely it is healthier and wiser

“To wake and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep?”

Certainly it is; but the multitudinous many are too deeply drowsed with the syren songs and cloying syrops of Luxury to hear the voice of Nature, admonishing them, and the counsels of her high priests, teaching them to awake and amend their lives at their solicitation. We are deaf as the adder, that hears, but listens not to the “voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.” Our cry is still, like the sluggard’s,

“A little more sleep and a little more slumber,”

and though the earth-embracing air is flowing along, like a river of life, ready prepared, if we would but leave our beds, to receive, and bathe, and freshly renew our wasted bodies, unwholesome with the exhalations of sleep; and, like a bath, lave them, till they glow with health and vigour; we prefer wallowing with Sloth as an easier attitude than standing erect and strong on “morn-elastic” limbs, like so many mortal Mercuries “new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.” Fashioned by the Eternal Hand to look and be but “a little lower than the angels”—taught to rise to them with our souls—we love rather to crawl upon the ground, degraded Nebuchadnezzars,—kings by birth

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and endowments, slaves lower than the lowest in desires and in the condition to which we have debased ourselves. Heirs of heaven, we have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage :— it is eaten, and now, like the prodigal, we must hereafter herd with swine, and feed on the husks of life, instead of “ sorting ” with immortal spirits, and eating of their manna-bread, their locusts, and wild honey.

“ Falsely luxurious, will not man awake ? ” cried the poet of the Seasons. Few, however, heard him, or, if they did, heeded him not, and turned on the other side ; and, seeing how disregarded was his call, he turned once more in his own bed, and took another nap. If, when some good-natured friend reminded him of his early enthusiasm for early rising, the poet brusquely asked, “ What have I to do, young man ? ” he spoke thus in his despair : he felt that his voice had been like one crying in the wilderness, and that he had called unto stocks, and preached unto stones. We are not wiser now, nor more inclined to hear : we still have our own way, and will have it : and instead of rising when

“ — fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the heaven laugheth of the sight,”

we lie upon the ground, and cling to it, as though rooted in it. And if we stretch out our arms, it is

not as the vine stretches out its tendrils, that it may secure itself still the more firmly where it stands : we stretch out ours only to grasp at sordid things—the gold and the gauds which are our bane and detriment.

“No more—no more ! angels have preach'd in vain !”

It were vain, indeed, to admonish those whom Nature cannot teach—nor Wisdom, when she crieth daily in the streets to ears too “gross and unpurged” to hear her cry, and obey her call, to come up from the low cells and dungeons of Care—to walk with her on the high-places of Nature—to breathe with her “the incense-breathing Morn,” and behold the Sun set forth “like a bridegroom in his strength,” with

“All his travelling glories round him !”

Nature, however, though forsaken of her human children, still loves them, and yearns for them as a mother for her offspring ; and how gladly would she take them back again unto her arms !

But we have loitered so long at the door, waiting for those who will not wake, that we shall lose the beauties we would have had them to see for themselves, and not hear of, as of some old romancer's story.

It is the dawning-hour of day. The air is calm as an infant's breathing : the sky is clear, and greyly tinged with the returning light.

“The early star shoots down, and day is breaking,
 Orient as eyes of roses at their waking ;
 A gentle stir is heard among the bowers,
 A rustling of the rousing leaves and flowers.”

The animal and insect world is astir ; the creatures that delight in darkness and night have retired, in their turn, to rest : the more cheerful creatures of the day—(for so we are taught to consider them, yet, for anything we know, the bat may be a merrier fellow than the swallow, and the owl as lively as the lark, though he affects an imperturbable air of gravity)—those that delight in sun and shower—are already risen to enjoy their old pleasures, their new loves, and bird-like friendships, and fresh haunting-places. Some of these happy creatures are already providing for the wants of the day, thinking nothing of the morrow : others, who are not summer-livers only, but mean to winter here, are hoarding grain for their winter necessities ; and all are pursuing that work of their lives which Nature appointed them to do, and which they are doing cheerfully and industriously.

“The bee has left his honied home, and humming
 Drowsily a few short snatches of his song,
 Winds in and out—now drops the flowers among,
 Finds where his business lies—a moment sings—
 Then settling to his work, shuts to his golden wings !”

Man only sleeps and is slothful, and, when he wakes, repines at the hard task assigned him, and

murmurs much, and sings not a single note of praise or pleasure. But behold the dawning!

“As some broad river’s tide (whose ebbing left,
Where silvery waters eloquently ran,
Banks black with ooze, and shoals of filthy slime)
Comes gently flooding—pouring fluent on,
So gradually the light breaks flowing in,
From east to west, till all the sky is fill’d
With light and beauty, like a theatre,
Some vast arena of old Greece or Rome
Where a great, many-million’d people throng’d.”

Twilight—of which the happy poet Herrick says

“Twilight no other thing is, poets say,
Than the last part of night, and first of day”—

twilight, and all its shadows and solemn glooms, is gone, and it is perfect day. Before that cheerful advent and return of light,

“What various scenes, and oh! what scenes of woe,
Were witness’d by that red and struggling beam!
The fever’d patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beheld it stream;
The ruin’d maiden trembled at its gleam;
The debtor waked to thoughts of gyve and jail;
The love-lorn wretch from love’s tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trim’d her sick infant’s couch, and sooth’d his feeble wail.”—*Scott*.

But “the universal blessing,” Light, has laid, as with the rod of Moses, the serpent thoughts of darkness—fear, superstition, and despair; and

holier thoughts and aspirations, and the voices of birds, if not of men, are heard filling the aisles, and thrilling the high dome of Nature's ancient temple, with their matinal hymn of praise.

And now a sudden stop and deepened silence is heard. The voice of hymning is audible no more, as though the gush of gratulation had exhausted the powers of the exultant worshippers of God, and his handmaid, Nature, and her works and wonders; and all is again calm, as if Sleep had not quite released the feathered tribes from her sweet influence. Not only things animate, but things inanimate, seem to have fallen into this momentary repose—this hush as of deep awe, and as if all things in “expressive silence” mused His praise who moulded and fashioned, gifted and endowed all things.

But though the “full choir that waked the universal grove” has ceased, and the sudden activity of life is sunk again into repose, there is much to see, and admire, and wonder at, and more to imagine, till you behold it all! Let the “lyric lark” rest awhile his weary wings, “with roarie May-dews wet,” and let him fluttering dry them in his clovered couch, where the golden sunlight loves to glitter on his breast, and warm his thankful heart with the genial heat he loves. We have heard him sing

“Till all the heavens were round him ringing!”

Let the cuckoo rest till the shepherd-boy is among the hills, to start and stare at his sudden cry, which now shouts in his ear as if from the hedge he is stealing along, and in a moment seems fields away : let him “ imitate his lay,” and forget his flock, to wander after “ the wandering voice :” and let the early schoolboy, who loves the fields, wonder to hear his “ cry,” and look for him “ in bush, and tree, and sky,” and be led by the ear, and misled by his wishes, from hedge to hedge, from field to wood,

“ A weary chase and idle hour !”

Leave him to his unrest, and the birds to their rest, and let us enjoy this hour of happy silence—silence which thinks—silence which speaks—, speaks the quiet satisfaction of Nature as she beholds the children of her bosom growing momentarily and perceptibly to her eyes, if not to ours. Let her behold, and smile as she beholds, the growing maturity which will make the hopes of her spring the certainties of her autumn. And if we cannot help her with our hands, at least let us bid her “ Good speed,” and cry

“ Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious Nature
Has done her part. Ye softening breezes, blow !
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend ;
And temper all, thou wondrous-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year !”

dropping its yellow clusters about the face of Morning like golden ringlets falling from the fair brow of Beauty ! The whole vernal world is now, indeed, in its youth, and pride, and glory !

“ No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar. Paler some,
And of a wannish grey : the willow such—
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf ;
And ash, far-stretching his unbragous arm.
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved and shining in the sun.
The maple, and the beech, of oily nuts
Prolific ; and the lime, at dewy eve
Diffusing odours. Nor unmoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now lawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours drest.”

The town-gardens, too, are full of the freshness and beauty of morning. There the rose breathes her delicate fragrance, that dies not with her summer of life, but clings still to her leaves, though scattered and wafted wherever the winds list. There

“ The lilac—(various in array, now white,
Now sanguine . . . as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all,)”—

loads the air with fragrance. And there,

“ Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours.”

clings like weakness to the wall. The jessamine throws "wide her elegant sweets." Sweet peas flutter like various-winged butterflies ready for flight. Blue-bells seem to swing silently in the air—to our ears, but, perhaps, to beings better endowed, with finer perceptions, and organs more delicately tuned, they are ringing an ærial peal. The foxgloves—with whom the bees love to wrestle—bloom, and invite them, to the amorous war. Pinks throw far and wide their clove-scented breath; and every flower of the field and the garden has arrayed itself in all its glories, to welcome and do honour to the Morn!

And now the voice of Song is heard warbling again. The lark is antheming the sun. The thrush is "

"Singing of summer in full-throated ease."

The blackbird whistles in the copse, and pauses often to hear a brother whistler, in the distance answering him. The cuckoo blows his two fluty notes again, and again the schoolboy

"Starts his curious voice to hear,
And imitates his lay."

Rooks, clamouring in their play, with their harsh discords make sweet harmony; and all is beauty, health, harmony, and joy.

The early morning is a time for thoughts of love and hope: it comes like a return of youth to age,

and of re-awakened life to all. Enjoying the first fresh hours of a spring or a summer day is like having watched the youth of some remarkable man, who changes the thoughts or destinies of nations.

To town-born men, unused to "the sweet rural life," how delicious—almost delirious—a pleasure is early rising, and early walking abroad in the country, in the mornings of June, and its sweet sister summer months!—that is, if ever they had, or have, any love for the beauties of this beautiful world—any longing to enjoy them. How the eyes of the town-prisoned man dwell on them, and grow the more enamoured of their loveliness, the more they gaze on them! How his tall spirits dance!—his heart, contracted with the constricting cares of life, expands, and takes in all! How his chilled affections warm! How youth, and its first, fresh, free feelings are remembered!—the middle years of life, and its growing wants and providences for to-morrow, contemplated with calm, confiding cheerfulness!—his coming age looked forward to with hope of a green and autumn-like decline—there where he stands admiring and wondering at the natural beauties of this Earth, or in some spot as beautiful—as English—as home-loved—as patriot-thought inspiring—as complacent and serene!

Men in health, with unexhausted hopes, feel thus. But ah! to the sick man, new-risen from

what he feared would be the bed of death ; or, to him whose fate is sealed—whom Hope will no longer flatter with fair promises of life—how does the exceeding loveliness of early day touch him to the heart ! His eyes trickle with tears—not sorrowful, not selfish—tears sanctified with love—love for the few most dear to him, whom he must leave—and love for all, as brethren. If there is one tear of sorrow mingling in his melancholy pleasure in the vernal pleasures speaking, singing, and shining around him, it is that he has wasted the healthy years of life in idle, empty entertainments, which, now that they are remembered, will not bear measuring for one moment with the pleasures which surround him—which awaken him too late—speak to him when it is sorrowful to hear them—and make the few, brief, hurrying hours of his decline “ full of troubles.” Oh what beauty does he behold in all things !

“ Straight *his eye* has caught new pleasures
As the landscape round it measures !”

What music and what happiness does he hear in the song of the birds,

“ Bidding the Morn good-morrow !”

The winds sing Æolian harmonies in his ear. The lowing of the distant kine touches him as if an organ breathed deep diapasons through some old abbey, which trembled throughout its walls with

the strong-thrilling sounds. Even the inharmonious clamouring of rooks and daws is music unto him: their migratory flights far forward—their playful circlings round about their old home-trees—are graceful in his eyes. The mavis sings not idly—sings not to himself for his own pleasure: his heart—that knows what joy is by its own sorrow—hears his song echoed through all its many dreary chambers, and answers to his joy with a delicious sadness, almost as sweet as joy. The bold blackbird espies him,

“Brashing with *trembling* steps the dew away,”

and ceases not to sing, he looks so gentle. The lark hovers over his head—bowed down with broken health and heavy spirits—like the dove that fluttered above the heads of those baptized ones who stood weeping in the sacred waters of Jordan—and lures his saddened eyes, and solemnized thoughts, and prayerful aspirations up to Heaven—“the world shut out, forgotten and forgiven !

We think nothing of a morning, or of a day, whether spent idly or usefully; and yet of what importance may not that day have been to the world!—little perhaps to ourselves, but how great in the history of the interests of Man! It may have changed the fate of nations—have broken the chains of bondage of a noble but enslaved people—

have thrown down the altars of an unknown god, and laid the foundation of temples to be built to the true God. It may have changed the dynasties of centuries, and raised the throne of a new dynasty which shall reign for as many more. It may have given to the waiting world another Shakspeare—a Homer—a Milton; or it may have snatched away from a delighted people a Scott—a Goethe—a Byron. The fame of such noble men with noble memories is the work of many single days' making, but of a few short years; and yet the labour of their brief lives will live through ages, and be as lasting as the world they have adorned. The mighty "Iliad" was the labour of many single days; but that labour has outlived many centuries, and may outlive far more—live till Time himself is dying, and Fame is silencing. We wonder at the hundred volumes forming the collected writings of a Voltaire or a Scott; but these were but the labours of men who made good use of their days. "No day without a line" was a poor wish and a lazy task to the poet who desired it: for a line a day would make but a small show at the year's end; and yet a few years so employed might give the idle dog, who wished only so much, a great name and an immortality! All the claims which Gray the poet has upon Fame are fifty pages, of twenty-eight lines each—noble lines, it is true, but they do not seem much, nor

the labour of many days : yet who would not jump to have his reputation as a poet ? Goldsmith's exquisite genius for poetry—if the mine had been more worked—lies in almost as small a compass : Collins's in less ; and who would not wish to be either Collins or Goldsmith, and take the melancholy insanity of the one, or the “in wit a man—simplicity a child” of the other, into the bargain ! When, even by a line a day, such reputations as these may be made in so short a time as three or four years, days are surely valuable, and should not be idly wasted.

There was a day when not a brick or stone of this gigantic city of ours was seen standing in what must then have been a solitary wilderness. Ere the following day had been scored down in the long account of Time, a little hut—huddled together with mud, and reeds, and piled-up stones—the foundation-house, the nut and nucleus of this greatest city of the world—stood on the northern shore of the unfrequented Thames, upon whose waters no other voyagers were seen floating but the beautiful wild swan and her dusky cygnets ; and these having passed along, the silence and solitude of the green shores and the wild waters were unbroken for many, many days. The Sun—“the beneficial Sun”—passed over the dreary scene ; and not a human eye turned to look upon him, and hail and bless him, and smile because he smiled. The storm

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swept over the waves and rushed into the forest lifting its shores, and not a creature breathing human breath shrunk from its severities. The wild gull laughed and leaped to meet the tempest, and soared, and dived, and circled around the melancholy scene, and not even an echo answered to its scream. The wolf visited its waters, and having drunk his fill, retreated back into the sombre depths of the wilderness, and once more hunted for his prey. Night came, and no reverential eye was lifted up to heaven from that silent shore unknown to man, or, if known, untrodden by his foot. No voice of prayer or praise went up to the Eternal Throne at the solemn coming-on of the darkness of night, or at the glorious diffusion of the golden splendours of returning day. The silence, there—the human silence—had never spoken or sung a syllable to God. The wild boar, and the bear, and the wolf cried to each other in savage communion, answering threat with threat. The human him had not been heard there—the human joy—the human sigh—the human groan. The human tear had never fallen there—the human heart had not shuddered and shrunk away from the hard, unfeeling touch of human hands: no bad affliction had sunk slowly under a sorrow without tears; no good affliction had shut up its griefs, and shed them inwardly in the inconsolable breast where they were born. Oppressed and

overladen, no bad or good heart had broken in sullen silence, and “died and made no sign.” The only hum heard there was that of the wild bee; the only tear that of the summer rain; the only moan that of the melancholy wind, wailing through the woods in Autumn; the only sullenness that of surly Winter. Hard-hearted Wealth and harder-hearted Poverty had not feared, and hated each other. Insolent Pride had not trodden Humility down. Human love, pity, hope, fear, despair, famine, sickness, sorrow, and pain had never visited that sylvan shore, and knew it not. It was a savage, solitary corner of this wide Eden, the Earth, with no weak Adam, and weaker Eve dwelling therein, to make its once-admired garden unlovely in the eyes of Heaven. Sin and the serpent Guile had not defiled, deflowered, and deformed it. Death had not dug a grave in its undisturbed dust to cover and conceal the murdered victims of his destructive hand. The beautiful land was innocent—unblemished—unstained—and unashamed, Angels—if ever they visited this earth—alighted there, and found their heavenly natures unaffronted by any signs of sin. The seasons paused in their flight about the world, and warmed the sterile, Sarah-like womb of the uncultivated ground, and it was fruitful. The wild birds harboured there, and met not man, their deadliest enemy. The broadly-branching oak knew no leveller but the storm.

The forest and grass flowers increased and multiplied, unforbidden and untrodden by the hand and foot of man. • The wild bees harvested their honey, and lived unrobbed of the reward of their long year's labour. The fishes bred in the unvisited waters, and knew no death but Nature's. Nature—the tender mother of all—fish, wild beast, insect, reptile, tree, and flower—looked lovingly on the lonely spot, and kept and guarded it awhile from Man. He discovered it, and all its virgin charms were violated.

But if human errors and passions, and the sorrows, their consequences, had not stained and desecrated a spot of earth still sacred to unshamed Nature—still unviolated and unpolluted by Man—her only unfilial offspring—neither had human virtues made it acceptable to Heaven; (for, thanks be to Heaven, notwithstanding all that there is of bad, and the great amount of it, there is still a greater amount of good among mankind.) The domestic virtues, and the mild “charities of life,” had not inhabited there, and drawn the angels down to watch over and, mingle unawares among men; to “bless their doors from nightly harm;” to walk with them unseen, but not unfelt; to talk with them in whispers, and “whispers not unheard. Abundant-bosomed Charity, with her ever-giving heart and hand, had not repaired there. Love—paternal, and maternal, filial, sisterly, brotherly, and

marital love—all springing from one sacred affection—had not harboured there. Friendship, truth, honour, philanthropy, justice, religion and piety had not made it holy and dear to the hearts of men. The mighty Heart of a mighty Nation had not throbbed there, as the great centre of life of all its gigantic frame. The Holy Name had never been uttered there with trembling solemnity. There no reverent knees had bent in humble worship; there no stricken heart had poured its penitential sorrows. The winds only wailed upon the naked hill, where now,

“Through long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.”

And yet the lifeless waste had a voice and a worship even in its silence and desolation. The ebbing and flowing waters praised Him who poured them from the hollow of His hand. The valley, where the river “glided at its own sweet will,” laughed when He smiled down upon it and it was praise. The forest, that “shagged its shores with horrid shades,” untended and unpruned by any hand but His, sounded, with sea-like roar, deeply solemn symphonies in His praise. The reverend oaks bowed before Him who could have uprooted them with the least motion of His hand. The green leaves prattled like infant tongues in His praise. The lofty pines stooped their black heads in humble worship of Him. The lowly grasses and gro-

Psalm. The cheerful light and melancholy shadows, the unsmiling darkness, and the unblushing day, praised Him. The wild birds sang of Him who fed them, and would not unpermitted let them fall. The unadmired, beautiful, free flowers breathed back the incense lent from Heaven. All things that lived there every hour acknowledged, in their lives and deaths, that all existence is the breath of God, and praised Him.

Such was once the spot where London is now. A single day broke in upon its sacred seclusion and beautiful desolation: Man planted his foot there, and cried "This land is mine!" and took possession, and has kept it, undisputed.

But in speaking of the enormous value of single days, I have, perhaps, digressed too far while shewing their great separate importance by their great results. Every one of the days of which I have been advocating the proper enjoyment has a morning—(though I am much afraid that this fact is clean forgotten by one-half the world)—not the morning of the fashionable triflers with seasons and with time—but the morning such as their Maker made it—"when the stars sang together for joy." It is the morning that begins the day—not ends it—that I am recommending to the attention of my readers.

The poets—as they should be—have universally been the painters and panegyrists of morning. One slug-a-bed of a poet only has had the honesty to confess that

“Up in the morning’s no’ for *him*,
Up in the morning early!”

The rest of the fraternity of metre-mongers, however much they loved the downy indulgence of lying in bed, feeling that little could be said in its favour, have had the grace to be silent; and have rather chosen to sing the praises of “up in the morning early,” than those of “lying in bed late.” Evening—Collins’s inimitable Ode to that dusky beauty notwithstanding—has never had half the handsome things said of her—such compliments as have called up a bashful virgin blush upon the already rosy face of her lovely sister, Morning.

Morning has ever had a pre-eminence in the love of all descriptive poets; and beautiful examples might be taken from them of the power there is in words of painting and placing an image or personification before our minds as distinctly as any visible thing can be presented to our eyes. Indeed, we seem to be indebted to poetry, long previous to painting and sculpture, for those highly-beautiful personages of the imagination, Morning, Evening, Noon, and Night. The Hours—and the Seasons, had “lived, and moved, and had their being” in verse, perhaps, centuries before they were seen

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standing before us in Parian marble, or on the canvasses or stuccoed walls of Greece and Rome. The inspired poets and prophets of the Jews—the Hesiods and Homers of the Greeks—the Virgils and Ovids of the Romans—the minstrels of the North, and the sweet singers of the South, one and all—the rude and the refined—had beheld with the clear eyes of imagination those beautiful representatives of the day and the night—those daughters of Time, those vestal virgins who kept ever burning the altar fires, and ministered in the temples of the universal Pan—and had described their beauties and their attributes. And to come to the poets who have sung at our own doors—Chaucer was never weary of describing them; Spenser was never happier than when warbling in their praise; old Gavin Douglas, rude and obsolete as he is, was as great a master in painting them in verse as Nicholas Poussin or Guido, was on canvass. Shakspeare, who had an eye for everything beautiful in Nature, delighted to paint his favourite Morning, and has drawn her in colours which are as bright and unfading as her own “natural white and red.” Milton, who beheld her

“With that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,”

(of such a lightless solitude as his) saw

“——— her rosy steps, in the Eastern clime
Advancing, sow the earth with orient pearls.”

And he describes her as coming from the east "with sandals grey;" calls her "the nice Morn," and the "civil-suited Morn"—epithets perhaps which will not be appreciated as their delicacy deserves by modern men, with modern minds, speaking "the language of Milton," but how differently! Drummond's picture of her wants no other painting:

"————— Light doth adorn
The world; and, weeping joy, forth comes the Morn.

Herrick—who, though he was "too coarse for love" (he might be so, for he so thought himself).—was in other great essentials of a true poet as delicate as he was exquisitely ingenious—he, in painting of personal beauty of the Morning, has painted all her beauties. He describes her as

" The lily-wristed Morn ;"

a happy epithet, having loveliness and poetry united. And elsewhere he depicts her as

" ————— the bedabbled Morn,
Washing the golden ears of corn."

Dryden, taking true old Chaucer's word for the fact, has pointed out the earliest, if not the best, poet of Morning—no other than our old vocal friend,

"The mounting lark, the messenger of day ;"

the ancestor lark of that very bird which you may, if you will listen, hear warbling now "at heaven's gate." "But when morning pleasures"—(and

—morning poets, too, Mr. Hunt might have added) “are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer, are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning.” Dryden, with all his learned skill in “fiddle, sackbut, and psaltery,” and notwithstanding the labour he has bestowed in arranging the plain score of his master for several new voices, and adding his own modern accompaniments, is not, I am afraid, half so much liked and listened to by the lovely lady of his matin song as was her earliest English lover and lyrist—homely, hearty, simple old Geoffrey.

But there are other beauties, besides Morning herself, to be seen—buxom and beautiful as she is, and “doing your heart good” as it does to behold her rosy face, and, while you talk with her, taste the fragrance of her revivifying breath. Morning is indeed lovely, as with fawn-like leaps she springs downward from the hills to scour along the vale. But she has not all the stage of this beautiful summer theatre, the World, to herself. The scenery among which she “plays her part” is old, it is not to be denied; the decorations are not new, but they are annually regilt and tinted, and have almost all their original beauty; the orchestra is not enlarged, but there are all the old well-known favourite musicians, all ready-tuned, and impatient to commence the opening symphony of the concert advertised for the day. If you require “choice fruit”

for your refreshment, there it is on every side; you do not want "a bill of the play," for you know what the drama is, and the names of the principal performers by heart, and their persons by sight. "Walk out, ladies and gentlemen—walk out! The players—the players are *there*!" The lady-manager indulges in occasional puffs, as all mundane managers are accustomed to do; but they are by no means nauseous—on the contrary, they are agreeable: she does not, after all, say half so much in praise of her pieces and her performers as she would be warranted in saying. "Come, will you walk but? I promise that you shall be highly entertained, or the fault be all your own. A favourite opera is to be given this morning, on the old, old story—love; not the "lass-lorn" love of "the despised bachelor," but happy, love-requited love. If you have any prejudice against foreign singers, let me assure you that these are nearly all natives; the few who are not have become, by long residence in this country, naturalized. Aliens in blood, they are not so in language; and, as to their religion, they are, I believe, members of the oldest Church and Faith in the world—the self-same church of which Father Adam was Vicar-Apostolic—congregating in a crypt in a corner of the same ancient abbey in which he first knelt and prayed, and stood and praised—and still professing the same creed. Our Mother Eve was of their

persuasion, till she listened to the first sectarian, and fell away from the faith. *They* are still orthodox, and follow the "sweet religion" of their fathers. See! the noble theatre is already brilliantly lighted up, from gallery to pit. Come, walk out!

I have not intreated in vain—I have found two or three who are willing to come out, and, see what is to be seen.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows ;"

that shall be our seat, where we can see all, and be seen too, if we wish to be. We take our places. My young friend, Lilly, who is not so tall as she means to be some day, begs I will request that broad-spreading somebody standing up before her to "sit down in front," as she is naturally anxious to see the "real water" at the back of the scene. I accordingly address myself to a member of the family of the Willows—not one of the reputable fishmongers of that name, though she also presides over a pool of fish at her feet: she, kind, compliant creature, is ready to oblige my fair young friend, but at the same time whispers that there is plenty of room in the seats before her, and, bending a little on one side, nods her head, to point out the spot where there is "ample room and verge enough." I give my young friend a hand, to help her in stepping over, and the Willow obligingly

leads her an arm, looking very much like a bunch of leaves and a branch, and points out to her another bank, more beautiful still, and apparently covered with richly shining green velvet—no, upon looking again, it is not velvet, but moss—Nature's velvet, which, no doubt, suggested the velvet of Commerce. Lilly can now see, and is only too much gratified : had she as many eyes as she has thoughts of wonder and astonishment, they would all be employed.

But I have two other fair friends with me, Charlotte and Maria ; they are not yet comfortable : not that they are particular young persons, or lovers of the complaining. Well, an old gentleman, who will play the part of gallant by taking three lively young ladies to such a theatre, must look to have something more to do than take places for them and hand them to their seats. Maria complains that there is something scratching and stirring in the earth at her feet. I inquire into that immediately, and discover that it is only that little Master Mole making his way into the theatre by an underground passage of his own, not affecting to come in by the usual pit-entrance. The Emperors of old Rome entered the arena in like fashion. I pledge my word that Master Mole is an extremely harmless little fellow, and only shy, not sly ; and Maria is satisfied, and resumes her seat and her composure. And now Charlotte,

good-humouredly, with her frank, open face, informs me, and laughs the while, that somebody in the gallery has been pelting her neat new bonnet with nutshells for this last half hour. Indignant—as all elderly gentlemen affect to be when they are out gallanting, and something occurs which flutters their fair Volscians—indignant—highly indignant, I may say—I look up, and there is the offender right over head, carelessly swinging to and fro upon the nut-heavy branch of a hazel-tree! It is that lively Squire Squirrel over his dessert, and cracking and crunching away as fast as he can, that he may get rid of his “eating cares,” and have nothing to do but enjoy the play when it begins. Charlotte lifts up her laughing eyes to where the merry little fellow sits “shelling his nuts at liberty,” allows him the liberty he takes, and, enjoying his gaiety, lets him pelt away. “Is it you that is humming so sweetly, Lilly?” for Lilly has a sweet young voice of her own. No, it is a bee who is killing time till the play begins by fluttering about among the fair, much after the manner of other pit-beaux. The air he is humming *sotto voce* is not new—it is indeed an old Greek national melody, very fashionable once upon Hymettus, and is not unfashionable here, for it is extremely pleasing if heard in the open air among summer bowers. My young friends, knowing what a sweet-dispositioned little fellow

he is, when not put out of temper, listen attentively to his cheerful singing, and though they cannot make out the words, they like the melody, and say they do, and give a good reason, which is more than your common herd of critics can.— But see ! the curtain is rising slowly and solemnly ; and after a short symphony, sparkling as sunshine, or dew-drops shaken down from the leaves by a passing gush of air, the opening chorus commences *con spirito*, and the drama for the day begins. Silence there ! Silence those hedge-sparrows in the slips

Early rising in the country is, as I have attempted to show, healthy and fraught with delight ; and it must not be forgotten that Nature intended we should lie down early and rise early, as well as the rest of the animal world. The birds and beasts of the fields retire at the close of day to rest, and rise at its re-opening ; they did so at first, and they do so now—when we will permit them. Unfortunately for us, we had a genius for invention, which they, happy creatures, had not ; and among other things which we contrived to make to discomfort ourselves, invented that poor, but not ineffectual, substitute for the sun—a candle ; and so managed to sit up when we should be a-bed, with the ox in his pasture, the sheep in its fold, the bird in its tree, and the bee in its hive. We

have perverted the institutions of Nature, and have found exemptions for ourselves in the rules and regulations of the society of which she is the founder—bye-laws in her code, giving us certain privileges, though it would be hard to bring forward the chapter, or the section, or point out the page where it is written that we may break her general laws with impunity.

Early rising even in town is, no doubt, conducive to health, and has its delights too. Are you resident near some vegetable and fruit and flower market—such as that of Covent Garden—you may find a fresh pleasure and fresh health even there in early getting up in summer time to “stand idly in the market-place,” and “watch the lilies, how they grow,” and all their fair sisters of the floral family. You may delightedly admire the forms, beautiful colours, and gradations of tint of fruits, and the structure and variations of green in the humbler vegetables: enjoy their freshness, smiling at the country they have so lately quitted, the dew of morning still sparkling on their leaves, and all throwing out their own peculiar vernal scents—the breath of their lives. Even in such a scene you may, for a moment, forget that you are surrounded by men who think of nothing but their traffic, and while you “lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven,” keep *theirs*—thoughts and eyes—rigidly bent on earth.

But early rising in town is no substitute for early rising in the country, though it is good when it is the best you can get. There are but few sights worth seeing in London during the first hours of day: a glance at this mighty city lying asleep under the clear skies of morning, without a cloud or a smoky stain from the furnaces which darken the city-day, is one, and thought-inspiring: insensible as stone must the heart of that man be who can look on it and feel unmoved. You may sometimes, from the western bridges, see the river and its shores under such a brilliant morning-sunshine, or clear, cool grey, as will strikingly remind you of the beautiful skies of Claude and Canaletti—the best parts of their pictures—indeed, their pictures would be poor things without them. Oh that Mr. Calcott would rise some summer morning at day-break, and, planting himself on Westminster Bridge, look up and down the river, and see if there are not a series of pictures thereabouts ready designed to his hand, which only require transferring to his canvass!

“ Earth has not anything to shew more fair!
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty.
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning. Silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky—
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I—never felt—a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

So did this great city appear to a great poet, passing over in the early morning that very bridge we have just pointed out as "vantage ground" to one of the most true and beautiful of painters. If a poet could find such glorious thoughts thereabouts, there must be some gleanings left there still for that poet in colours—a painter.

London has its scenery—its painting and its poetry—for what may be termed, without disparagement, a London mind;—by which I mean, a mind so constituted by education and long habit—(an education too)—as to feel a strong interest in everything local, and belonging to a small spot, or to the city. To such a mind, the laying out of a new square, or striking a new road through a populous quarter—building a bridge or a palace—widening and improving an east end or a west end of the town, have as much interest, and work upon and amuse the imagination perhaps as much, as observing the vegetable growth and grandeur of an old forest or a wild wood would engage a mind taking a greater delight in the green works, the natural abbeys and verdant temples, piled thick with the lofty columns and verdant capitals of

Nature. It is indeed amusing to watch the daily lookers-on about any remarkable work in progress in the city. Every day at the same hour, you will find a set of amateur surveyors of the works punctually at their posts on the opposite side of the way, observing how matters go on, and feeling a growing interest in the growth of some old company's new hall—a pile of new buildings for commercial purposes—or a new street. These square-toed old fellows are the early risers of the neighbourhood, and have an hour to spare before breakfast in picking up an appetite for it, and nothing seems to whet it so much as this morning visit to the works in progress. When that fails, and the work is done, the parish pump is pretty sure to want painting, or the churchyard rails; or a tomb is rising in the yard to the memory of a late great man in the Ward; or the vane of the church is undergoing a regilding—or is being made to answer to the wind when spoken to, which your city vanes not always do; or a new spout of modern zinc, not lead, is being set up against the north end of the church; or the two stone cherubs at the east end are having their dear little snub noses repaired—one of them having been broken by the profane peltings of the Ward boys, and the other by the curious fingers of old Time, who could not leave it alone till he snapped it short off. These repairs the early risers superintend till the

work is done ; and if not concluded to their satisfaction, any falling short upon the part of the "high contracting powers" is very properly mooted over the evening pipe; and "warm with," or "cold without," at a neighbouring tavern, where the parish patriots club and congregate ; and the churchwardens are then unsparingly hauled over the coals. To such early risers and locality-lovers as these the Morning has no poetry, perhaps ; and yet they enjoy the freshening coolness of the new day, and protest that "A finer morning never shone out of the heavens !"—And perhaps they halt a minute under a cage hung out at some poor shoemaker's garret window to listen to some poor bird "singing of summer." Visions perhaps of the country visit them : for a moment they see the fields they have not beheld for years lying spread out before them in all the glory of green and gold—would not regret it much if they were wandering among them, now ; but recollecting some matter of business, they turn a deaf ear to the lark, and to the admonitions they hear within themselves, and, some Mammon-loving chum coming up at the moment, return to the Price-current and the Four percents.

And then, as he turns business-wards, he mutters something to himself about idleness and idle notions, and thinks that, "He is never so happy as when minding his business." Pleasure puts nothing

into the purse—keeps no banker's book—pays no taxes when called for—won't make the pot boil. The country is very well, and very healthy : that's the place to get a glorious appetite for breakfast, and an alderman's desire for dinner ; but town's the place for making money. Business must be attended to—then pleasure ;”—and adds a few more saws and excuses of the same kind, with which men try to quiet their consciences when they “ speak out loud and bold,” and deceive themselves when they seek to pass off avarice, and the mere love of money as money, for a proper providence for their own future, and care for the future of their children. True : if pleasure and no business is idleness indeed ; and all business and no pleasure is almost as idle industry. Man must earn the bread he eats with the sweat of his brow : that is the doom which his Maker pronounced upon him ; but he did not command that he should earn more bread than he can live to want : he did not bid him make and bake bread to the last hour of his days, and leave a million of loaves behind him, to be wasted by those that come after him : he did not give all the tilling and sowing and reaping to Adam, that Cain might, when his father died, live a life of reckless idleness, and be a spendthrift and a gentleman, doing nothing. No, ye grubbers in the ground after gold, call it not the love of business and dislike of idleness that keeps ye grovel-

ling and grasping to the last, and crying, with your latest breath, "Give ! give !" like beggars of Providence. Let things have their right names : honestly call it what it is—the love of ten, twenty, forty, or sixty thousand pounds : love of gold for its own glittering ; love of acquisition—love of scraping and saving—in brief, avarice, "that good old gentlemanly vice." I think I hear some wealthy citizen, who still keeps his nose to the grindstone, saying "Yes, it is true, I could leave off, and retire with an independence : but I am miserable if not doing something. The day must have its business, or it is a weary, weary, heavy, heavy—long, long day indeed !" Do something then—let your day have its occupation—but do it, and let it pass, in the country : if it is only carrying a stone in your hand from one hill to a hill four miles off, and laying it down there, to bring it back again on the following day : if it is only levelling mole-hills with a walking-stick : or treading a field-pathway smooth which has been turned up by the dew-worms during the night ; or trampling the green-sward down which has been torn up by a pig routing for wild truffles, or that dessert-dainty to your pig—pig-nuts. A gentle and fanciful old city friend of mine, who has wisely retired from the busy world in time, confessed to me that "He had dreaded, when he took to 'sweet, retired leisure,' that his country hours

would hang heavy on hand ; but, on the contrary, he had found them to be fully occupied by staring, and peeping, and prying about him—first, at the great panorama of the scene surrounding him, and, next, into the particulars, and all the details of it. Everything was new to him, and un-City like ; the more he saw, the more he found he had yet to see : the closer he looked, the more he discovered that was ‘new and strange :’ the more minutely he examined into the minute wonders of this world, the greater were his perceptions of the grand Master-mind which contrived and formed the whole. As for wanting ‘amusement,” said he, facetiously, “when I first settled here, I pitied the poor country-people, who must, I thought, be hard put to it to find employment for their leisure hours ; but I soon received a lesson which has taught me better. I had observed, during a long summer Sunday afternoon, a country-boy shifting from side to side of that rustic bridge which you see there, and hanging over its one arch as if watching something which was going on below : I conjectured that he was minding the minnows, how they toiled not, neither did they spin, except round and round about in pleasant play. I accosted him, and asked him whether the young men were not sadly deficient of amusement, on a Sunday afternoon, church being over, and no cricketing being allowed by the scrupulous minister ? ‘Noa,’ an-

swered he, "I foind a plenty to amuse me. I've bin a spitting all arternoon over yon soide o' the brig into the watter, and watching it coom through the airch this soide !" After-this *I* could not complain of having nothing to do. Indeed, I find quite enough to occupy me, what with one thing and another. Though I am idling here, talking with you, I should be carrying the compliments of a blackbird, who has honoured my orchard-hedge by making it its undisturbed home all this summer, to another blackbird in that wood yonder, who is, as you may hear, inviting him to take a part in a favourite quet in C this evening, to gratify my new taste for the simple old music of the fields. Walk with me, or, if you are too weary, rest here for a few minutes, and you will hear something worth your hearing. Oh, my friend, the *Carmen* (I know you like a pun) of some beautiful bird is so very different from the old 'accustomed sounds of hoarse carmen cursing hoarse carmen in Cheapside, or down in the straits and narrows of Thames-street—the only sounds which broke but did not compensate my evening silence in the City—that I sometimes start and wonder what I am, and where I am—what innocent sounds and what innocent silence I stand listening to—(for I hear both, and, if I may say so, both speak and sing)—what I have been about so long—how losing my days—that I did not, long ere this, prefer so wholesome

and saint-like a life—so fit for an old man, that he may purify his thoughts, get rid of the dross, and keep the gold of worldly knowledge—cleanse his soul from the moral leprosy it gets infected with among mankind, and go at last a little cleaner, if not clean, into the presence of his Maker, when he is summoned to give an account of his stewardship of that precious ‘talent’—life! My days, I now find, are too few and numbered for all these things. So that, you see, I have plenty to do. Time does not hang heavy with me—the day has its business still—the night its books to make up, as of old.” But my friend carried a good human heart and a simple soul with him into the City; and though they were much tried there, and assailed on all sides by temptations, they were never assailed by corrupting commerce with the world: he has “fought the good fight,” and brought them away in the face of the enemy, losing nothing in the retreat, and is not much, if at all hurt in the long conflict with their old natural enemies.

Love the town, ye who are town-minded: love the country, “the comely country,” as Herrick finely calls it, ye who are sylvan-minded, and love “the rural joy,” and the “pastoral melancholy”—for there is a melancholy in its beauty and its sweetness. Oh let the violet-eyed Morning see me her earliest worshipper! Let the lark warble

his gushing gratitude in my ear, and draw my eyes from the ground, and, with them, my soul and its thoughts upwards! Let the bee wind around me by the wood-side; and the robin see me stand to look at him—"the bird which man loves best"—and feel unafraid of me! Let the nightingale—singing in the mornings and evenings of June—know that a lover of his passionate song is listening, "all ear," to him; and let the black-bird whistle in the hawthorn at my side, and pause when I approach him, but, confiding in my gentleness, resume his careless joy! Let the April rain fly over me, and fall upon me like the dew on the head of Hermon; and the struggling sunbeams strike through the clouds, and pour their sudden flood of sunshine into my eyes, and, through them, light up and warm the darkness and the coldness of my heart! Let me watch the smoothing wind whitening over the fields as it wings along; and let my eyes glitter as they behold the diamond sparkle of the moonlit waters! Let the dusty-smelling shower come cooling along the sultry common; and let the delicious breaths of a thousand wild flowers fall freshly and fragrantly upon the pleasant air! Let the daisies—the children's and child-like Chancer's daisies—the humble brethren-flowers of the ennobled daisy of Burns—let them glitter in my path like golden-faced stars with silvery rays; and let the kingcups lift up

their golden bowls, which the sun has not yet drained of their dewy wine ! Let the serpent-rolling river play at my feet, lick them with cool tongue, and, harmlessly recoiling, glide silently away ! Let me stand awed but fearless when the thunder-storm, that elemental war, rages around me ; and when cloud strikes at cloud, and the strong concussion shakes the heavens and the earth, and the lightning glances momentarily about me, but hurts me not, nor makes me feel afraid, let my silence praise Him who speaks in the thunder, and looks upon His World in the lightning ! Let the darkness slowly overshadow me with its wings, when lone-wandering in the silence and serenity of evening, while yet the parting glory of the day is shining in my mind—not dark, though all is darkening around me ! Let the bat wheel suddenly about me in the woodland paths, and startle me not ; and the wood-owl hoot, and thrill me with no superstitious terrors ! Let that preacher of peace to the heart, Nature, in her seeming rest and slumber-like tranquillity, speak to me, and find me an attentive listener ; and let the many voices not audible in the noisy hum of day speak through the silence of evening, and make their way into my soul ! When the flagging clouds are weary of their way, and rest like wing-tired eagles on the hills, let my spirit rise, renewed

with rest, and soar beyond them, up to heaven ; and return laden with joy, and happy in its lowly home on earth ! Let the solemn shadows of night overshadow me, and spread no melancholy gloom and darkness on my mind, still meditating upon the thankful lark's sweet evening-song, so lately heard ; and let me hear him still as plainly as if singing, though he is hushed, and sleeping on the dewy ground ! Let the silence of the fields—as beautiful as music—speak audibly to my heart, and find it listening, and full of understanding, or, if any sound louder than the blind beetle's hum, “the gnat's small minstrelsy,” or the quiet dropping of the dew from leaf to leaf, breaks the deep stillness—the “syncope and solemn pause”—let it be the warbling voice of Poesy, “singing a quiet tune !” Let my failing eyes look clearly upon the beauty of the stars—“the poetry of heaven”—and visibly and reverently see the mighty Hand which hung them, in the air in the first night and star-diminished darkness of the day of the creation of all things, and now upholds and guides them truly and steadily in their unerring course ! Let my spiritual eyes pierce through “the blanket of the dark,” and behold the unwasted and the undying glories of the worlds beyond “this visible diurnal sphere !” And, finally, let my last thoughts before I rest be full of thankfulness

and silent praise ; and “ tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy Sleep,” alight upon my weary brain as noiselessly as snow falls down on snow, and “ lap me in unconsciousness !” So let me live—so let me die—and I shall not have lived in vain.

SAMPSON SIMPSON;

OR,

THE TRUCK AND THE TREACLE—A RECENT TOWN INCIDENT.

(*Scene—Regent Street.*)

THERE are “moving accidents by flood and field”—and very interesting they are to narrate—(hear the old soldier and old sailor tell them, and you will find they are so, to them at least)—and interesting to hear. It is pleasant—no doubt of it—to sit on shore in safety, and listlessly give ear to the reported “perils of the deep;” and, comfortably cozy in good winter-quarters, it is pleasant to hear of battles on the tented ground, and *not* “long to follow to the field some warlike lord.” It is, indeed, one of the prime luxuries of the highly-civilized condition of, at least, English mankind, to sit at ease in their own

“Right little, tight little Island,”

and have the glorious wholesale butcheries of War “full, truly, and particularly accounted,” printed

and published, and brought damp from the press to their doors in first and second editions, which, aired by John or Betty, are "ordered to lie" upon the breakfast-table till "my Lord" Some-one, or plain John Somebody-else, Esq., waking in the afternoon, inquires "What news is there this morning?" and is answered "Great news!" It is then a luxury for my lord to rise, hurry to his breakfast and his *Times*, and at his "inglorious ease" read of the glorious strife and struggle of another St. Sebastian, or the inglorious flight of another Irun. If he is one of her Majesty's Ministers' Opposition, and requires more minute particulars than the *Gazette* affords, or, private accounts, to give another colour to the affair, the general postman raps at his door, and furnishes them. The Ancients—poor old fellows!—and the early Moderns, half and ill-informed—had no such dear domestic luxury. They, unfortunate, paperless newsmongers, caught only the flying intelligence of rascal ranaways—scamps not duly entered at the Stamp Office—and had nothing to read the worst in, save their "wifey faces" and "goose looks," white as a sheet of paper with their fear, but not so readable. If great Macbeth had had a "Morning Chronicle" to turn to in his day, he would not perhaps so grossly have abused as he did the poor penny-a-liner who brought him such bad news—calling him liar and what not! He

would have read for himself, in the fashionable corner, among the arrivals and departures, that Birnam Wood was about to pay Dunsinane the honour of a visit; and, if he doubted the *Chronicle*, would have stepped over the way to the Duncan's Head, where they took in the *Times*, and have seen whether that journal confirmed the dire intelligence. It would have been time enough then to threaten to "die with harness on his back," when the Editor—his Paper "down"—dropping into that respectable hostelry to take his afternoon pipe and natchkin of whiskey—assured his tyrannic Majesty that "He had nae dou't o' the fac', which was confirmed in every partic'ler by an occasional correspondent, upon whose entire veracity he could parfai'ly rely." Mac might have put that editorial assurance in his pipe and have smoked it, if he could—called for another "wee drappie," or not have drunk the gill he had called for, just as he pleased; and, throwing down his shot to pay his reckoning, or, if he could be facetious at such a trying moment, commanding it to be scored up to the Dover waggoner—he might have gone forth to inquire from eye-witnesses what sort o' man this Macduff might be; and whether it was true, as was reported, that he came not into the world by the usual delivery, &c., &c. But he had no such luxury in his day as knowing the worst at the earliest opportunity.

The great WE, who now so ably governs all the World, as yet was not, or was such a “wee thing,” that Time saw him not—perhaps did not look to see him. But he came in the course of events, and Time received him graciously; and now, I believe, the old gentleman takes in his paper regularly, it saves him so much labour in “chronicling the small beer” of the day.

But this is a digression. The town has its “moving accidents” likewise. I witnessed one the other day, which I shall circumstantially relate, as it occurred, for the benefit of such of my readers as were not there to see, and as a warning to all unwary travellers of this town. The scene” was Regent-street: “the time” two o’clock in the day, when that street is liveliest: “the characters” too numerous to name, but as you will frequently find in the old drama, “a Drawer” (of a truck) was, if not the hero of the scene, a principal performer in it—indeed, it would be more just to say that he was the hero of the scene, for upon his fortunes, or misfortunes, the plot turned as upon a trivet. But I will introduce my Readers to him. That is the young gentleman—him there in rusty fustians, high-lows, and a hairy cap. He is a sturdy youngster, as you may guess, for he is drawing a heavily-laden truck carelessly, with an air of indifference, as if he thought nothing of a

horse-load : for Cockney-born as he is, *he* has none of the weaknesses of the race, but is somewhere about as strong as a horse, or that other patient animal that goes about 'on four legs. He stops—for some new wonder has caught his attention. Allow me to introduce you—Messieurs my Readers, Master Sampson Simpson—Master Sampson Simpsot, Messieurs my Readers. There, Sam, scrape your right-foot toe before you and behind you, and pitch your head forward as if you aimed it at a set of ninepins, by way of signs that you are their humble servant at command. Well done, Sam!—a very admirable bow—not quite equal to George the Fourth's from a stage-box, but all in good time : at present, as the critics say of Mr. Mori, your "*bowing*" is masterly." Now that you have scraped acquaintance with each other you will, I am sure, my Readers, be disposed to know more of Master Sampson. I shall tell you all I know of that worthy wight.

Sampson Simpson might be called a sort of town traveller with a truck instead of a chaise—for the respectable firm of Kyanne, Currie, and Hoyle, oilmen, &c. It is a labour he delights in, for Sampson, or Sam as he is called for shortness, has found out for himself that, in dragging a truck about the Town, he has many favourable opportunities of seeing a great deal of the world,

of which he has heard so much; and Sam is greatly ambitious of seeing the world, and more especially of “knowing Town well”—a branch of knowledge so much dwelt upon in the advertisements, when young men and boys are in demand. Indeed, Robin Simpson, a cousin of Sam’s, his senior only by two birth-days, had lately jumped into a good berth—12s. a week, and “the run of the kitchen” and the streets—and through “knowing Town well;” and it is Sam’s intention to be as great a man for a boy as Rob, and, as early as possible, have the run of the kitchen too, with the other perquisites. Visions of the glories of 12s. a week—the 13s. silver watch which he could buy at the second-hand shop, which will not go, but which is susceptible of a red ribbon and brass-gold key, to be the wonder and astonishment of Bagnigge-Wells boys on a Sunday afternoon—the whole price, not the half-price, to the shilling gallery at *Ashley’s*, keeping the half-price sweeps at a distance by that easily-spared sixpence—the shrimps on Sundays—(*pennywinkles* are too troublesome)—the pint of ale between Rob and him—the blue jacket and blue trowsers which a neighbour has to sell, and which lately made enviably smart a poor companion of his, now dead and gone, and which though a little too large and a little too long, he means to grow fast and fill—these, the desirable consequences of 12s. a week,

“Haunt *him* like a passion . . .
 Their colours and their forms are now to *him*
 An ap_i etite—a feeling—and a love.”

Therefore does Sampson take a dogged delight in drawing a truck about town—delights as one who hopes for better things, not far distant. Therefore is he to be seen in all corners of London, with his mouth, which is not small, and his eyes, which are large, wide open, gathering knowledge of men and businesses in all quarters, and a vast quantity of miscellanea of information of all kinds. Sampson has a genius, or I know him not, for the invention of a new London Directory—an useful genius, in its way. The extent of his information, indeed, is already vast. He can tell you how many Joneses keep shops in Oxford-street, distinguishing the Johns from one another! He could not make such a gross mistake as did a poor foreigner of my acquaintance, who innocently supposed all these several Joneses to be one Jones, and wondered how any man could think of superintending so many shops—so distant—and so various in business! Sam has learnt to distinguish John Jones, tailor, from John Jones, nailor; and so on. All the Thompsons, for miles round, are known to him: he can sort them from one another. He knows all the Smiths, except Horace Smith, and he knows that *he* lives in Brambletye House. Some one asked him once “How do you spell

SMITH? SUM, or SM?" "SM," said Sam, without a moment's hesitation. In short, Sam is, in two years, already as good an authority as Pigott's Town Directory; and you may safely refer to him if you want to know "Where's Tomkins?" Sam can tell you.

But I must say, that, notwithstanding all these admirable qualities placed to "the credit side" of Sam, on "the *per contra*" page there are a great many items, which leave a very slight balance in his favour. Sam, even to look at, is as idle a dog as you would wish to study, but not to serve you. Any town-bred Will o' the Wisp—and the town has them as well as the country—leads him astray, and makes him forget himself, errand, truck, cargo, and all. He has not yet outgrown his partiality for Punch and his wooden humours: the very sound of his quarter-staff upon the hollow heads of his dramatic rivals is as the bell of the bell-wether of a flock, and draws, by some spell-like attraction, all his scattered thoughts Punch-wards. He tries hard to pull past him, but invariably, in the end, he ends by pulling up, "Only just to see the D—I knocked on the head!" Poor Sam's flesh and blood cannot resist that best of actors, and least degraded.

The dancing dogs, dancing girls, and dancing bears—anything that danced—even a poor poet that had danced attendance on a patron—might always put down Sam's name on "the Free List,"

and make sure of his attendance "before seven." The street-organs, that grumble in their bellies, by a sort of disagreeable ventriloquism, something like a tune for the wooden puppets over their heads to dance to, were "most miraculous organs" unto Sam, for he "puzzled his puppy brains" to no purpose to make out how the puppets were set in motion. The *Ombres Chinoises*, at night, found Sam a highly-delighted spectator in "the first circle." The print-shops, like loadstones, drew him to their attractive windows: some kind, considerate, motherly old apple-woman was always near enough to keep an eye upon the truck, while he indulged his eyes with the graven beauties of Miss Frances Corboux on stone, or Mr. Francis Stone on steel. Sam "took in" all the illustrious illustrated Annuals—at least his eyes did.

He had been flattening his nose, which is of the pug order, against this pane and that pane of a print-shop window, undecided which beauty in Heath's pattern "Book of Beauties" should have the exclusive copyright of Sam's valuable admiration, when it suddenly struck him that he had spent half an hour very agreeably there, and that it was high time that he should push on for the place of his destination. Having purchased a penny orange at half price, because there was a speck in it which made it "caviare" to the quality customers of Mrs.

Dogherty, (proprietress of the 133d fruit stall on the Western side of Oxford-street,) solely as a fee for her attention to his truck, off he went, pell mell, for Regent-street. Unluckily for Sam, a lively young gentleman from St. Giles's, with the wonted flow of animal spirits which invariably blesses—one knows not why—the dirty denizens of Dyot-street, and makes their shoeless heels light as thistle-down, their hatless heads careless as the birds, and their rent trowsers—(trowsers which were their fathers' breeches)—regardless of showing their weekly shirt—one of these lively youngsters kept capering on before him, indulging himself and the public with so good an imitation of “the inimitable Mr. Rice in Jim Crow,” that I should say it was quite as good *acting* as the original. So thought Sam, for he was lost in admiration of the gyrations and turnings-about of Master Pat—for that was the young gentleman's name—and plainly envied him his happy genius. Envy is a fatal passion, take my word for it, if you have not a better authority. So it proved to poor Sam, for, taking more heed of that eccentric genius, Pat, than of the post at the northern corner of Regent-street, whack, with a crack and a crash, went his truck against it! As “the best possible instructors” say, the consequences were awful to relate; but I shall relate them, however painfully. I must previously take time to remark, that the posts of

London perform no unimportant part in all the street-accidents of London. They were, no doubt, originally, placed there benevolently, for the safe protection of foot-passengers; but they seem to have become the protection only of the practice of the settled surgeons about town, protecting them from want by providing them with accidents. Posts are, moreover, very useful to coach and cab makers, and originate all the eternal repairs necessary to those vehicles. I should say, as an undeniable axiom, that the inventor of carriages was the inventor of posts :—I may be wrong—perhaps it was *vice versa*. No blood horse, fourteen hands high, ever takes fright in town, bolts and dashes a hundred-guinea cab, and the Hon. Charles Somebody, the gentlemanly driver, and his tiger, to pieces, but a providential post, at some particularly providential corner, aids and abets him, and brings the paragraph catastrophe to a climax. Members of the Royal College of Surgeons know this, and consequently set up in business as near as possible to a post, leaving the rest to Providence. Melancholy-accident makers; seeking their employment, always hover round about posts, with their note-books in their breast pockets, and their pencils ready cut, knowing that they will not long “stand idle in the market-place.” Newspaper proprietors, coroners, and surgeons, should therefore, of all men, as of all men most concerned, bear all the expenses of

planting and keeping up all the posts of London, and not the Commissioners of Paving, and, "through the nose," the parishioners, for they derive all the benefit of their services. This by the way.

To return to Sampson. When he heard the crash of his truck against the post, he turned his eyes round in affright, and oh, horror! what did he behold?—the sorriest sight he had ever seen! In the first shock a stone jar, of no great capacity, struck a tar-bottle of considerable powers, which, not governed by the wise law—of "hitting one of his size"—hit the jar again; and as the boxing blackguards express it, smashed him. Sam shrieked when he saw what "accident had rapt him, as Milton says; and so did Master Pat, the prime mover in this melancholy accident: he shrieked—his undisguised delight. Sam might have had his sympathy, if tar, not treacle, had been involved; but when he had once dipped his finger into the fractured jar, "away to heaven" flew "respective lenity:" there was a lenitive much sweeter before him, too nice to be nice about. So, "as the devil would have it," as the gossips say, down he dived like a duck, under the truck; and with his mouth (which seemed to have been made wide in anticipation of the accident) turned upwards to a lucky hole in the truck-floor, through which the slow thick treacle gradually oozed, he "drew *the* angel

down." Sam did not enjoy it, but Pat did. Poor
"starveling, in a scanty vest,"

"What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely *drops* at distance hail!"

There was a remarkable difference plainly discernible between Sam and Pat, which consisted in the one being all joy, and the other all sorrow. Strange that such difference should be between such friends!

"Eight times emerging from the mud,
Sam shriek'd to every sort of god
Some speedy aid to send!"

If he invoked such assistants and assistance as he had in a minute, from all quarters, his prayers were heard and answered. At the moment when the accident occurred, there did not appear to be a boy, excepting poor Patrick, present; but as is always the case when anything happens which is especially interesting to the boy-world of London, in less than a minute, boys—genuine town boys—neat as *not* imported—lively as just landed—sprung up and swarmed about him from all quarters, like bees, guided there and informed by heaven knows what mysterious instinct!—At the expiration of one minute by St. Philip's clock—(that of Shrewsbury, which Falstaff went by when fighting with Hotspur, cannot now be depended upon)—there did not seem to be one boy wanting.

the corps was so quickly raised, the companies so complete, and the muster-roll so unomittingly answered to with "Here!" There was but one absentee, and he was accounted for: he was "absent on leave," and lodging somewhere about Spa Fields, for the benefit of his health—that neighbourhood being remarkable for its salutary spots, wholly Hygeian as it is, every inch of it, what with its Bagnigge Wells, its Sadler's Wells, its Shad's Wells, its London Spa, and last, not least, its Cold-baths. The muster was complete. St. Giles's sent its draft of ragged members of what a merry friend of mine calls the *Shoelessocracy*. St. George's, Bloomsbury; St. Ditto, Hanover Square; and St. Ann's, Soho, forwarded their quotas of boys with shoes, and not in rags, but all and equally amorous of treacle.

"How did it happen?" asked one. "Oh! Mr. Particular! Never you mind!" answered another—as who should say, "Why should you be so nice? It has happened, you see, and that's enough: fall to then, and take 'the good the gods provide you!'" "Criminy!" cries a third, "what oceans o' treacle!" "Here's your pot-luck!" exclaims a fourth. "My wig, won't I have none of that neither? No—I won't!" ejaculates a fifth; by which undecided expressions you are not to understand that he declines the pleasing enjoyment provided, but that he will have some of that "neither," and no inconsiderable share of the

same. Accordingly, he tucks up both his cuffs, turns down his collar, and buttons his jacket close, by way of clearing for action, and to it he goes. "There, you'll make yourself sick, you greedy-gut!" cried he—a great, hulking, big, bullocking fellow, as one of his cotemporaries about the treacle graphically described him to a sixth; and so saying, he "suited the action to the word," for snatching hold of the youngster by the *scruff* of the neck, he pulled him away, flung him contemptuously behind him, pushed into his place, and was in a moment trickling all-down with treacle. A Tory-Out could not have dragged a Whig-In down from his official high place, and jumped into it, with greater dexterity! But your Town-made boy is a man of the world at fifteen, and follows the suit of his seniors. A little Italian boy, with two gilt images of greyhounds in his hands, looked as though he longed to make one, but doubted whether he, as a foreigner, could take that liberty. A big boy rendered the foreign wishfulness of his eyes into English, and helped him to an oyster-shell full. A little lump-backed fellow then put in his claim to the compassion of the strong and the stout: "Here, my lord!" cried the same generous big boy; and he thrust his treacly finger into his mouth, and treated him with "a rich lick."

Not the least interesting part of the entertainment which this fortunate-unfortunate accident afforded the public in general was observing the

various ways in which it affected the adult persons present. You might be sure of one quick, violent expression of sympathy on the part of all the boys, their young sensibilities being always on the alert—"lively, audible, and full of vent:" it was "the bigger sort of boys"—the old boys—the men, who were so interesting a speculation to me. What "man of woman born" has not some tender associations—"thoughts that lie too deep for tears"—mixed up, as it were—like the brimstone sometimes amalgamated with it—with the very name of *Treacle*?—"balm of hurt minds," when foot, hand, or head got bruised in boyhood, a large spoonful of it being as "sovereign as spermaceti" for an inward or outward bruise; "chief nourisher in (early) life's feast,"—(slices of bread and treacle being the cheapest substitute for cold slices of beef or mutton when these ran short, and "It was not worth while to roast a fresh joint to-day," because the butcher had not thought it worth while to send it, his bill for its predecessors not having been discharged:)—"great nature's second course" upon other occasions, when there was no pressing necessity for making it the first and only course.

It was curious, I say, to observe how the sight of so much treacle touched them so differently. As the boys ran up, they saw, at a glance, what had happened—gave one sympathizing "Oh cri!"—a lick of their lips—and then "pitched into it." They

knew that it was treacle by a sort of intuition—or instinct—felt that it was theirs, and fell to. The men, as they walked up, gravely and indifferently, seemed puzzled, and doubtful, and asked what it was: and when they were informed, no gladness glittered in their eyes—no water watered in their mouths! How very different to their excited juniors were their cold cries of “Ho!” “Hah!” “Oh, treacle, is it? Just so. Ay, ay! Very good for the boys! Very nice, I dare say!” “You may say that!” said Pat. Reminiscences of how good, how sweet it was came creeping slowly back into their minds, but stirred them very slightly. There was none of the headlong ardour, the delicious, delicious, passionate, whole-soul attachment of the youngsters to be seen in them, for they felt it not. One thankless and depraved full-grown being—a dandy, painfully cutting his first moustachios—when he saw what it was that, flowing, set all the superabundant spirits of the boys on the flow, had the impiety to exclaim “What a melancholy accident!” Melancholy?—If he had had sensibility enough to have felt the reproachful looks of a big boy, who overheard the exclamation, and having licked his fingers, looked as if he could have licked him with all his heart! It is surprising how any creature with a grain of sense could think of so committing himself in the middle of “an excited multitude!” Dandies, really,

should not go out alone, or, if they will, they should not meddle in the real business of life, or get mixed up in mobs of any sort. It was—I should say—a pleasure to any benevolent-minded man to behold the glee, the gluttony, and the glorification of Young London! It made any properly-constituted human mouth water to see the youngsters quickly dip their fingers in the savouriness, and whip them as quickly into mouths made as wide as possible, so as to take in the whole hand at once, and lick it clean for once in their lives. How they, happy fellows! enjoyed the anxiety of poor Sampson, still resolutely “standing by his order,” (four jars of best treacle,) and trying to keep off “the insect youth,” the human flies, which so beset him! Pleasant it was to observe, even in their heedless haste to help themselves, how considerate they were of him—how thoughtful; and as they dipped in their hands, it was gratifying to behold them stripe him across the mouth with the brown sweetness ere they indulged themselves! One merry fellow—not forgetful of the *utile* even while enjoying the *dulce*—painted a pair of treacle-made moustachios on his upper lip, not forgetting the tuft; and up he strutted to a dandy, to vie with him. Another helped himself to a large pair of those whiskers which have made the men of the West End hardly distinguishable from the men of the East End—the children of Israel

and Houndsditch. Other boys were accidentally adorned all down their fronts with admirations, colons, and commas of treacle, dropped in the hasty transfer of hand to mouth. I could not help thinking that I had never seen any persons who "lived from hand to mouth" enjoy themselves so much, and manage so well.

Two thoughtful youngsters, with a turn for the combining of ideas, associated a roll with treacle; no sooner hinted than done: it was the work of a moment, as Napoleon said, to dart into a baker's shop, throw down a penny, rush out with a roll, tear it in two, whip out part of its spongy inside, plunge it into the treacle, snatch it out again surcharged to dripping away, and then fall to choking themselves. This was a happy thought soon imitated. Every boy with a penny did likewise, and two, who had only a halfpenny each, clubbed, and went snacks. The baker's shelves were cleared in no time, much to his astonishment—for as he did not see what use his rolls were turned to, he could not account for such a clamorous rush of youngsters into his shop, and wondered why stale rolls were all at once so popular! "Was it attreable to Doctor Paris on diet, or what was it? On the whole, it was verra strange and unco-like." The learned Master of the Rolls himself would perhaps have been perplexed with a case for which there seemed no cause: what wonder, then, if

Maister Paitrick M'Murdoch M'Conochie, bread and biscuit baker, should be a wee bit set oot o' the way o' his seven senses to accoont for the exceeding sudden pop'larit'y o' his panny rolls. Mistress M'Conochie could not accoont for it: Andrew M'Ian, their man, could not accoont for it: naebody could accoont for it, till young Maister Paitrick M'Murdoch M'Conochie rushed, all treacle-spotted, into the shop for a panny roll for nothing, or, if not for that, for trade-price, when the whole affair, which seemed so verra incomprehensible, was satisfactorily explained. "My faith!" said Mr. M'Conochie, good-humouredly, "but you wee rogues hae gotten a most provedential rich lick! Aweel, oot awa', my bairn Paitrick, and dinna lose your share!" And saying this he emptied his window of four stale rolls, which had been hard baked by the suns of six mornings, and sent them by his son as his contribution to the feast of good things. Munificent M'Conochie!

It was really gratifying to me—who am a philanthropist in my way—to witness the feeling of the richer for the poorer boys—the roll-less. The partition of Poland—(but that was a piece of kingly hoggishness)—was nothing to the partition of penny-rolls! It was a sight to see, as Mr. Pepys would say. It gave me the only idea I ever had of the enthusiastic Mr. Owen's community of

goods and good things. It was all-hail-fellow-well-met. The commercial spirit was not there, except in two instances. One boy offered to exchange a knife for a quarter of a roll, dipped to drenching in the treacle, to be then and there delivered :—the bargain was struck. Another offered a top for half of the bottom-crust of a roll fitted for his refection, by similar immersion :—not accepted, till the spoon was thrown into the bargain.

One boy only, among all those ravenous boys, partook not of the feast—shared not in the public good : it was no godsend to him. Poor Sampson, he stood balancing the truck by the hand-shaft, to keep the fractured jar as even as he could, and spill as little as he might of its contents—there he stood, “like Niobe, all tears,” and no treacle. While every other boy was choking himself with bolting enormous lumps of roll, he was choking himself with sorrow.

“The *Sunday* shone no Sabbath-day to him.”

The general young sympathy sympathized not with him : all was joy and enjoyment around, and, as Dibdin says,

“Joy needs not Sorrow ;”—

why should he, unless, indeed, to take warning from his melancholy fate ? Sometimes poor Sampson did contrive to move a yard or two away from

the spot where "the annoyance jury" he had got among were met; but this only made matters worse, for the least motion of the truck shook

"Thousand odours from its jerky springs:"

the treacle, set in motion too, splashed on all sides—over himself—over his followers, and over all. Then did the urchins shout and dance like a crew of tipsy bacchanals about him, and with sudden fingers "snatched a fearful joy." How ingenuously did one of them—"a wise young judge"—counsel Sampson to stand still, lest he should spill more and more! How vainly did Sam put it to their inconsiderate considerations "How they would like it themselves?" He might have seen—but his selfish sorrows would not let him see—how they liked it—just as it was. How uselessly did he cry, till he was hoarse, "Keep off!" for they, contrariwise, kept on—

"Clinging to *him*, as loth to part with *it*,"—

(to wit, the treacle)—and him—"So sweet a young gentleman!" as one of them—a wicked wag—was pleased derisively to call him.

While the boys were "all so happy," it was delightful to witness the participation of all parties in their pleasure. There was not a man there who did not remember that he had once been a boy, and did not make due allowance for their excess of juvenility. There was a something not unlike

a man that stood on tiptoe looking through his glass with a fearful wonder at their wild proceedings, and taking care of his white kid gloves and much too cleanly person for town use. Another exquisite, taking courage from his example, placed himself behind him, and looked over his shoulder : another, “ as birds of a feather flock together,” did likewise ; and another, and another—six tiers of exquisites—namely, Sir Fiddle Faddle, Sir Frank Finick, the Hon. Tom Twiddlestick, Captain Rosewater, (of the D——’s own Dragoons, perhaps, for his commission was never gazetted, I believe,) Lord Frederick Fitznobody, and Mr Isaac Digby Datchett Nobbs, (the hopeful scion of old Nobbs, an eminent drysalter of Thames-street,) who is being broken in and taught his paces at the West End under the able tuition of Lord Frederick Fitznobody, for which condescension on his part young Nobbs now and then accommodates his lordship by scrawling his very euphonous name all across bills of which his lordship is the drawer. There they all stood—six specimen “ Men,” as they are called at the West End—*i. e.* of the “ Men” who are cut out by Court tailors “ upon mathematical principles ;”—there they all stood, surprised, delighted, wondering, enjoying, each one

“ With his spy-glass in his hand, brave boys,

With his spy-glass in his hand,”

as singeth those amphibious youngsters of Greenwich Hospital in lusty-lunged loud chorus. Siding with these exquisites stood some miscellaneous men—fathers of families, and so forth, who laughed heartily to see the youngers so full of genuine enjoyment: if a thought of mingled with their pleasure, it was that their own senses and heirs were not there, to enjoy themselves as well. Two or three good old ladies “Bless the dear children, and hoped they would not make themselves sick.” “Lor’ bless your innocence, Marm,” said a fatherly-looking cabman to one of them, (he seemed to understand these things much better than she did,) “Lor’ bless your innocent heart and soul, Marm, that’s a moral impossible, becozz they can’t do it!” I quite agreed with No. 1254—(I haven’t the honour of knowing the worthy speaker’s name, so I take his number)—for I believe that had that one providential bit of treacle been “forty times our cousin,” they would have found stomach for the whole forty like one. Who ever saw a thoroughbred town-boy sick of any such rich lick?

While the fun was at its highest, and nothing could have added to the hilarity of the gourmands, except it had been the bursting of another jar, two of those “trouble towns” and stone-blue-coloured enemies of all juvenile kick-ups, policemen, came up. There was immediately “a syncope and solemn pause” in the proceedings. The last lick-

ing of the fingers was performed on the sly, *sub rosa*—not with the relish of the preceding, but with an evident design of removing the betraying marks of their felonious feasting, lest they should be implicated in any charge which Sampson should now make before these first dispensers of justice. These blue-coat men—(were they ever blue-coat boys? I hope not)—looked sternly at the scene and the actors: and one daring boy, who could not resist his yet unsated longing, and made a dashing dip at the diminished jar, they strack at, and he fell. “Shame! shame!” cried the bystanders. Even the six exquisites, and a supplemental one, who, more adventurous than the rest, had advanced in front, cried “Shame!” and exhibited considerable agitation of their eye-glasses. They *were* human! They *had* hearts! They *had* “bowels of compassion!” A dear old lady—(so I had imagined her from her back, for she wore her grandmother’s ugly black-silk cloak, and had her arms trussed to her sides like the venerables of forty years ago)—no, a dear young lady, as I found by her sweet face—she, too, tenderly cried out “Let the dear children alone!” A certain popular lady riding by in her carriage stopped, and leaning out of the window, cried “Let the dear boys alone, you brutes!” out of her entire love for ‘all man-kind, as boys are a minor sort of men, and may, in time, be majors. Two of those be-whis-

kered, be-tufted, and be-tipped, half-military, half-civil, interesting, interested foreign adventurers over here—Count Zingiber and Baron Snugas-buginrug—(both elbow-shakers in that neighbourhood)—curled the irritable ends of their mustachios with angry fingers, and cried “Chame!” Captain Mannilliner, late of the Locals, pulled up his white charger into the precise attitude of Wyatt’s horse in Pall Mall East, and looking round for public admiration, shook his whip at somebody afar off, and cried “Shame!” A Transatlantican—ge-nu-i-ne as imported—cried “That’s a considerable d—d shame, I reckon! And this is no land of Liberty, I desiderate, if the boys can’t lick their fingers when they like them!” An elegantly-dressed young man, who had either forgotten to put on a waistcoat before he came out, or had parted with it since, I dreaded to think how, took a lively interest in the scene, and was as loud as he could be in his condemnation of the Police. Two other fashionable men—names unknown—but conspicuously members of the *Hairy-stockracy*—(so No. 1254 graphically described them, and their appearance bore him out, what with their huge whiskers meeting under their chins, and their over-abundance of ropes’-end like curls)—moved by remembrance of their Eton days and early “eating cares,” laid violent hands upon the violent arms of the Blue-coat men when they

were about to deal their "swashing blows" around, and "clear the street," too great a task for two, and cried "Shame!" A fellow in a blue *blouse*—whom I at first took for one of Mr. Giblet's men; and next for what is called, "a blue bishop," (that is, a tallow-melter's man,) but who turned out to be an English fop translated into French—amused me much with the ridiculous attempts he made at the most fashionable Parisian exclamations: for his "*Ah sacré!*" sounded very much more like "*Eau sacré!*"—his "*Ah c'est bon!*" more like "I say, Bung!"—which I took to be addressed to a brewer's servant at his elbow; and his "*Très drôle!*" comically like "Trays droll!" which made me think him all the more a butcher. But even he cried "Shame!" Count Cincinnus, a foreign adventurer, and Captain Lanklock, a native one—(*Arcades ambo*)—out, arm in arm, on an Arcade-ian expedition, and killing women, right and left, by dozens, were making a *battue* with their double-barrelled "beauties"—even they felt that they could conscientiously cry "Shame!" But everybody cried "Shame!" Even a trifling groom-boy—looking like a tomtit in top-boots and leather-breeches, and as though he wanted a couple of wafers to stick him fast down to his saddle—even he, little pee-wit as he was, squeaked "Shame!" "Shame!" hoarsely shouted the omnibus men, who had pulled up to "see the row;" and if they

thought it shameful, it must have been shameful indeed. A military Blue, seven feet high, sent his "Shame!" flying, like a brick, over the heads of all, at the heads of the civil Blues; and Nos. 89 and 90, at last, listening to reason, let the too-amorous of treacle go, after well shaking down the pint he had licked up. The boy wiped away two tears—one was of treacle—and bolting under an omnibus, took an early opportunity of telling Nos. 89 and 90 a piece of his mind, by explaining himself on the other side. The other boys, now taking courage, were returning to the charge, but they drew back at the drawing of certain truncheons.

I will say this of the Police—that they are not to be put down by the boys of London: they meet them manfully enough, in general; and if they cannot beat them in the mass, they cut them up in detail. Already, I observe, they have put down their kites, capturing them, and carrying them off—they have daringly seized their tops even while spinning—smuggled their spoons—put a stop to their love of hop-scotch—trundled off their hoops to the station-houses—and broken through the ring at ring-taw. No sooner do Tom and Harry "down with their dumps," than they are snatched up by these vigilant opposers of street-gambling. If Jack "skies a copper," that Fortune may decide whether he is to have a hot mutton-pie for a half-penny, or "for nicks," the hand of No. 201—an

unlucky odd number—catches it as it comes down, before Jack knows whether it is head or tail, and settles his uncertainty by “paying it into court,” and walking off with it in his waistcoat-pocket as a sort of copper ward in chancery. Half the boys about town, I am sorry to say, are breaking their young hearts, they are “so pestered by these popinjays”—so snubbed, shaken, suppressed, oppressed, and “ordered about,” as they express it, by these keepers of the peace and of all hoops, tops, spoons, dumps, marbles, &c., which come within their clutches. The boy-spirit of London is broken by their severities. Now and then, indeed, they fall in with s^rthe Palmer’s Village Hampden, who “withstands the tyrant” of his native fields. I met four of the Force, in that quarter, the other day, hauling off a ragged, resolute little rascal of ten summers to the station-house. “What, four of ye to that brat of a boy?” I cried. “Ah, Sir, he’s such a desperate character!” was their apology. I was satisfied. To go on with my story.

And now “a fine old English gentleman”—with a County-magistrate sort of air about him, and a pig-tail of the most irritable disposition—interfered—“The thing could not be helped: it was plainly an accident, and the poor boys were not at all to blame.” “No, Sir,” said the cabman, “not at all—no more nor their gran’mothers!” “I’ll swear

to it!" cried an omnibus man. "I'll take my davy they warn't no more to blame than a babby as isn't crissund!" cried a hackneyman. "Let them alone," then said the magistrate. "No, Sir," said the two Blues, "we can't." "No, I knows you can't—you can't let nobody alone, not you," said the hackneyman, as sore as possible. "We mustn't allow a breach of the peace to be committed," said the officers. "so stand clear!" cried they, flourishing their truncheons. ("Shame! Shame!") The exquisites drew back—the boys stood at bay—the truck was swept clear of its bee-swarm—Sampson stood as his namesake stood when he had shaken off the gates of Gaza—he felt relieved, and free to go. He moved on, and I regret to say, that what there was unlicked up of twelve good quarts of treacle kept drip, drip, dripping all down Regent-street upon the macadamized road, which had no relish for it, while two hundred boys, Pat at their head, who would have relished it, followed wishfully after, regretting "the wilful waste" of treacle, which, as their good mothers had taught them, must end in "woeful want" of treacle. They licked their lips, but licked them all in vain, for Sampson pushed stoutly and resolutely on, backed by the police; and arriving at the place of his long-delayed destination, he whipped out the jar—all he could of it—and rushed into the shop. Pat

made a parting plunge at it, brought away a handful, and in a moment was in custody. The boy-mob then followed him, and not the truck, for all its charms were gone ; and there the scene was ended.

A few words more. It is painful to reflect that no incident, however interesting to humanity, and innocent in itself, can occur in this immense and immensely immoral city, but its white enjoyment is dashed with some alloy of black depravity : that there is always some bad spirit, in waiting, ready and ever willing to take advantage of the incapable, the unwary, and the innocent, and turn them to their own nefarious account. I have mentioned Mr. Isaac Digby Datchet Nobbs as looking on with such a commendable curiosity at the scene, and really understanding and enjoying it. I lost some part of the humour of it in watching him—his susceptibility, his anxiety to see and be seen, his irritability at anything like vulgar contact, were so amusing and instructive to me. A good-sized sweep sought to be so far familiar with him as to make a few moral reflections upon the passing scene : Nobbs looked at him disdainfully from top to toe—saw, I suppose, that he was sooty from toe to top—and scornfully muttering “ Fellow ! ” refused “ the benefit of clargy.” This was very weak and wicked on the part of Mr. Digby Nobbs, but he is a very up-ish young

gentleman, and has high notions of the “ difference there is between a beggar and a queen.” He will know better by-and-by. Meantime, would any one but a depraved member of society have taken such a mean advantage of his utter abandonment to the interest of the scene as to do him an injury? “ Who would rob a hermit of his weeds?” Some one would—Bill Jones, as likely as anybody,—for I saw him standing by, with that innocent-looking, rogueish face of his, and his anything but innocent hands stuck in his waistcoat-pockets, like a kangaroo’s. While the unsuspecting Nobbs was standing upon tiptoe, fidgetting about, and irritating his right eye with his glass, though Lord Fitznobody was at his side, some “ monster in human form”—it must have been that Jones—coolly and quietly unscrewed the gilt spurs at his heels, and got clean off with them!—Nobbs knew, not what had befallen him until he attempted to walk away, and found he could not. The first step he took, his too-exquisite ear missed the accustomed jingle of his spurs upon the stones. He looked hurriedly down at his right heel, and, oh horror! its golden spur was gone! He looked down at his left heel, it had met with a similar bereavement! He was fixed to the spot—all his few faculties forsook him—he trembled—he turned pale—he did not swoon, but he stood statue-like, “ become a stone!”—Like Achilles, when his tender

heel was hit, all "the conceit was taken out of him"—he was plain, unadulterated Nobbs again—his swagger and preteusion were all gone! A game cock who had just had his spurs cut could not have looked more crest-fallen. I may do Jones an injustice—but give a Jones an ill name, and hang him: it might not have been him. Was it any indiscreet member or officer of the Animals' Friend Society who was guilty of this abduction of dear Mr. Nobbs's spurs, out of an over-excess of tenderness for horse-flesh? They never were more in error in their humanity: for I do not hesitate to assert that their towels were as innocent of horse-hurting as this pen! The utmost harm they ever did since they were spurs was tearing a Turkey carpet and a lady's Cachemere shawl. Poor Nobbs! knowing all this, no wonder he took on so, and was so utterly inconsolable. Lord Frederick like the friend he is, "My dear Nobbs"-ed him perpetually, but all to no purpose: he could not make him forget that he had lost his first pair of spurs—his metronomes, measuring the time of his steps! He felt he could not walk the streets without the timeful, tuneful accompaniment of their clink, clink, clink over the stones! Even the stones of the Clink Liberty would not now "prate of his whereabouts" if he dared venture thereupon. His spurs—those spurs, like a Knight's of St. George, had made him a

gentleman and a foot-cavalier—had un-Thames-street-ed him, and dusted off all the drysalter from his City soul. How could he lose them so dishonourably, and not feel somewhat like a disgraced Knight, who had had them hacked off from his heels? To have them unscrewed from his Hobys was as unbearable a thought! I did not wonder—did not I,—I was too much alive to his feelings—at his excitement first, and his paralyzed state of helplessness afterwards! I marvelled not that his legs refused to “go off the stand” without those regulators and timists of their steps. They did try to go, but ineffectually: they were plainly put out—confused, confounded, and could not keep time without them! They began to shamle, and slip, and slide about, just as they used to misbehave themselves in Thames-street, and up and down Addle-hill, when they had no pretensions to be anything more than a decent pair of mercantile legs, top-booted, but never spurred, and now and then indulged with pumps, silk stockings, and a country-dance at Christmas and at Clapham. They could not easily forget that they had since learned to quadrille, and to galop, and to strut about the West End with Lord Frederick Fitznobody. I really felt for the legs, and for their incompetent governor, poor, crest-fallen, down-fallen Isaac Digby Datchet Nobbs! Lord

Frederick saw the pitiable state his friend was in, and exerted himself to hold up his hand and beckon a cab to come to his assistance. His signal of distress was answered—one of those vehicles which are like nothing vehicular, saving and, excepting a carboy with flat sides—or a big doctor's bottle, with a driver at the top for a stopper—or just enough of omnibus for two—one of those abortions drew up, and the debilitated Nobbs was got into it, and taken away somewhere, but whether to St. George's Hospital, or to Grockford's, I cannot say.

Poor Nobbs!—after all, he looked not so happy as even the unhappy Sampson Simpson, or ragged Pat, in much less harmful custody. “To each his own.” Poor Simpson and poor Patrick are, I am thinking, better boys, both of them, than Isaac Digby Datchet Nobbs, Esquire? I can foretel, indeed, that Sampson will gradually rise to the dignity and trust of keeping a chandler's shop (set up by his old masters, out of gratitude for past services); and that Pat, with seven children, will be one of his *worst* customers: while Nobbs—whose double-barrelled gun (what with its expensive pigeon-shooting at the Red House, and its introducing him to the dangerous friendship of Lord F. Fitznobody) has already made him a double-barrelled fool—will be, long before that

time, thoroughly cleaned out, and then cut by his Lordship; and, lastly, will be glad to slink back to Thames-street and dry-salting, with his tail, very much trod upon and hurt, tucked painfully tight between his legs.* I would rather be Sampson Simpson, all the world to nothing.

BEN JONSON.

WE know too little of the men of genius we would give our hearts away to know more about. We would know, accurately, no matter how minutely, what they were—what they looked like—how they “lived, moved, and had their being”—what were their daily difficulties—how mastered—how they were encouraged—how thwarted—and how they surmounted all, and rose at last pre-eminent. There is a craving void—if not an aching void—in our desire to learn what Shakspeare really and truly was—what were his daily habits of study, labour, ease, and enjoyment—who were his friends—his enemies, if that gentle spirit could have had enemies—how he rose, and by what gradations, to the great height of his eternal fame—and how, when he had performed “the work of his high calling,” forgetful of himself—careless even to injustice to himself—he modestly, with no noise, walked down into the quiet vale of years, and was

seen and heard no more!—for let the contemners of his genius say what they will, his was a high, and mighty task, well worked out, and nobly and completely finished.

A highly-amusing and instructive book might be written upon the little that is known of the lives of all our early poets—piecing and dove-tailing all the scattered facts and allusions made by themselves and their contemporaries to the habits and manners of the men—who were their companions, and who their friends, social, worldly, and literary—what were their sources of instruction, how employed—and in how much they were under obligations to them—their competitors, and their imitations and rivalries of each other—how their geniuses grew, and what was their progression. And when facts and data failed the historian of their lives and writings, he should have large liberty of conjecture allowed him to fill up the voids, and work up the mental whole-length portraits of the men. No living writer could, perhaps, do greater justice to such a task than the elder D'Israeli. He has partly performed this labour; but there is room for a completer work, bringing every scattered line and trait together—the least and most slight allusion—the commendatory couplets of contemporaries—letters—all: so that one might have at one grasp all that appertains to the history of the men and their works: the book to be compiled

and heaped together in the admiring spirit and in the exactest letter of good old gossiping Mr. John Nichols, in his anecdotes of literature and literary men of the last century.

I was led to entertain this wish by meeting with two or three facts—(for such I take them to be)—in the private history of Ben Jonson, which have, as far as I have seen, escaped his most industrious biographers. You learn more, perhaps, of the personal habits of the poet from a jocund verse of Robert Herrick's than you gain from many a page of sober prose. You get, at least, at the convivial character of the man; and if you have any speculation in your eyes, may easily complete the picture—and great, good-humoured, sober and unsober Ben stands visibly before you—living as he looked.

Ben was, it must be told, a little too fond of the *Mermaid*, and no wonder!—for under the auspices of that fish-and-flesh landlady met a greater combination of men of talent and genius than ever mingled together before or since. The celebrated club held at that equally-celebrated tavern originated with Sir Walter Raleigh; and there, for many a long year, Ben Jonson repaired with Shakespeare, the inseparable pair Beaumont and Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Martin, Donne, Robert Herrick, Alleyne the player, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled

feeling of reverence and regret. Here the wit-combats, which Fuller speaks of in his book of Worthies, took place. Describing these, he says, "Many were the wit-combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them, like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning—solid, but slow in his performances: Shakspeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Who that now sips his claret at Crockford's would not prefer to have dropt in at the *Mermaid* in Cornhill, where these brave battles of the brain were fought, and where the quaint and humorous old Ben, forgetting all rivalry with the simple-hearted and unambitious Shakspeare, kept his table-roarers about him, as long as butts would flow, and life would let him, trolling his fine old rough-flavoured songs with a tongue sweet and smooth with canary or sherris sack?

What was said of Herrick will apply without alteration to his friend Ben:—"Our poet seems to have been gifted with no small portion of the conviviality and propensity of that bon-vivant, Falstaff. His relish for sack he records himself in pretty marked characters: whether, like the face-

tious knight, he flavoured it with sugar, the legend does not inform us." Herrick, perhaps, took so kindly to his cups out of "nice affection" and true filial piety for his poetical father, Jonson: he followed his precepts and his practice—because both were agreeable. Jonson was no wine-and-water poet: he was for no dilutions—no weakenings of the "frantick liquor:" he was for wine, and wit, the heightener of wine: he would not, as Herrick says, "prevaricate in his loving, unadulterous allegiance to Sack; and when, as Sir John Mennis sings,

"Old sack
Young Herrick took, to entertain
The Muses in a sprightly vein,"

Ben drew up his stool to the table, and did not care if he tossed off a glass with the Reverend Robert—a parson of the true old Protestant, anti-Presbyterian stamp—loving a verse and a tierce of wine in equal proportions—and hating nothing but empty flasks and puritanical Round-heads, as friends and canters-off of water, and enemies and canters against wit. Ben knew right well that wine made him, as it made Herrick,

"Airy, active to be borne,
Like Iphycus, upon the tops of corn;
—— nimble as the winged Hours,
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
And ride the sunbeams."

And when Herrick, in his "Welcome to Sack," invoked 'Apollo's curse upon himself if ever he turned

"Apostate to his love:"

and desired these odious stigmas and circumstances of contempt might fall upon him,—

"Call me 'the son of Beer,' and then confine
Me to the tap, the toast, the turf! Let wine
Ne'er shine upon me! May my numbers all
Run to a sudden death and funeral!"

"Amen!" ejaculated pious Ben, and commended honest Master "Anon, anon, Sir!" to bring in another bevy of bottles. Merry doings were done at the *Mermaid* in that day!

Herrick—who was of a kindred spirit, and loved sack as affectionately as *Saint Ben*—as he, in the devotion of good fellowship, canonizes Jonson—makes us acquainted with some other tavern-haunts of canary-bibbing Ben. Here is an Ode to him, which is at once lyrickal and Herrickal:—

"Ah! Ben,
Say how, or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyrick feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad!
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat—outdid the frolick wine!"

" My Ben !
 Or come agen,
 Or send to us
 Thy wit's great overplus :
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it ;
 Lest we that talent spend,
 And, having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit, the world should have no more ! "

No wonder that, with these taverning habits, Jonson lived poor, and died no richer. He ceased to swallow sherris and chirp over canary on the 16th August, (28th N. S.) 1637. I mention the date for the sake of the keepers of the birth-days and the death-days of the eminent men of old, that they may pledge his name in solemn silence, and sigh " O RARE BEN JONSON ! " Herrick's epitaph upon him would not be unworthy of his monument :—

" Here lies Jonson, with the rest
 Of our poets, but the best.
 Reader, wouldst thou more have known ?
 Ask his story, not the stone ;
 That will speak what this can't tell
 Of his glory.—So farewell ! "

Hear the hearty Herrick again, how he worships him when he was

dead and gone,
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone ! "

In what he styles an ‘Epigram upon Mr. Ben Jonson,’ thus sings he :—

“After the rare arch-poet, Jonson, died,
 The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin’s pride,
 Together with the stage’s glory, stood
 Each like a poor and pitied widowhood :
 The cirque prophaned was, and all postures rackt ;
 For men did strut, and stride, and stare—not act ;
 Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
 Look red, and blow, and bluster—but not speak :
 No holy rage, or frantick fires, did stir,
 Or flash about the spacious theatre ;
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praise’s proof
 Did crack the playhouse sides, or cleave her roof :
 Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant Ignorance came in,—
 Such ignorance as theirs was who once hiss’d
 At thy unequal’d play, the Alchymist :
 O fie upon ’em ! Lastly, too, all wit
 In utter darkness did, and still will sit,
 Sleeping the luckless age out—till that she
 Her resurrection has again with thee.”

Prophetic verses these ! The poet must have looked forward into the coming time, and have seen “the cirque prophaned” where Shakspeare and where Jonson walked—as now it is.

Herrick loved “the rare arch-Poet.” Hear his “Prayer to Ben !”

“When I a verse shall make,
 Know I have pray’d thee,
 For old Religion’s sake,
 SAINT BEN, to aid me !

" Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, *thy* HERRICK,
 Honouring thee on my knee,
 Offer my lyric !
 " Candles I'll give to thee,
 And a new altar ;
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my Psalter !"

Doth not this smack of sweet affection—of an almost devotional love for his old master in wit, and wine, and verse ?

Jonson seems to have reigned, like his learned namesake after him, first professor of dogmatism in the literary circle of his day. He was, however, looked up to with more of good-humoured reverence than his successor in the critical chair. Indeed, his contemporaries appear to have rendered a sort of filial and affectionate obedience to him, which the latter never won from any of his scared and timid worshippers. The one ruled over his literary subjects like a beneficent Bacchus ; whilst the other rode over his slaves like the idol of Juggernaut, crushing and grinding them to dust with the ponderous wheels of the car wherein he sat self-enshrined.

From the following quaint letter by Howel, the celebrated epistolary writer, we learn, first, that Ben was considered a sort of literary father among the wits who looked up to him : secondly, that

Ben was a great collector of *grammars*, which throws a confirming light on his reputed love of the erudite and the verbal; and thirdly, (which illustrates an unnoticed chapter in his domestic history,) that either his chimney or his house had twice nearly served him up as a burnt-offering to the domestic Lares. But to the letter: here it is:—

“To my Father, Mr. Ben Jonson.”

“FATHER BEN, — ‘Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ’—(There’s no great wit without some mixture of madness), so saith the philosopher: nor was he a fool who answered ‘Nec parvum, sine mixtura stultitiæ’—(Nor small wit without some alloy of foolishness). Touching the first, it is verified in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad. You were mad when you writ your ‘Fox;’ and madder when you writ your ‘Alchymist;’ you were mad when you first writ ‘Catiline,’ and stark mad when you writ ‘Sejanus;’ but when you writ your ‘Epigrams,’ and the ‘Magnetic Lady,’ you were not so mad: insomuch as I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean, is that divine fury, that heating and heightening spirit which Ovid speaks of: ‘Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:’ that true enthusiasm which transports and elevates the souls of poets above the middle

region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to heaven, to touch the stars with their laureled heads, to walk in the zodiac with Apollo himself, and command Mercury upon their errands.

"I cannot yet light upon Dr. Davies *his* Welsh Grammar: before Christmas I am promised one. So desiring you to look better hereafter to your charcoal fire and chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserved from burning, this being the second time that Vulcan hath threatened you, it may be, because you have spoken ill of his wife, and been too busy with his horns, I rest,

"Your son and contiguous neighbour,

"JAMES HOWEL.

"*Westminster, 27th June, 1629.*"

In a second letter to Father Ben, Howel informs him that he has at last procured him "*Dr. Davies his Welsh Grammar,*" and accompanies the present to his poetical parent with some splay-footed verses, which in thought, and sometimes in the turn of the lines, show Howel to have been not unworthy of such a "right merrie and conceited" old father-in-literature. A third letter to Ben contains a French version of the old story—of a lady eating of her lover's heart, served up at table by her jealous and revengeful husband. This frightful tragedy he recommends to Jonson

“as choice and rich stuff” to put upon his “loom, and make a web of.” In the same letter he tells him “that he had been much censured at court” for falling foul upon Sir Inigo Jones; and flatters him when he says that he had written against the great architect “with a porcupine’s quill dipped in gall.”

It is remarkable that Howell, who names in the long series of his letters, spreading over many years, almost all the men of note and mark in that great period, never once, that I can find, alludes to Shakspeare, his correspondent’s cotemporary and friend—never once quotes a line from him—nor names one immortal work of his, as if he had never lived, or was unknown! Was this forgetfulness of him intended as homage of “Father Ben,” or was it ignorance, and want of appreciation? One can hardly think it was the latter: it is therefore curious.

What an age must that have been in which such men as Sidney, Spenser, Bacon, Lopez de Vega, Calderon, Drayton, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Jonson, Galileo, Quevedo, Inigo Jones, John Fletcher, Beaumont, Herrick, Chapman, Ford, Harvey, the great discoverer in anatomy, Selden, the learned wit, and fifty more men almost as eminent, lived and moved upon this stage, seeing and hearing each other—watching each other’s rising and setting—basking in the shine,—mourn-

ing the decline ! But great men make great men ; and great rulers make great subjects. Heaven has perhaps given us another Elizabeth : is it too much to hope that it may give us another Shakespeare, and contemporaries worthy of him ? Let us hope !

A WALK NEAR TOWN. .

Tired of the Town, the other day, it struck me o' the sudden, that there were several ways of getting out of it for a few hours, open to all goers-forth from it, whether on horse-back or foot-back, and that I knew them and could make essayal of at least one of them—"one at a time" being a good rule at almost all times. It struck me likewise that I had a tolerable pair of town-made legs that loved strolling and rigmarolling along dusty roads, green lanes, over commons "thorough wood, thorough brier"—anywhere, on any ground not paved or macadamized. As they have been good legs to me, and not bad ones to any one else, I made up my mind generously to give them a treat, and allow them "to go out." No sooner said than done: they took me at my word, got themselves booted in no time, and stood ready to start: I snatched my hat, and placed it, I believe, on my head—seized my trusty walking-stick, and off we went in capital style, keeping close together—as

the betting-book-keepers say at Newmarket, ‘ You might have thrown a blanket over us,’ we were so close—leg and leg ; not that such a warm woollen compliment would have gratified us, for the sun was warming enough. It was really a hot June day—such a day as one would not have looked for at the commencement of the month, when, as Lord Byron says, “ the Summer” seemed to threaten to “ set in with its usual severity.” As one contradiction of what some false poet calls “ the burning month of June” having arrived, I noticed, on the 10th, that the poor summer flies were glad to settle on my pipe, when smoking, to warm their feet, perishing with the cold : I was too much a humanist to brush them away, and so we smoked a pipe together. Yes, it was undeniably a hot day, was June the 28th, A.D. 1837 : I am particular in writing down the date, that it may be referred to hereafter by weather-wise persons and chronologists of things remarkable. Some walkers would have said that it was too hot for walking in : we agreed that it was not, and pushed on, at a good pace. Sunshine should never be too hot and bright for us : for I believe that it is as essential to the health of the blood of men as to the juices of plants and fruits ; and that the more we get of it the riper we grow, and the sweeter, and the more generous, like Portugal grapes : wanting it, we are like English grapes—not worth gathering, and as

sour as verjuice. Look at the people who shut themselves up in shady parlours, and will not let the sun get at them, what white, bloodless beings they look like—wrinkled, withered, and wan as summer pippins kept through the winter in dry closets. Sun-shine for me—moon-shine for melancholy poets, full of a sonnet to the chaste Dian, but stuck fast in the first line at “Oh Moon!”—and gas-shine for late getters to bed.

On we went our way, rejoicing in the sunshine, and expatiating as we went upon the beneficial good it did this world—how well it aired it—how comfortable and cheerful it made it, and all that. “Right shoulder forward” was the word of command: Kennington Common was soon “left shoulder backward;” Clapham Road wondered who we were that had all its road to ourselves, for no one else seemed wishful to be broiled to death: the lovers of the cool affected the shade: we affected the sun, because it did not affect us, save as we wished it—affectionately, as if it loved us as we love it.

On we went; and I must say that, for a one-legged walker, my trusty staff kept wonderfully well up with me, and even sometimes stepped a foot before me: but I encouraged it, and patted it approvingly on the head; and even your *stick* has something like a bump or lump of “love-of-approbation” in its head, and will do wonders if you

encourage it. There's that *stick* of an author^v, Mr. Barnaby Backgarret—some one read a sonnet of his right through, and so little did the generous reader think there^v was somewhat too much of it, that he advised him to make more of it, by adding a foot to the last line, by way of Alexandrine—which is really an addition to your small sonnet, and brings it to a close with an *à-plomb*-like pause that is very effective. Mr. Backgarret, so encouraged, has gone on, and is half way through another sonnet by this time—so he advises me *per las*. I wish him well through it, for I have no envy on that side of the way, knowing what a labour of love it^v is, and how much in vain—like getting a son, to be gibbeted when you had hopes of him, and flattered yourself he would be such an honour to his family.

On we went like one—solus in the sun—having the way all our own way—nobody disputing it with us—not even the omnibuses, that dispute every inch of the street^v with you on the stones, while the drivers and conductors dispute with one another. A cow, under a shadowing tree, whisking her tail about by way of warning to the flies, was the only living thing we saw till we were fairly, and freshly, and softly treading^g over the green sward of Clapham Common—an uncommon Common, considering its neighbourhood to our great city, for it was green, and had some beautiful old trees on it—

ponds, willow-shaded, duck-weeded, duck-navigated—three old washerwomen,

“Hanging their petticoats out to dry,
To keep one another com^o-pa-ny”—

two or three donkeys—a schoolful of children just poured out, the hour being twelve—four grooms playing at quoits under the shadow of some elms, with two large white feathers stuck in the ground for *mag*—a flock of fine fat geese—a sow just out of the mud, and shining all over with satisfaction that she was in such a pickle as not to be fit for the parlour and polite society—(I never saw a dirty beast happier—not even Dribblins, drunk and rolling in the gutter)—and a few sundries, labourers sleeping away their want of beer, &c., &c.

On we went, and winding our way among the furze, now out of bloom, we were alone in a little hollow; and here we sat down to rest our walking-stick awhile, and think of nothing. The Clapham world was quite shut out. All was stillness, save when a donkey brayed; but as we thought he did not—he might though—address himself to us, we took no notice of him, and let him bray, till he had expressed all he had to say upon *that* subject, whatever it was. I could not help thinking what a world of idle discussion might be spared the world, if the world would only treat the other members of the Bray family just as I treated the Clap-

ham Common orator—hear him out, and let the next donkey, five miles off, reply to him. What wide intervals in discussion we should have! Like Mr. Wordsworth,

“I am not one that much or oft delight”

in public speaking. “Wisdom sometimes crieth in the streets, and no one regardeth her:” if she would laugh, I would listen, and join in. I let my learned friend run down, and all again was most delicious silence—silence made more sweet by the dissonance I had just heard. Now I could hear the leaves prattle, in their pretty, lispings way, with the zephyrs, as poets call those whiffling young winds which wander about commons and fields all day long, and take playful liberties with the flowers, romping with them, and kissing them, and rumpling their nicely-plaited frills till they are hardly fit to be seen. Now, too, I could hear the bee murmur—not unthankfully—no, he expressed how happy he was by that sweet, drowsy, low singing of his. I thought, as he brushed by, that he reproached me for sitting idling there. Why was I not up, and

“Gathering honey all the day
From ev’ry opening flower?”

I made the best excuse I could, and that was not a bad one—I never knew an idle man who was not good at such apologies—and B. seemed mollified, and left me to blush unseen—a delicacy which did

honour to the sweet-dispositioned little fellow, who could have stung me—with a reproach—if he had been so minded; but he had come out on a different mission than to teach idle dogs a lesson of industry, and went about his own business, leaving me to go about mine at my own time—in my own way.

“Jeems,” cried a fashionable footman to a fashionable coachman in a fashionable square, as one playing with his seals, the other with his thumbs stuck in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, they stood gracefully supporting a fashionable doorway on either side—“Jeems, what is idleness?” I expected to have heard that it was being too industrious about nothing; or that it was a brewer’s horse drawing a pony-phaeton, and finding amusement in such trifling; but, to my surprise, “Jeems” brusquely answered “How should I know?” “How should he, indeed? If I know what it is, I was not altogether idle—for, with my stick, I traced a name dear to me on the level smooth sand before me—and scratched it out again, and wrote it better the next time. At least, I was improving my hand. And my mind, and heart, and its affections? Why not? In these solitary moments we remember friends, and hug them to our heart; and forgive enemies, and do not thrust them *from* it. Those moments are not idly spent in which we can do that—for the last is sometimes hard to do. Now I could hear, too, the always

pleasant singing of the birds. One of those songsters I had often heard in my walks, but never could make out the singer's name: it was not in the bills. This day he perched before me upon the topmost branch of a furze-bush, and struck up the old tune which had so often delighted me. I looked at him, and knew him, by description of his vestments, to be that eminent minor canon, Mr. Richard Whitethroat, an old and much-respected member of Nature's cathedral choir. That was something to learn: I was not idle.

Having passed half an hour more in observations on the little plants at my feet, and speculated on the origin, and uses and abuses of sand—(among which its being served up in a dish of spinach is one)—and having watched one of those beautiful brilliant green-mailed beetles running hither and thither, I knew not on what errand—my legs having been indulged with a long rest after the pull uphill—my dry staff refreshed by a little playful paddling in a plashy pond on one side of me, I was about to rise, when company dropped in, and I therefore received them—with dignity—seated. A small knoll, neatly covered with brown moss, was my throne of state—the high furze nodding over my head was my canopy—and a little patch of green grass, forming a sort of small glade between the bushes on either side, was my carpet, over which the various presentations passed,

and had the honour of an audience, and now and then a condescending compliment from *my* most sacred Majesty. The first presentation was a handsome white horse of Arabian blood—a brilliant fellow, shining so glaringly in the sun, that my weak eyes ached at beholding his silvery uniform. As he passed along he paused and looked at me respectfully, and not wishing to offend a gentleman evidently with a stick, he gave a good-humoured whinny and walked on. I don't know whether animals are fond of me—I am of them, from the highest to the lowest; or whether it was whispered by one to the other that there was an interesting biped in the bushes, who was supposed to be a friend to them in his quiet way, I know not. I was either very popular in those parts, or there is a great existing spirit of curiosity in animals: for in half a minute more a cow, who was passing by, paused, and contemplated me for some moments, chewing her agreeable sweet cud the while I chewed mine of “sweet and bitter fancies,” as they occurred. She was a comely creature, of the Alderney breed—quite a Young Ladies' Drawing-Book cow—delicately clean all over, even to the brush which concluded her tail—perhaps a little vain of her person in general; and, I thought, as proud of her horns as a lucky husband who has got three thousand pounds damages from some noble somebody for taking his wife off his hands—

always an implied compliment to the husband's taste in the first selection. This cow dandizette was not alone, it turned out; for at her heels came "Staggering Bob"—(as your young veal is *light* while "in the flesh")—*her* calf—a well-behaved bull-calf enough, an honour to his mother, and as gentle as any lamb—Charles Lamb, to wit. The creature was so curious, or so affectionate, that it came gradually close up to me, and permitted me to smooth down its gentle face, and pat its wet, cold nose—a liberty you cannot take with Gummins—he would resent it." But then Gummins is a greater calf than this young Alderney: for he improved upon acquaintance, like Simmons, or myself, and was not so great a calf as he appeared to be. Better be such a calf as this, thought I, than such a one as Gummins: for when he goes the way of all veal he will afford some one a gratification, if well-roasted and fragrantly stuffed, which Gummins never will: for, rough-hew or carve him how you will—lard him or dress him how you will—roast him how you will—he is not worth the basting and the trouble. Better be a calf, then, than a Gummins. For an animal with his reputation for simplicity, Veal behaved himself sensibly; and when I offered to scratch his pole, which all animals like, he let me scratch it; and when I pulled some grass, and held it to his nose, he smelt to it, acknowledged that it was good and

green, but did not eat of it, being confined to a milk-diet for the present. Mamma looked on, as mammas look on when you pet *their* pets—pleased, very much so, and giving you credit for the pleasure you take in their young progeny.

These having passed away, a silly sheep dropped in *en passant*, and sillily stared at me, but I was not offended. As I looked on the “full meekness of its face,” I could not help thinking what “a shame and disgrace” it was that such an inoffensive creature should be doomed to an earlier death than Nature meant for it, solely because such a hog as Huggins happens to be carnivorous, and must have his mutton, and is, as he boasts himself, “a good grubber”—*i. e.*, can clear his plate of two pounds of meat at a sitting; and affects to pretend to be going to be very thankful to Heaven that he is fed! So he is, while the shoulder is hot. Let his wife serve it up cold the next day, and you will hear him grumbling a muttered sort of thankfulness when he sits down to it. But let her serve it up on the third day, and he has no sooner murmured “For what we are about to receive. . . . make us truly thankful!” than he lifts the cover, and, his gratitude vanishing o’ the instant, growls out “What! this d—d cold mutton again?”

This last innocent dropper-in did not stay long with me, for that going-all-day-long dinner-bell, the bell-wether’s stone and the “tintinnabulary

chime" summoned him away. A pair of sparrows—Common sparrows—not those sooty fellows that get a disreputable miscellaneous living about Town, but cleanly suburban sparrows, in pepper and salt suits of feathers—next looked in, and picked up something between my feet, confidently. These gone, a hen, with seven white and two dusky chickens, came next, and poked about among the bushes behind and on each side of me. It was interesting to observe her "instructing the young idea how to" pick up this and that, and hear her continual "Cluck, cluck," when they straggled up to where I sat brooding; and when they came about her again, to see her direct their attention to such things as she would have them more regardful of than minding me. I could not feel offended. Another bee—no connexion with the bee I have previously mentioned—a traveller for a different firm in the same line—looked in as he was passing, and, finding there was nothing in his way, pushed on. After him followed a wasp, in a more amiable temper than usual, and humming an old air not badly; but I was glad when he took himself off, for he is not to be relied upon, the rascal's monkey, or temper, is so soon put up, and gives you a stab and is gone before you can cry "What's that for?" A butterfly, very handsomely

" drest

All in his best,

To *swing* abroad with Sally,"

or Psyche, or Sukey, whoever his flame might be—came fluttering in, and finding that “the chaste, the fair, the inexpressive she” was not there, fluttered out again to find her. I could have told him where she probably was, for I had seen her pass two minutes before. But as he did not ask—

“Oh, where is she gone?”

I could not reply—

“She’s gone down *Long Acre*!”

nor he affectionately add—

“Oh, if that is the case, Sir, I’ll soon overtake her.”

My next visitor was that very handsome reptile the land-newt—a sort of long frog with a tail. A few more beetles gratified me by letting me look at their burnished armour of green and gold, and went glittering away. And last, and not least, another cow, in a brown coat and waistcoat, and white pantaloons, paid me a how-d’ye-do visit, and gave my solitary Muse two mews, which I thought liberal on her part. Altogether, it was the best and most interesting levee of the season. And all this agreeable life and pleasing vicissitude of visiting friends and familiars is to be enjoyed in one hour on a Common only four miles from London, open to any one, as it should be, and long may it be—and no felonious hand commit that worst of thefts—“steal a common from a goose!”

I am candid enough to say that I feel deeply interested in that prayer: for if the depredators were successful in the one, they might take it into their wicked heads to reverse the crime, and—steal a *goose* from a common. *Who* then would be safe?—But away with unpleasant anticipations!

“Be not over-exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils

What need a man forestall his date of grief?”

One humiliating thought, however, will intrude. This. How Cockneyish it was of me to be delighted with this scene, which I was, unfeignedly! Can any London-born poet, or what not, hope to be saved from an Edinburgh-born critic, if he can so easily find it in his foolish heart to be entertained so cheaply and so town-handily? But he, poor mistaken fellow, is not so much to blame as that perverse, well-meaning, 'kind old creature, Nature. It is she that is guilty of these Cockneyisms: it may seem unfilial on my part to lay such an accusation against her, but it is too true. If she will plant her trees in pots—I beg her pardon—plots of ground within a stone's throw of the four-mile stone, and watch over them, and make them, or let them, thrive, and flourish, and look as stately and handsome as if they were growing in the heart of the country, “far removed from noise and smoke;”—and if she will drop her violets and other wild flowers about so accessible a com-

mon—"by *Cockneys* only trod;" and if she will send her cuckoo cuckooing in all corners of Clapham; and her lark spinning up to the sky, having instructed him previously in plain-chant, and taught him the songs which she has herself set for the occasion; and if she will take pleasure in seeing and hearing her

"..... Ætherial songster, soaring merrily,"

and in watching

"His wings keep time to his rich music's flow,
 Rolling along the sky celestially,
 And echoing o'er the hill's wood-waving brow,
 Along the flood, that back reflects the sky,
 And him, that warbling speck, deep-mirror'd from on
 high;*"

and if she will trail her green robe's hem so close to town that clumsy Cockneys tread on it, whose fault are all these faults but hers?

These common spots are not so common as they seem. The "beneficial Sun" smiles as he shines upon them—I have seen him—and it did not strike me that he smiled as if he derided them, but rather as if he loved them, and saw some natural beauty there not unworthy of his approbation. I have observed, too, that he spends some hours every day among these scenes; and if he does, why should not I?—and when he retires in

MILLER'S "*Ode to the Skylark.*"

the evening to Thetis' lap, that he blesses them with a parting smile. The Seasons visit there, each one in order due, and take some pains and more pleasure in shewing how they admire them. The clouds drop their fatness upon them, and freshen their ever-fertile verdure. The stars look down upon them, and light up their night-dews, till they shine like droppings of those stars. The Moon glides over them, and is not ashamed to be seen turning her sweetly-serious smile towards them, and gilds their little hollows of water with her silvery rays, and stops to look into them as Beauty looks into her mirror, admiring her own lovely face. He who laid down these humble scenes, and first adorned them, He breathes over them, and their wild-flowers blow at his bidding, that the air may be sweetened; and their wild fruits bloom and ripen, that his wild feathered creatures may be fed; and every rood of this poor common ground is instinct with verdant life. And lastly, and not leastly, he permits town-neighbouring Man to strike in his spade here, and his dibble there, and his ploughshare in another place, and bestows an unheard blessing upon his labours; and while "Paul planteth, and Apollos watereth," He "giveth the increase."

But these things in their favour notwithstanding, I should not—so I am admonished—admire

these unassuming commonplaces, and haunt them so frequently as I do ; nor

“Take pleasure in their meanest object’s sight,”

as Poet Withers did : for, nathless, I do thereby make myself chargeable with that rank offence which cannot look for “benefit of clergy”—Cockneyism.—Well, I will hope to live long enough to see the day when a Bill shall pass through both Houses to enable “the undertakers” (they have begun the work) to remove all that is rurally beautiful in the neighbourhood of London so much farther off, that it may be fit to be visited, without impeachment of the visitor. Hampstead, if “lifted,” as our Northern friends were wont to lift the cattle of their Southern border-neighbours, would make a pretty parcel of addition to Arthur’s Seat ; and as there are no Scotch cockneys, would not be Cockney ground, as it is now. Richmond in Surrey, if “translated,” might be patched upon Richmond in Yorkshire, and thus be rendered visitable by tourists, and no shame to them. Essex might be given, fogs and frogs included, to the Dutch, who would jump at it, having lost so much dry territory lately, and welcome “the damp stranger.” Kent may stand as it is, for the sole sake of Greenwich Hospital—not but it would be a generous gift to the French, who, as we used to take their new ships, ought now to take our old

sailors, on the reciprocity system. Middlesex, if it behaves itself, and promises "Never to do so no more" to Mr. Hume, may remain as it is, Hampstead excepted.

This proscribing certain spots as vulgar, and not to be visited, or, if visited, not to be admired—as contemptible, and to be mocked at—is the poorest and meanest of all prejudices, and they are all poor and mean. To a right-minded man, with a benevolent heart in the right place, no spot where his fellow-beings come into this world weeping, and go out of it groaning—where they struggle with life and its thousand ills—where they find harmless enjoyments or harmful pleasures—where fathers labour till they break down under the load, and mothers suffer till they can suffer no more—where children bless their parents, and parents bless their children—where household love, and joy, and sorrow, and hope, and fear, and care, and content, and wealth, and want, and comfort, and privation, and human pity, and generous charity, and a thousand other feelings and affections, are ever working in the hearts and bosoms of a congregated number of mankind——no spot like this, however humble, and near, and at his feet it may be, is mean and vulgar to a man so minded, and a heart so founded. It can be mean only to a fool without a heart, and vulgar only to a fop favoured with a more frequent

change of clothes than of ideas. Heaven keep such folly and foppery out of my head, and heart, and I will take two unhandsome vices, fresh-brought from the antipodes to Heaven, thankfully in their stead!—No, to a right-minded, thoughtful man every spot, however poor, wherever life is, is a serious stage, where a hundred tears are shed for one smile that shines in the face of the happiest-gifted actor in the drama, and gladdens the spectators. And the least important scene of it is full of poetry and passion, touching and teaching the soul, and stirring the subtle tendrils of the heart, till its deep-seated sympathies awaken and answer to joy with joy—to sorrow with sorrow. I do not envy him to whom these thoughts, or some such as these, do not occur, even in the meanest places where mankind congregate, and live and die.

But, however, to pursue our theme and our journey. Having rested, or rather lounged, for a full hour, up we started, and off we went again. The Common was soon left behind: “the world was all before us, where to choose?” I pitched upon a neighbouring village, Tooting, and, as the wags say, pitched into it, for, in a few moments, Upper Tooting was under us, and Lower Tooting kept at a respectful distance, as if it feared the worst that might befall. But as we did not wish to spread alarm before us, we struck off to the

left, aside as it were, into Devonshire Road, not very inviting to look at at its entrance, but when we had got into it, and detoured again to the right, we found ourselves in a very pleasant, winding, Nasmyth sort of lane, *hight* Dragmoor Lane, hedged and studded with trees, with a poor-looking but picturesque cottage on the left side thereof, and a little farther down, on the right, a smart, fantastic cottage, newly built in imitation of the old style—and a very comfortable, uncomfortable lonely, out-of-the-way house it was, the lord of which ilk had need be a sturdy fellow, and when he claps his well-aired night-cap on, looks, I should hope, before he puts out the light and gets into bed, to see that his pistols are primed and loaded, and his powder dry. We found ourselves, in no long time, stumbling over Streatham Common, the wartiest ground we ever walked upon—a wild green spot, unhandsomely disfigured with some hundreds of molehills—a sort of pustular eruption of the earth earthy. A noble line of fine old trees on the right, and Mrs. Thrale's residence and park on the left, made the wild spot cultivated and classic ground. Johnson, perhaps, had rolled his leviathan hull over the very hills at which I stumbled? Methinks I behold him! Bozzy picking his way behind him, carefully—sarily Sam growling at him all the while to "Come on, Sir, and not make mountains of molehills!"—And then

stumbling over one of them himself, and pitching his hat and wig and walking-stick some distance in advance of the rest of his person, Bozzy perhaps ran up, to raise him up, and the disdainful Doctor drove him back with a "No, Sir! The man who, walking the devious paths in the various fields of life, is not humble enough to look to his own feet, and see where they tread, if he falters and falls, should not allow another man's pride to stoop so low as to lift him up. 'Sir, as I have made my bed in my own way, let me lie in it till I choose to rise in my own manner. As I greatly fell without assistance, let me greatly rise without your interference. The man who——But ring the bell, Sir, and a truce to *your* reflections, for we have been keeping the dinner waiting with these frivolous disputations. Ring the bell, Sir, I say!"—which the obedient Bozzy did, no doubt, only too proud to do it. And when they were seated at the dinner-table, and the first fierce severity of the fine old bear's hunger was partially appeased, if he confessed his failing and his falling to the company, and Bozzy interposed a "Yes, Sir, but you fell with dignity, and rose greater by that fall!"—at such fulsomeness the old Doctor would growl an angry "Bah!" like a bear with a vexation, and indignantly send his plate up for a fourth helping to the mutton, as it was tender. And then the Doctor, recurring to the question where poor

Bozzy did not leave off, would growl out "What did you mean, Sir, by saying that I fell with *decency*?" Then Bozzy, feeling that he was in a fresh hobble, would try to explain himself, and the Doctor, to prevent that, would gruffly continue "You did not look, when I fell, Sir, that I should make an all-for-nothing exhibition of my garters, like a butter-woman, going to market, in a precisely similar catenation of fortuitous circumstances?" Here Mrs. Thrale would cough gently, cover her face with her fan, and glance aside at Sigror Piozzi; and the brow-beaten Bozzy would seize the opportunity, while the Doctor was repeating the motto as before, to reply "Sir, I did not say *decency*—I said *dignity*?" But the surly burly Doctor, having made up his mind to be severely jocose, would, of course, not hear a word of his explanation, and go on to say "Worse, and worse, Sir! Why, you would not think of rewarding me for the exposure? That would be premeditated indelicacy; and the man who——" "&c., &c. The Doctor's carnal man being by this time satisfied, and Bozzy put to silence for awhile, how then would the gruff Moralist sit and talk—"Ye gods, how he would talk!"—a hundred times better than he wrote! (He has somewhere said that "he esteemed conversation to be the comfort of life;" and in one of his *Idlers* has compared it to a bowl of punch, "in the composition of which, while the spirit is

duly tempered by water, and the acid sufficiently corrected by sugar, the ingredients wonderfully conspire to form the most delicious beverage known among mortals.'") And in the course of his remarks on this and that, how would he furthermore snub and rub the gentle, bear-leading Bozzy !—he who afterwards made him the memorable man he is, by exhibiting him as he was ! For what would Samuel Johnson have been, if he had not talked as few men have talked, and had such a faithful biographer as few great men have had, to chronicle his wonderful sayings and doings ? A heavy, ponderous Moralist, whom it is like helping Hercules in his great labours to read ;—the compiler of the first-best Dictionary ;—and the author of some admirable but illiberal Lives of great and good poets, and extravagant encomiast of second-rate poets and no poets at all. If Boswell had been the idle, silly, babbling butt the Doctor strove to make him appear, and had been as much silenced out of his presence as in it, how much less, in comparison, would the generations of these days have cared for the now-immortal Samuel Johnson ?—I saw and heard all I have dared to imagine, and remembering that great name with veneration, I felt that I was treading classic ground while threading my way among the molehills of Streatham Common.

On we went, however ; and in a little while we

were on Tooting Common—wild, but a pleasant wildness. Patrick Nasmyth had been over these spots, for I traced him. Here we got again among furze, wild flowers, wild birds, tame ducks, weedy ponds, tinted with mineral water (?), straggling children, dreamy-eyed donkeys, and haymakers, winding in and out among the bushes, as they returned to the fields, to sweat and labour in the sun, and send the fragrance of the new-mown hay streaming towards the town. It would have been a perfect rural scene if the workhouse on the right had not spoiled all; and yet there was some comfort still in looking at that last refuge for the destitute. It did not seem as yet a gaol. The light and the air of heaven could visit its open windows, and shine and breathe into them; and the poor could yet look out of them upon the green common, and the blue hills in the distance, and hear the skylark warbling to the silent noon. Here, as the sun was really “insulting hot,” we sat ourselves down under shadow of some friendly furze—friendly as long as you do not interfere with it—and got into a *tête-à-tête* with a donkey who was dining out there. The ass has a sorry reputation for intellectuality, yet we could not help noticing that at the dinner-table his few faculties were all on the alert, like an alderman’s, and that he twinkled his ears and whisked his tail with a liveliness such as he never exhibits when employed in the graver business of

life—perhaps from some mistaken notions of dignity, or of the necessity of looking serious when you are not so. Having cooled ourselves by these contemplations, and having shewn that we were not particular what sort of company we got into, so long as it was agreeable, we rose refreshed; and on we went over the little there was left of Tooting Common, and were soon in Streatham Lane—a pleasant, rural lane enough—and winding it up, we found ourselves at Tooting. Here, having surveyed the place, and seen all that was curious, we made our head-quarters at the King's Head Inn, and ordering a mutton chop, lettuce, and ale, settled down in the good large parlour of that old-fashioned house of entertainment. I could not help imagining, as I entered the old room, that the Doctor had been before me there, in some of his tergiversations while resident with Mrs. Thrale, and that these poor walls had often resounded his loud, unpacifiable bow-wow. The poor place was immediately *tabooed* and made sacred by imagination. The great Doctor was not *above* these humble places, and has said a good word or two in their praise, but I forget what, and where to find it. Then why should I be *above* them? I am not. I love these old inns, and their old parlours with low ceilings, heavy cross-beamed, old oak-chairs, hard-bottomed, oaken pannels, fantastic-fashioned chimney-glasses, oval mirrors, the owl in a glass-

case over the fire-place, the round tables and flapped tables, the two or three bad paintings, and the numerous bad engravings, "Published, as the Act directs, 30 June, 1786, by ROBERT SAYER, Map, Chart, and Print Seller, No. 53, Fleet street." If the Act directs the publication of such execrably bad pewier-plate engravings, more shame to the Act for such an uncalled-for act—that is all I say. And yet the subjects of the engravings in review are pathetic enough, however comically handled. "Jemmy," as he is called—the "Jamie" of that most exquisite of all "auld ballats," *Auld Robin Gray*—is seen, in one, taking his farewell of poor Jenny, a fashionable young lady of eighty years since, sashed, feathered, standing somehow in high-heeled shoes, her gown-tail bundled up behind—looking much more like Poll of Plymouth than a "braw Scotch lassie." Jemmy, too, is not to be sneezed at as unfashionable. He is a smart seafaring fellow enough—in striped trowsers, and striped waistcoat to match, smart round jacket, round hat, shoes, and buckles as big as his shoes, a stick tucked under his arm in sailor's style—not a walking-stick, but a stick to be carried jemmy under the arm, in Portsmouth fashion. While he is taking his affecting farewell—(I presume it to have been so from Jenny's white handkerchief being applied to her left eye, and that only)—a shipmate, in the background, is hauling the ship's

boat to the shore, might and main : *his* stick is also thrust under his arm all the while—he cannot part with it. Sea-water enough to keep the boat afloat is flowing behind him, but he “heeds not what the landsmen say :” he is no tailor, but a sailor : so he “Hauls away, yo-ho, boy !” and though he should be, properly, up to his middle in the sea, the artist has taken care of him, and you see every bit of his shoes dry on the top of a wave.

This pathetic piece is the right-hand supporter of the owl in the glass-case. On the left “Jemmy’s Return” is almost as “seriously inclined,” as Othello says, on the part of the artist. Mrs. *Auld Robin Gray* is seen drowned, I should almost say, in sorrow, at the door of the cottage of the “gude man,” situated by the sea-side, with the sea in the offing running so high, that, if it did do as it could do, it would drown poor, disconsolate Jemmy, Mrs. Gray, auld Robin, cottage, cat at the cottage-door, and all ; but it forbears, very much to its credit. There are a few misprints in the verses quoted underneath, which show a not-unbecoming ignorance of the Scottish Doric ; such as *bath* for *baith*—*wrath* for *wraith*—*fair* for *sair* ; but it would be hypercriticism to dwell upon them. Four sporting prints—all over horse and dog—and “one other,” in which two young ladies are taking Love (a decent lad enough, in a sort of short, smart bed-gown) in at the window, while the old lady their

mother is fast asleep in her easy chair—(if she can be easy in a chair which is so much out of the perspective)—and “the companion print,” in which the old lady is roused, and driving Love away, *vi et armis*, with a birch-broom—these adorn the other spare walls of the parlour, and make them entertaining.

These things do not abate my love for an old road-side inn—they add to it. I might have been better accommodated *perhaps* at the Athenæum; but here I am all alone—which is a luxury sometimes: there, there is that eternal Member always present, with that untiring, tiring member of his own Athenæum, his tongue, perpetually bore, bore, bore-ing me with some “fire-new scheme,” perhaps, for deflagrating the poor, dear, dead, departed coal-heavers of both shores of the Thames into coal-gas! I have thought of that myself, so that he is not original. These men, in their time, swallow so much coal-dust, that it does seem a pity that it should be altogether lost, as it is when it is buried with them. Here I miss hearing for the hundredth time that other scientific proposition of his—that, as ticket-porters are, all their lives long, such entire butt tossers-off of beer, it is possible to get back from them a pure extract of malt! Schemes feasible enough; but is it not carrying science a little too far, when it seeks to resolve the elements of society into their constituent principles? I think it is; and therefore am I

happier here than in Mr. Professor ——'s company. I might be better entertained *perhaps* at the United—or, rather, as the Members *dine* themselves to themselves, it might be more properly called the *Unit-ed* Club: but then there's that never-absent-on-no-account old Major Fullpay of the Fencibles, who has so little consideration for the Halfpays—a large portion of the family of military and naval Man; and none at all for the Quarterpays—a larger. And then I have heard that story of his about the Duke of York, and what His Royal Highness said when he critically reviewed his corps at Chatham Lines, and what the Major said to His Royal Highness, being “an answer to the same,” that I could tell it to the Major, word for word—for he never varies—I will say that for him. And then there are those “*Lines*” by the Major, written upon that proud occasion, which I call “His *Chatham Lines*”—at which he laughs—not at the *Lines*, but at the joke; and I laugh—not at the Major, but at the *Lines*. I know them now by heart, and could prompt the author, if need were. Therefore am I better pleased with the King's Head than the Major's. The socialities of these Clubs are delightful, doubtless. It is not unpleasant, that I am aware of, to dine socially, at four different tables, with Captain Alexander in one corner, Baron Skimmilk, of the German Legion, in another, Captain Moss

Rose in a third—(that is, if the wind is favourable to his whiskers, for, if it is not, and it blows them, carefully combed one way, the other way, the Captain returns home, and does not venture out again till the wind has turned)—it is pleasant to dine there, and be the while snugly ensconced in a fourth corner. It is not unpleasant—indeed it is agreeable—to exchange the news of the day by exchanging the newspapers—the ‘Times’ for the ‘Chronicle’—with the Baron, and taking the ‘Globe’ after Captain Alexander has done with it—not that Captain Alexander who conquered the world, and cried because he had got nothing more to do—no, quite a different sort of man)—give the ‘Sun’ up to him in return. But yet I like the one solitary paper of an inn better—no waiter bespeaking it—having it quietly and comfortably all to myself—to read it, or spell it, or go to sleep over it and the debates in the Imperial Parliament, just as they dispose one, or one feels disposed. Much may be said on both sides, as a third person remarked when two gentlemen were blackguarding each other on opposite banks of a pretty wide and deep ditch. I have my prejudices and preferences, and cannot help entertaining them.

But while I am engaged in these distracting speculations, a waggon pulls up in front of the inn—the green door which opens into the parlour is unbolted from within by the maid Betty, who

might have been much better employed about my chops—and enter severally a nice grandmotherly old woman, with a handsome face and a Roman nose, leading in her little granddaughter—a four-year-old—in a green-stuff frock, the very picture of youth—a Sir Joshua Reynolds child—with eyes black and shining as sloe-berries, plump cheeks, coloured with the roses of health, and so round and projecting, that when I looked at her sideways I could not see her concise, little nose for the chubbiness of her cheeks. Next came a sickly woman with her babe and suckling; and, following her, a robust woman, with hers, capable of running alone. After they are seated, enter the Waggoner—Peter Bell, or as great a man as he—and the crazy old floor swags and creaks under his heavy foot. He appears to know his passengers well: they are friends and neighbours, and have been up to town, relation-visiting, and are now returning home. Good health and good humour—(two desirable things, when intimately mixed, as the chemists say, though the latter is not to be despised even when the former is wanting)—are blended in his honest, rough, homely, English face. I must confess, however, that when I got upon terms of inter-antimacy with “The King’s Head,” I did not expect that it would take such strange crotchets into it as one old married woman, two young married women, three

children, a waggoner, and his horse-boy: for none of these did I expect to drop in, nor did they promise much amusement to a solitary, sentimental old bachelor. But an inn is an inn, especially in an unfrequented road: is only too ready to receive all customers that come, from dignified John Dobbs, *Esquire*; down to undignified John Dobbs, plain man, and no gentleman: is ever open to all, rich and poor, one with another; and these things are providentially ordered for the best, in the end.

I am not particular, in general, as to what sort of society I fall among, for I never fell into the worst but I found something worthy of observation—some manners or matters which made me thoughtful, or made me smile, or which touched my universal sympathies, or made me thankful, or lessoned and instructed me. It was, therefore, amusing to me, for some time, to imagine the delicate distress of mind which my too-fastidious friend Mr. Marmaduke Morbidezza—(an Englishman, though his name is foreign, of a good French family of Italian extraction)—would have endured at finding himself entrapped, as it were, into such “common company;” and to speculate upon his behaviour in such a miserable dilemma!—how he would have shrunk up into a corner—and how very close down he would have pulled the blinds, that he might not be publicly seen in such a disreputable predicament, for a fastidious fellow with

his sensitive-plant-like nerves and nice apprehensions. I even imagined that I audibly heard him cry, feebly and thinly, like a guinea-pig in a fright, "These *horrid* [horrid] persons! What a *ho-ah!*"—and then whisper me, *aside*, "I never got, that I can remember—no, I cannot charge myself with ever getting—into a low public place before, and splash me all over if ever I commit myself in a precisely similar *man-nor* again—really! What, in heaven's name, would Fopple think if he glassed us in such a *horrid* place?" And I saw, as I imagined, the uneasiness of his nice nose, the flutter of his cambric handkerchief, lavendered by his laundress, and entered into all his anxieties after *Eau de Cologne*. Then I pleased myself much better by imagining how cordial Charles Lamb would have enjoyed such a bit of every-day life;—and Leigh Hunt, what kindly yearnings he would have turned towards his humble fellow-creatures;—and Washington Irving, how delightfully he would have sentimentalized, like Addison and Goldsmith mixed, about old inns and rural places;—and Mary Milford, how she would have chuckled to think that she had found a nice characteristic group *out* of "Our Village," which she could, and would, sketch to the life;—and Charles Dickens, how he would have looked, and looked sharp out for a few fresh Pickwickisms;—and Theodore Hook, how he would

have kept his eye and his ear awake for a bit of the farcical, and would have listened to their sayings and regarded their doings ;—and, to crown all, my imagination worked so well, that methought I heard Mr. Wordsworth reciting long excerpts from “ Peter Bell,”—partly because he thought well of that poem : partly because he sought to set the Surrey Waggoner at his ease in such an uneasy place as the best parlour of the best inn in Upper Tooting ; and partly to shew to him that he had sat with the poet who had dignified his humble calling by marrying it to immortal verse. You will observe, my gentle Reader, that these things are thus ordered for the best ; for I should have missed all these pleasant thoughts of pleasant men and minds if I had been fastidious, like my friend Marmaduke, and had asked to be shewn into a more private room, far removed from “ Those horrid persons ! ” So I made up my mind to love them, and be grateful and kind to them, as very humble friends of mine, and not to mind what Mr. Morbidezza would think of me for being so mean and sociable.

But I am interrupted in my observations ; for enter, at this critical moment, my hot chops, cool lettuce, and ale, noticed, but cool enough, and perfectly refreshing. Betty, or Patty, I care not which—a country girl, approaching towards London by degrees, and gotten already as far as Tooting—brings

the wholesome viands in, in a smart tray, neatly diapered, and spreads them on the table before me, with all proper respect for me ; but no sooner has she discharged this onerous duty than she turns round to the Waggoner, and frolicksomenely embraces him ! I stare, and take notice of their goings-on, and cannot fall to, I am so interested in the exhibition. Mr. Waggoner is fifty, but never mind that ; and Betty is twenty—a good age. He is so well known—as he calls at the King's Head twice a week—that Betty is on easy terms of familiarity with him, and he with Betty. Thus challenged to a romp, and nothing loth, they romp—(nothing more—there is not a thought in their heads except of the playful sort)—in form and fashion following. His smock-frock is all at once agitated with an uncommon accession of inside liveliness, and flings and flies about in a most extraordinary way, when, moved I know not how, one sleeve—the right—stretches out half across the room—begins to sweep round like a mill-sail, and Betty is, I cannot see how, caught hold of by something at the end of the sleeve, which I suppose to be a hand—fairly caught—inextricably entangled—

“Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray !”

Down immediately rolls backwards into a leather-bottomed chair Mr. Waggoner, with a flop that

shakes the King's Head almost off its shoulders, pulling Betty down upon his knee. He busses her—such a buss!—Dobbin, his shaft-horse, *winks* his ear, and takes it for a smack of the whip; and Captain, his fore-horse, is for holding a council of waggon, to know how to proceed. The poor sickly woman, who is in no humour for this exhibition of boisterous liveliness—Waggoner liveliness!—covers her eyes with her thin hands, and does not laugh—not even smile. The healthy woman laughs, and looks at me, making no progress with my dinner, and says “There is no harm in Mr. Waggoner,” which I am glad to hear, as a disinterested spectator. The good old grandmother threatens that she will tell his wife, when she gets home, of all his town-doings, this suburban one included, and yet enjoys the sport hugely; and so does Betty, and so do I. Betty’s cap is on her shoulder, and her apron behind, but never mind. As I have never had the good fortune to see such rough courtship before, I cannot eat my chops and cool lettuce coolly, I am so interested in witnessing it, and speculating upon it, morally, philosophically, and scientifically. As for the little girl with the sloe-black eyes and green-stuff frock, she keeps close to her good old grandmother’s knee, and, wondering and wincing, looks on. “Ah me! the course of *rough* love never did run *smooth*!” The bell rings, and Betty is untimely

called away to some other part of the King's Head. Mr. Waggoner lets her go, as in duty bound, and off she goes; and having licked his lips, as if he had enjoyed himself, he claps his hands upon his leathery knees, and rises, with much dignity, from the leather-bottomed chair—revived, renewed, and renovated after all his fatigues—*stomps*.—(stamps would not describe his elephantine excitement)—over the sanded floor towards the table: and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, grasps the pot of ale, and “drinks *towards* the better health” of the sickly woman. She thanks him, and sighs “Ah!” and seemingly despairs. The good old grandmother then comforts her, and “God blesses” her, but she cannot hold up her head, and wishes to get on. The humble party, having by this time taken such refreshments as they wanted, make their *circuit* out at the green door, bowing and curtsying, and

“Leave the room to business, and to me.”

I cannot, even now, report progress with my chops. I am so interested in observing Mr. Waggoner—that “gallant, gay Lothario”—help up the grandmother, the healthy mother, “Who doesn’t want his help, not she,” and the sickly mother, who wants a greater help than his, or that fine child of hers will soon be motherless. These safely stowed away in the waggon, the young ones are handed

in after them, and all is ready. Joe, his big 'boy, who, in a respectfully distant corner of the parlour, had looked on, and grinned, and shewed his large white horse-teeth at his old master's capers, has been ready these ten minutes, with his team, watered and hay-fed, and willing to start: the word is given, and off they go to Petworth, Surrey; and I am again alone, and yet not alone, for I cannot forget that good old grandmother, and her expressions of compassion for her sickly fellow-traveller—nor her blackberry-eyed granddaughter, just such a child as I would give anything in reason to hear call me "Father!" They are present with me still, now that I am describing them, two hours after they are gone.

"After dinner sit awhile," adviseth the sensible old proverb. We did so, and found ourselves none the worse for following its advice: some people do, for they get drowsy in their chair—a bad sign, and "drop off to sleep," as they express it, and sometimes never wake again—a worse sign than the other of the perniciousness of this after-dinner, full-blooded slumbering. Children are all the more sprightly for their meals, and ten minutes after dinner will turn the house out of windows, if you will allow them or commission them to do so. Full-grown children, if good boys and girls, should be just as much alive, and full of *their* fun, after their dinners; but the worst of these spoiled children is

that they eat more than they want—fill their eyes instead of their bellies—regulate their appetites by the pound avoirdupoise, and are not content and satisfied till the scale goes down thumping on the counter with rather too honest a lumping weight and measure. And thus they grow plethoric and stupid, and lie senseless and inactive in their *styles*, though they are not so rated in the parish-books. We—being moderately given—felt no drowsiness: even three-fourths of a quart of honest good ale did not set our head humming like a top asleep: quite the contrary: we were all alive and leaping—our few faculties, at least, were—and so we superadded to the “After dinner *sit* awhile” an invention of our own—“After dinner *scribble* awhile”—by way of *dessert*, which made our sitting still and quiet not unpleasant. That done, and having looked over what we had written, and dotted the egotistic vowel (which letter is that!) where we had missed so doing in “the enthusiasm of the moment,” and having given a dash to a double *tt*, and stuck in a comma here and there, to measure the sense, and mark the construction, and not confound and confuse both, we rolled up our work as neatly as a sempstress—put it by—rang the bell—brought in the maid, who brought in the bill, gave it a first, second, and third reading, passed it without a dissentient voice, and then counting the House out, adjourned. The King’s

Head seemed perfectly satisfied, and, we thought, smiled on us as we took our leave; and so he ought, for we had shewn our attachment to the constitution and our loyalty at one and the same time.

Off we went again, at a brisk pace, not caring for the heat—not caring, indeed, for anything. Not far from our inn, a pleasant-looking lane opened its mouth and asked us to walk in. It was a lane which some proud persons would avoid as much as they would “plague, pestilence, and famine:” more humble men would modestly walk up it, and see no harm in it—nothing which could disgrace them in being seen to visit there. It is time that I mentioned its expressive name: did plain John Bunyan christen it, or what man with a like homely mind? It is, then, called—(for I see you are curious to know its name)—*Obligation Lane!*—why so named, and with what unrevealed signification, I know not. It was a pleasant place, and so I was not curious to know more. On the left was a little cottage, new, but built in bad imitation of an old cottage; but its situation was delightful, and made amends for its improper pretensions to be what it was not. It faced the glowing West, and looked up a small green field, and through trees, and over meadows, and over Wandsworth, and over the Thames, and on and on, till the Western horizon shut

in the scene. "Ah!" groaned we; but we will not let the reader into the secrets of our thoughts—except these—that forty pounds a year, books, friends, and a few articles of similar sorts, got somehow mixed together, and made up an agreeable miscellany enough of hopes. On the right was an old-fashioned farm-house; and, as we approached it, the farmer, we supposed—an infirm man—was wheeled out at its gates in an invalid's chair, attended by a servant and a young gentleman, his son, and the field-gates being thrown open before him, was soon among his labourers, getting in the hay-harvest—the most fragrant labour of the farmer's year. The air was scented with it—the ground was sweet with it—health and gratification seemed to breathe in every wafture of the new-mown fragrance and every movement of the gently-agitated air. The wind seemed loth to carry its fragrant load away, and yet it would—for there is not a part of this great metropolis which is not conscious that the hay-harvest in its neighbourhood is going on: the scent of it—the wind being favourable—visits it in the coolness of the evenings in June, and sets the thoughts of its town-prisoned people fieldwards.

On we went, listening to the cuckoo—where?—and the blackbird—and the thrush—and the little linnet—and some other small contributors to Nature's "Little Warbler"—a pleasing miscellany of

songs, "to be had gratis" in the Row:—be particular, however, in inquiring for the right Row—the Hedge-row. Just as we had made up our mind who was the possessor of "the desirable copyright" of the words and music of this most interesting collection of old *Natural* Melodies, and having critically investigated the style of both, liked the unaffected simplicity of the one and the unlearned learning of the counterpoint of the other, we tumbled over a stile of another sort, and upon picking up ourselves, and looking where we were, guessed where we were, and there we were, upon the *fifth* common of our uncommonly Common pilgrimage—Wandsworth Common.

On we went, enjoying the fresh, cool, open scene, and the silence, only broken by birds—and the gloriously bright and warm sunset—and the loneliness: for the only living thing we saw—the birds keeping themselves out of sight—was a brown spaniel dog—a rambling, meditative, humorous dog, like ourself. We looked all round, a circle of some miles, to see if he had a master anywhere thereabouts; no—he was alone: a melancholy Jaques, in a shaggy coat, going about upon all-fours! We did not interrupt the current of his cogitations, and let him pass. The Common was now all ours, and we enjoyed it: we were "monarchs of all we surveyed," and well to do, and well content. Getting off the Common at

last, we found we were in the right road—one lined, on both sides, for a quarter of a mile, with beautiful dwarf-oaks, here and there interspersed with two or three poplars and some stately elms; but the oak is, *par excellence*—at least, I think so—the pastoral painter's tree. Look at its innumerable arms, and their graceful attitudes, and the undulating lines they make, and the broad wideness and handsome oneness of the whole, and you will say that it is the landscape-painter's tree. Look at it, and through it, especially at twilight, and you will see more of its beauty than you can behold in the common light of day. A little farther on, I was struck with the care which some one had taken of an old oak tree which grew aslant a pond, and would have tumbled into it, if its main limb had not been under-propped by a steadfast post, and its minor limbs bound up strongly, to support one another, with sheets of iron. Who had this reverence for the old tree, that they would not cut it down, but tended it like a deformed child or old man grown decrepit? I could not help thinking well of him.

On and on we went, and in no long time were again on Clapham Common, now grey with the gradually-deepening dusk of evening. But the birds were not yet abed—the cattle were still cropping—the sheep were still bleating—the crows, vagrants like myself, were returning home, and

cawed and chattered in such inharmonious fashion as I should be loth to imitate when I wish to be listened to, as I do sometimes. The Common passed, that most enduring beast of burden, Adam's pad, trotted me safely, at a good pace, down the hill, past Stockwell, through Kennington, and I stepped down from my stirrups at my own humble door in ancient, archiepiscopal Lambeth, untired in mind, untired in limb, and not a whit the worse for all my travails. I used to think that the North side of London was "the ruralest"—to use a town-made idiom: after this day, and the scenery I have seen, I give up that old opinion as heretical, and shall, with Richard,

"Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow."

Now, gentle Reader, as you have listened to me so far, listen to me a minute longer, and answer me—Which is more pleasurable—more healthy, hearty, and even entertaining, a walk or a lazy, idling lounge up and down Regent-street, or such a walk and lounge as I have only half-described up and down hill and dale, and over common, and "thorough *weed*"—I won't say wood—"and thorough brier?"—If you will not candidly speak out for the latter, I will: it shall have my voice—a weak one—and my vote and interest. "Think of that, Master Brooke!"

SOME WHIMS OF MR. WAGGLE

“Who is Mr. Waggle?” the gentle reader will ask, and by that question shew too plainly that Mr. Waggle has not the honour of being known by them. Well, they cannot be expected to know everybody—“all the world and his wife” and family inclusive; but as it will really and truly be a pleasant task to me to introduce Mr. Waggle to the reader and the reader to Mr. Waggle, I will do so at once, without further ceremony, because I am sure that they will be pleased to know so pleasant a fellow; and he, on his part, will feel equally happy in making their acquaintance, or more than that, if they like him in their hearts, which I hope—and, indeed, am sure—they will, as the dear old bachelor has many amiable points about him, besides his humour and his whims, and those are not unamiable—for he has almost the monopoly of being a “wit without offence,” so rare a specimen of your wit!

The years of Mr. Waggle are, I should say,

Wilkes's favourite number—forty-five: he would not confess to so much if he was asked the important question, especially if a lady asked it: if a gentleman desired to know the important fact, he would not mince the matter, but speak out, and as he is a hearty young old bachelor enough, and has had the felicity of being guessed by good judges to be thirty-five when he is honestly at least ten years older, it is likely that he would exult not a little, and crow over the man who asked it, if *he* had not taken such good care of his forty-five good years as he had; and boastful of his black hair, ungrizzled—and his broad back, unstooping—and his stout arm, unfailing—and his legs, untiring as a horse's, (the admiration and envy of Bath Irish chairmen twenty years ago,) would cry “Yes, sir, I am forty-five,” and, giving his stalwart thigh a loud explosive smack with his strong open hand, would add saucily, “and I don't care who hears me! ‘*The Widow*’ is welcome to that fact, if she desires to know it: or any other widow, if she is fair and forty. As for your widows of fifty and upwards, they are more particular in that particular, and must have a young fellow of four-and-twenty for their money.” Mr. Waggle is not in the habit of bragging on any other personal point but this of his youthful looks and general sturdiness and strength: on all other subjects he is modest and moderate enough, but he

will crow on this. If you ask him how he has kept up his constitution so well, he will perhaps make answer—"I was never serious when I could find anything to laugh at, or anybody to laugh with. The common cares of life, which make some men early old, have only served to amuse me. I have made merry with them—didn't care for them—snapped my fingers at them—told them to their faces to do their worst—figged them—that is, I didn't care a fig for them—poo-h-pooed at them—and laughed in their grave, solemnly stupid faces, till they were put out of countenance, and turned away to 'Try Warren' [a lachrymose friend of his] as it was of no further use trying Waggle; and here I am—none the worse for them! Go you, and do likewise!" And then, perhaps, he would strike up

" Fill the bumper fair;
Every drop we sprinkle
Keeps away a care,
Smooths away a wrinkle!"

This is, I believe, the grand secret of his unfailing health, and strength, and good looks—that he is a merry man—"Muster Merryman," as old Philip Astley would have called him, had he known him, and perhaps have offered him an engagement for "the circle." I wish he had, for I will be bound that Waggle would have kept the sawdust all

alive with his “wise saws” of humour, and “modern instances” of wit; and have made those black gods of the gallery—the sweeps—who crowd up there as “plentiful as blackberries,” shew every white tooth they have in their merry heads while grinning down at him. With what a gusto would Waggle have persuaded Mr. Crossman, in one of the pauses of his act of horsemanship, to take some needful refreshment, if it were only a pail of water and a gooseberry: or a tantaddlin tart—a toad baked in a Welsh wig—that, if he did not like the meat, he might at least try the crust! How the fat cooks from the West End, who “go to *Hashley’s* always once a year,” would have “anointed” their red full-blown faces “with the oil of gladness” to see and hear “that funny man,” such a Mr. Merryman “as the world ne’er saw!”—And how the big butlers would have thrown back their powdered heads to laugh out at him!—And how “the Johnnies,” as the gallery-beys call the footmen when they wish to be personal, would have simpered and smirked, and laughed subduedly, as they laugh at their master’s tables when anything good is said or done, not daring to laugh out!—And how the grooms—not so nice, but giving the rein to their mirth—would have guffawed and slapped their leather-breeches with their excited hands, and rolled about on their

saddles or seats, just able to keep in the stirrups, and no more. But Mr. Astley missed him, and Mr. Ducrow does not know his merits.

My attention was first drawn to Mr. Waggle by hearing him, in a public room in the neighbourhood of the theatres, enter upon a humorous speculation, which I shall presently give, as much at length, and as well as I can recollect it, and the terms of it. A gentleman at the same table, enjoying the fumes of his cigar, and gratified with its goodness, remarked severely, as if he still thought of his ill-usage and resented it, "The cigars I had out-of-town yesterday were horribly bad—quite shocking! It was a misery to be obliged to smoke them; but as I could get no better, and must have my smoke—as you know I'm nothing without my smoke—I smoked 'em. 'Pon my honour, I was really to be pitied, and 'smelt so—pah!" "Now, there," said Waggle, "there is a new misery which our great-grandfathers never could have contemplated—the misery of improper cigars—no more than they could have foreseen the misery of steamboats, cabs, omnibuses, balloons, railroads, and many other modern innovations upon the old miseries of life! But as the world grows older, and science extends its ingenious researches, our cares and wants are not at all diminished, that I can see, but new vexations come to vex the old, and keep us on the grumble

and the ret. In fifty years, if I should live so long, I shall not be at all surprized to hear a London gentleman grumbling that his balloon is not waiting for him punctually at his door at the precise moment of time he had appointed, and swearing at the Green or Graham that was to have 'taken him up,' as an idle rascal not to be depended upon. 'It is so vexing, sir,' he will perhaps say, 'to be thus disappointed! Here was I to have dined with the Stadtholder at five, and had faithfully promised that I would ^{be} up with the Russian Republican First Consul at Moscow at eleven! I'll not submit to this delay any longer! Here, John!'—and he will summon his servant, 'Go, and call a balloon off the stand, and if Mr. Green comes tell him I am gone—I could wait no longer—and say that I was very indignant at his not keeping his engagement.' The servant departs, is gone a minute, and re-enters to say that a hackney-balloon—No. 12,592—is at the door. 'Oh! Is he a steady-looking fellow? Is he sober?' He is assured he is. 'Because the last hackney-balloon I hired, the aëronaut was as drunk as a beast, and I was obliged to manage the ropes and look after the ballast myself. But I took the rascal's number when he set me down at Madrid, and would not pay him his back fare! Let him summon me if he dares! If it was worth my while, I'd summon him; but the poor wretch has got a large family,

and gas is so dear, in consequence of the great demand for it last week, to carry over eighty thousand of our brave soldiers to invade America, and bring that tyrant Emperor of All the Americas to his senses, that I don't wish to be hard upon him. By the bye, Biggins, if you're not engaged anywhere, take a trip with me, and I'll introduce you to the First Consul? He'll be glad to see you. I believe you are not on speaking terms with the Stadtholder, since you run down his balloon with yours? Pure accident, on your part, I am sure. Very wrong of him to take it up so seriously! To be sure, the rencontre might have been fatal to him, as you were five miles high, if, providentially, one of the Dutch-express balloons had not come up to his assistance, and taken him on board. Will you come with me? 'Don't say No!' His friend consents, and off they go, Figgins and Biggins, and get to the Hague just in pudding-time."

From that moment I made up my mind to know more of Mr. Waggle; and as he is such a good-humoured fellow, and so very accessible, it was not long before we were sworn friends. I found, upon further investigation into the man, that Mr. Waggle was, as I have said, forty-five years of age—(a good age, the very primest piece of life—not too old for anything, and not so young as to have any of the follies of youth appertaining to it)—five feet seven inches high—heartily as a buck—

dressed like one, in a brown coat with yellow basket-buttons, a buff waistcoat with smaller buttons of the same, white ducks, boots, and a white hat for coolness' sake, not flashiness—good-looking, round, and rather portly—carrying himself well, and carrying a stick as an entertaining companion, not because he wanted to lean on any such underprop, for he had, apparer.tly, no infirmities. In addition to these happy circumstances, he was blest with the highest possible “felicity that can fall to creature :” he had *now* two clean shirts and a gaitinea a day, independent of all the world; except his laundress and the Bank of England. So that he had nothing to do but live *with* his wits honestly and honourably ; and as he had a pretty good stock of accomplishments—could write and compose a song, and sing it well when that was done—take part in a duet or a glee—accompany a young lady's warbling with the piano-forte, or sing to her accompaniment—take a hand at whist—make magnificent punch—carve like an angel—and, above all, keep the table in good-humour, if not in a roar, with the perpetual playfulness of his fancy, he was the happy man who hardly ever dined at home, he had so many invitations to dine out. No dinner-party was arranged but the hostess said “We must have Mr. Waggle, of course?” “Of course we must,” responded the host ; and if Waggle was to be had he was had.

Mr. Waggle, in addition to all his own accomplishments, knew all the better part of the theatrical world : was hand and heart with Knowles—polite with Planché—pun-ical with Poole—respected Buckstone as a modest author—was “cunning at fence” when set upon by that mad wag Jerrold—was grave, and flowery, and critical with Serle—grew warm and eloquent when describing “the palmy days” of Siddons, Kemble, Cooke, and Kean, if seated *tête à tête* with Charles Kemble—bandied jokes with Charles Young—helped the late Charles Mathews to a story now and then, which he made the most of—cocked his hat sideways on his head in happy imitation of the late Charles Incledon—knew Charles Dibdin, and made Tom laugh when he liked—provoked Peake to pun, a thing which Brinsley abominates, by setting him a bad example—had had the honour of being addressed by Sheridan from the hustings at Covent Garden—had smoked a pipe with Jack Emery—smiled in solemn Liston’s out-door face—admired Jack Johnstone’s Irish legs and Irish humour—wept with O’Neill—laughed with Fanny Kelly—grinned at multi-faced Joe Munden in the street, he could not help it, and Joe was not displeased with the compliment—admired at due distance the kingly condescensions of great Elliston—and, in imagination, had shaken Jack Bannister’s honest, hearty hand whenever he met him hobbling

about Bloomsbury. In short, Mr. Waggle was and is a man of "most blest conditions : " I don't know a more enviable man, except in one respect—that he has outlived so many of his old friends and favourites ; but as he is still young, he will find, if he has not found, fresh favourites, who will probably outlive him. Mr. Waggle has but one care, I believe, in the world—that his boots should fit easy and shine eternally ; and this is his only weakness. To be sure his foot is a handsome foot—the ladies say so ; and he has the high, aristocratic instep—a mark of true gentility, according to the same indisputable authority. His boy Tam, his *Boots*, takes off all anxiety from his head in the article of boots ; for he makes it the pride of his heart and his hand to turn out his master handsomely and brilliantly every day, or two or three times a day, for that matter, if he desires it. Tam knows that he is vastly particular only in that particular, and he loves to indulge him in it. It is a sight to see Tam seeing his master out in the morning, the blacking-brush in one hand and the shining-brush in the other ! There he stands, at the stair-head of his chambers in Pump-court, Temple, as soon as the boots are ready to start ; and, glancing his critical eye up and down them, if there is any defective spot, or the least sully upon their brilliancy, gives the finishing touch to them ; says " You may go now, Sir ; "

follows him down stairs, still thinking of some trifling emendation, and looks after the boots *only* all Pump-court along; is in a state of dread anxiety lest any of the Temple laundresses, carrying water, should splash them; follows them up, with one eye shut, through the Temple cloisters, till they turn the corner towards Mitre-court; and then, and not till then, does he give them up. Then, retiring up-stairs, he puts by the brushes, and sits down to rest himself, and wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

Tam, Mr. Waggle's boy, is as comical a fellow—at least he makes me laugh as much—as his master. Waggle and him never have a wry word together, except upon one little inadvertence of Master Tam's. The boy is fond of reading—a good sign—and forgetting that his hands are very dirty, gets at the book his master has been perusing, and makes the leaves all over what Mr. Waggle calls “Day and Martin's marginal notes and references.” This sometimes vexes his good master so much that he “drabbits” him—for Mr. Waggle very seldom swears—and “therein is his estate the more gracious.” But he makes every excuse for him—confesses that a chamberer's boy has a lonely life of it, and “Must have something to amuse his leisure with, if it is only blacking *books*, not boots. I punish him, as much as I can, by making him buy his own *Hingy* rubber, as

he calls it, and clean the pages, as he best can, which he does effectually ; for, when I look at my book again, text and marginal notes are both rubbed out." And then Waggle laughs, and calls him a young monkey, and makes him clean two pair of boots by way of punishment, which Tam does off hand, and bringing them in, to shew that they are done, " Ah, Tam," Waggle says good-naturedly, " you'll be a shining man some day - you are a shining boy now !" Then Tam rubs down his white hair with his black hand, as pleased as Punch, and blackens all his forehead and his nose with over-satisfaction.

Nothing disturbs Mr. Waggle's imperturbable good-humour. As he stepped out into Pump-court the other day, some other chamberer's boy in the attic story was passing away the heavy hours by spitting out of the window, and watching " the flocs of " undue " dew " descend. Waggle came in for a spat of it upon his hat. Some men would have flown into a raging passion : he quietly looked up, and catching sight of the young gentleman's red head before he could get it in at the attic window, only begged of him " To be a little less *phlegm-attic*." He then remarked to me, " Now, if I had run up-stairs and caned him, I should have had two spats on my head to-morrow, out of resentment : but as I was mild with him, and easily pardoned his unintended error, he would feel

ashamed to offend again the good-humour of the Third Floor, and will mind where he spits in future. Appeal to the good feelings of the young heart, and you may lay down canes and ferules, and leave the back alone." And then, as Mr. Waggle can be grave as well as gay, he went on with some remarks upon the education and training of young persons generally, which I thought worthy of attention for their gentleness and grace. "Make the hearts of children and young people soft and susceptible," he said, "and, as your steel-engravers do, you may trace deeply upon them whatever lines of beauty or of grace you may desire to see there; and the lines will be almost ineffaceable, and the impressions you may take from them almost inexhaustible. If too soft and yielding at first, time and the world will somewhat temper and harden the metal, and still leave it unhurt and beautiful as ever." And as we were walking on while my friend made these and other like reflections, we got presently among a cluster of little ones, playing about us in the Temple Gardens. He looked at them affectionately, and said—"Children, my good friend, are white, unstained, loose leaves of the great Book of Life, hereafter to be bound up with it, with God knows what of sin and shame written upon them—with how many a line

"Which, dying, they would wish to blot!"

—or with what of virtue and goodness written large upon them, in good bold characters, which even the hateful hand of the Evil One would not dare to assail, or essay to rub out and obliterate !” One remark more which he made, and I have done. He said—“A child not innocent is the man Adam falling before the time when he was predestined to fall—is Adam going forth to meet the Serpent half way.” “I think,” said I, when he had ceased, “that there is much virtue in your young gentleman spitting out of your fourth floor window upon your middle-aged gentleman, when it can lead his capable mind to such grave thoughts as these you have just uttered.” He smiled, and answered—“There is no occurrence, however poor and unsuggestive it may seem, that is not capable of grave reflections. You may raise a pyramid of high argument upon the falling of a pin. Newton did that upon the falling of an apple, as you know.” Mr. Waggle can be serious, you see : now behold him when he is prankishly inclined.

When he abandons himself to the humour of the moment, Mr. Waggle does not stand upon punctilios, but has his fun or his pun out then and there, without respect of his own person—for he has, as I have said, respect for every person besides. I shall give my readers an instance of “the whole hog” indulgence of his relish for

humour, which, in "the acting of it," was not unworthy of my whimsical old friend, the late happy—and now, I trust, happier—Mr. Hippy, of whose reckless self-carelessness he oftentimes reminds me. I was surprised, a few days since, to see Mr. Waggle sitting (of all places in the world for a man of his nice appearance) on the always-dirty door-steps of the opposite set of chambers to his own in Pump-court, Temple—I was really surprised, though I knew so well that he cared not for the becoming or the unbecoming when he was in his humours, but would have his game out when he began to play. Between his legs, seated too, was a handsome, usable spaniel, who had plainly missed his master or mistress, and lost himself, whom Waggle was catechizing, or, rather, judicially examining, as to his name, if not his place of abode: he was, as he said, "Trying an issue as to what name he answered." Having hold of the long silky soft right ear of the deponent with his left hand, he was admonishing him with the shaking fore-finger of his right hand to answer to such questions as he might put to him well and truly, and without reservation or equivocation. The ingenuous face of the Blenheim-born seemed to promise that he would truly depone, to the best of his belief, &c. Accordingly, after a few humorous inquiries into his birth, parentage, and education—his age—for which datum he

looked at his teeth, and found him "Going of four years old"—he came to the leading question, his name. "Was it Pincher? Bob? Pompey? Spot? Sam? Cæsar? Fop? Fido? Towzer? Lion? Carlo? Dash?"—The witness, at that familiar sound, winked his eyes, wagged his tail, wriggled his body about from side to side, and snuffed and snuffled. "He answers to the name of Dash," said Waggle, looking gravely round the Court, as though he was assuring the Bar and the gentlemen of the jury that the witness had deposed to that fact. Meanwhile Dash—for so he proved to be—had his eyes fixed attentively upon those ~~or the~~ learned judge, but at the same time kept describing semicircles with his tail in the learned dust of Pump-court, the Court of Inquiry. "That point ascertained, I now ask you, witness, on your——"

A sudden outcry at this moment broke the studious peace of Pump-court with exclamations of "Oh! there he is! That's him! He's in custody! Somebody's got hold of him! I'm sure it is he! The good-for-nothing little truant!" These exclamations were all feminine, and addressed by a very nice young lady in white muslin to her black serving-boy in a red waistcoat and red plush shorts, as both rushed fearlessly into that Court "where angels fear to tread." "Tash!" cried Master Mungo, as, in contempt of court, he boldly

advanced up to the Bench, the young lady modestly holding back. Dash answered to his name with a loud "Wuff!" as much as to say "Here! Who calls on Achnaet? Did Barbarossa call?" "Tash! Tash! 'Tis 'im! Oh massa, massa," addressing Mr. Waggle, "that is my missy dog, and she preak her heart for him all de day!" cried the delighted footboy, shining like Warren's blacking with satisfaction, as he snatched up the dog, gave him a fond hug against his red waistcoat, which hurt him, and then pushed him yelping into the open arms of his fair young mistress, who was overjoyed at recovering her favourite.

"The Court is adjourned," said Waggle rising, with grave dignity; and then advancing to the reconciled group, "No!" cried he, starting. "La, Mr. Waggle, is that you?" cried the feminine. It was Miss Amelia Burtenshaw, a favourite young friend!—An explanation took place, and Waggle, I could see, was only too happy in discovering that the "Lost, stolen, or strayed answered to the name of Dash," and that a hundred smiles were his reward for finding him. The red-Morocco boy tucked Dash under his arm, and fell into the rear—Waggle tucked a portion of Miss Burtenshaw under his, and bidding me good morning with a "You see how I do it" expression of eye, walked homewards with the amiable and ame-

literated Amelia, as Mr. Hayley would have tenderly described her. I wish—and yet I know not why I should—that finding Miss Amelia a dog may not lose my friend William Waggle a heart!—However, happy fellow be his dole!

But Mr. Waggle is already the happiest man I know—happy in himself—happy in others—happy to see them or not see them if they wish it—happy to dine with them, drink with them, talk with them, walk with them, laugh with them, be grave with them, live with them, do anything but die with them, “with the utmost mildness,” as he sometimes says. He is the most conformable man I know; and conformability, ~~one~~ of the principal ingredients to be put in the bowl when you make your happiness as you like it—sweet and palatable, with the slightest possible dash of citric acid for flavour. He is never to be disconcerted, and put out, or put down, by dulness, or indifference, or the bad humours of his associates. If he is a genius at all—and I think he is—he is not an irritable genius. That is something to say in his praise. See him when he makes a joke which does not tell—and the best of wags are liable to failures)—and there is no ready laugh—nothing but a don’t-comprehend-you sort of stare—he is nowise disconcerted, like some of your wags: he does not sit, ~~idg~~idg^{et}ing in his chair, muttering

vexation to himself, and thinking hard things of his companions—uneasy because unappreciated : he does not insist that

“The club must hail him master of the joke,”

he waits their pleasure, and tries again—has another pennyworth of sticks, and another shy—several shies—careless whether he hits or misses ; nor does he spitefully aim at some one’s shins this time, because he missed the mark in his first pennyworth. • No : he makes even a miss a hit—a failure a success. His wit is double-barrelled : if one misfires, bang goes the other, and down comes the bird with feathers flying in all directions. He has declared himself of “a mirth-moving jest,” and no mirth is moved—not a muscle moves : some wags would sit stupid and stunned under such a denial : *he* jumps up from his chair, and you see him leaping about the room, and stamping his right foot frequently upon the floor, as if endeavouring to tread something down. “What the deuce are you about, Waggle?” some one is sure to cry. “Oh, only treading that squib out : it was a damp one, and did not go off well.” Then he gets a laugh, or gets it not, he cares not ; but he tries again, and will not let his friends be dull if he can help to enliven them. I have seen him make most miraculous conversions in that way, and those who came to sulk and sleep re-

mained to laugh and be wide awake. They could not resist his persevering pleasantry and imperturbable good-humour. Is not Waggle a happy-natured man? Mr. Moribund—a grumbler and a malcontent with himself, and therefore the unlikeliest man in the world to be content with Waggle—says he is not a happy man, which settles the point—that he is.

Having given something like a personal portrait of Mr. Waggle, lend me your attention, good my Reader, while I remember and relate some few of his whims and oddities, which are very Houdish in their way. I have mentioned that he is blest with a greater income of wit than money, and that he is a spendthrift with the one, and an economist with the other. I asked him once how he managed so well with both, and had always a pound and a pun ready upon demand. “I economize, my boy,” he answered. “For instances. Whereas I went formerly twice a week to the pit at the Opera, I now make it a rule *not* to go once a week to the high, low three-shilling slips, instead.” “Why, then, you don’t go at all?” said I, in my simple way. “Exactly so. You may dot and carry that item of expenditure saved. In the article of out-door charity, I make it a rule never to give five shillings at one time to a street-beggar, however impertunate, by which I reckon that I save four shillings and eleven pence in each application.

Again—I find that it costs me more to dine alone than to mess with half-a-dozen friends.” “Why, you keep no table!” cried I. “No,” said he, “but most of my friends do—excellent tables. So I economize there again. As wine never keeps well in chambers, I keep no wine; but that does not prevent my friends from keeping it.” The woman that looks after my chambers is old: there I economize again. When I am sauntering by St. Clement’s church on Sundays, and see a squat, square printed bill on either door-pillar with the words, ‘THAT IN THE MORNING BY THE BISHOP’ and ‘THAT IN THE AFTERNOON BY THE REV. D^O. ———,’ I immediately conjecture that there can be but barely room enough in the church for the parishioners, resolve that I have no right to interlope there, and walk soberly onward to St. Mary-le-Strand. There I economize. When any young gentleman who calls a friend of mine ‘father’ is to be immediately breeched, I wait till the thing is done, the first blush of the new netherlings is gone, the excitement subsided, and the dear little fellow has got accustomed to finding empty corners in his pockets. Again—I never stand sponsor to a child, because of the serious moral responsibilities involved in that position. When a friend has made a recent addition to his family, as his house is so small and so full of little Harveys that, if heaven should

send him another little Harvey, he would not be able to shut-to his street-door, as my friend M—— says, I wait till the dear old nurse is gone, and there is room enough for me conveniently to squeeze in. Lastly—the greatest economy of all—I generally contrive to go to bed by the light of the reading-lamp of a young student in the chambers over the way. There is security from fire in that economy. Sometimes, indeed, my neighbour ‘puts out the light’ before I have got into bed; and, latterly, I fear that he is getting rakish, for he sometimes leaves me to go to bed in the dark: but if he continues these irregularities, I shall send him a neighbourly remonstrance, and bring him home to good hours and his ‘high, studious bower’ again, that I may ‘bless his useful light.’ In all these things, and more, do I economize. How do you like my system?” I laughed, and that expressed how I liked it. The Reader will, of course, understand that Mr. Waggle was only flim-flaming while giving me this system of economy, for there is not a more careless dog, on this side of extravagance, as to money and money-sparing, in the world.

As this entertainment of mine pretends to be nothing more than “a feast of scraps,” I shall not attempt to lay out my table in much order, but, carelessly, shall place the dishes on the board, and allow my welcome guests to help themselves.

to that which they like best—sure, as I think I am, that there are some few dainty bits which will tickle their palates pleasantly, and send them, not “empty away,” but so much satisfied as to desire more—a healthy sign of appetite, which your good host should hail: for when every dish is tasted, and some made clean, it is no bad evidence that his guests have liked their dinner. And your dainty feeders should hail it too: for if they would have their gusto and hearty relish for “the good things of this life” last long, and healthily to the last, they should always rise from the table with an appetite for more—still “keep a corner for the thing they love,” but can go without now, and save it, as the children say, “for a feast to-morrow-day.” To your chairs, good my guests; and, John, bring in some more clean paper-knives—the best—the ivory-handled ones. So.

As Mr. Waggle is a bachelor and good-looking, and has not said that he will never marry, and would be, I verily believe, a good, hearty-loving husband, and his independent three or four hundred a year would make a very pretty addition to the two or three hundred a year of a pretty spinster, mothers who have daughters whom they think desirable matches, as mothers generally do, and daughters who are of the same opinion with their mothers, of course communicate their mutual thoughts upon matrimony freely to him, “as a

counsellor and friend of the family ;” and he, on his part, is quite as communicative, and gives his serious “advice gratis,” or his comic counsel, upon equally reasonable terms. He had but one client who was not to be moved by what he advised : she would have a will of her own, and if she asked advice, it was only to confirm her in her previous determination to act contrary to it. And yet, to look at her gentle features, no one would suspect her of such a resolute self-will ! But these gnarled knots in the disposition are deep down in the ‘centre grain, far out of sight, the softest, smoothest woods to the feel being most studded with them : so that it is only when you begin to apply the smoothing-plane of advice, or the severer saw of cutting-up, that you come, with a sudden sharp jerk, at one of those knots in the stuff, and find that you have turned the fine edge of your pet plane, or broken two or three of the pugging teeth of your persevering good old saw, with a squeaking snap, short off. ‘Miss M——, the fair spinster *then* in question, said, in answer to a certain tender proposal of his, “That she ‘would never marry any man whose name did not appear in the Army-list.” This was a sentence of death to one of my friend’s dearest hopes, but he joked away notwithstanding, and said / Well, my dear Miss M——, since that is your determination, I shall, as soon as possible, and if I can, get my name added to the imprint,

or introduced among the publishers of that entertaining miscellany. If hereafter it should be published and sold by Messrs. Egerton and Waggle, Whitehall, may I hope then?" The lady smiled a "No:" the red coat would still be wanting. "And would you not marry a Navy-list, Nelson sort of man?" asked he. "No, she wouldn't, that she wouldn't." "Well, my dear Miss M——, I think your love for red cloth a little too exclusive. To be Mrs. Colonel Somebody is to be something; but to be Mrs. Admiral of the Blue Something is to be somebody. Besides, an Admiral of the Blue, if carefully boiled in matrimonial hot-water, would probably *dye* red, if your lobskouse-men and your lobsters have any sort of affinity." From that day Mr. Waggle was "a dismissed bachelor;" and Miss M——, having married a red coat, is, I regret to say, the wife of a poor, proud Lieutenant, with grey hairs, one arm, and seven children to be supported upon half-pay: but Waggle is his cheerfullest and best friend, and Mrs. Lieutenant ——'s admired old admirer still.

This was an incident in the life of Mr. Waggle when he was a young wag: he is now a middle-aged wag, but nothing altered save in age. To come to more recent matters of waggery. "What's *Homœopathy*, Mr. Waggle?" inquired L—— of him, an evening or two since: I was sure he would get a satisfactory answer. "Why, I should say,

the nearest path or best way home," was the reply. "No, no—now, come, tell me; for here I see," taking up the *Literary Gazette*, "among the new books, is '*Homœopathy; a Thesis*,' 8vo. 2s. 6d.'" "A what?" cried Waggle. "A Thesis," said L. "Erratum—For '*Homœopathy; a Thesis*,' read '*Homœopathy; a Thimblrig*,'" said Waggle, shortly and severely. "Come, come, that's one of your old jokes! Do tell me what it is!" cried L. "Well, then, it is a bran-span new German-silver-spoon method of curing disorders by the smallest possible intension of *not* curing them," said Waggle. "I don't understand it now," continued his inquiring friend. "Well, then, I'll make it plain to the meanest capacity." "Thank you," said L—. "Suppose your dwelling-house to be on fire. Very good." "Not so very good!" cried L—. "That's as it happens," said the wag. "Being on fire, you would probably apply powerful pails of water to put it out, and send off your man for the engines? You would do very wrong. According to the new light, you should let it blaze away, till it is all alight from top to bottom. You should then pick out the very finest-pointed White-chapel needle you can find in your wife's huswife, and, as coolly as you can, begin poking away with it at the fire till you get tired of poking. When you discover that niggling at it with a needle won't do, and that it blazes more furiously than

ever, send to the nearest oilman's, and take a nd divide two barrels of pitch, one of tar, and tallow *ad libitum*, infinitessimally into the smallest possible pellets, and taking your station over the way, throw one of them occasionally across the street into your house. If it still blazes away, throw two, three, and keep on adding to the number, till your town-house is fairly burned down, even to the ground. When there is nothing more to burn, the fire, of course, will go out. And that's *Homœopathy!*" "I understand it now," said L——, "I never understood it half so well before."

We were sitting in a public room when he was giving this humorous explanation of the last new juggle in quackery, which, I could hear, greatly tickled some one in the next box, for the Unseen laughed quietly at intervals, and, when Waggle ceased, a rosy bald head turned the corner of our box, and two grey eyes, windowed with spectacles, peeped at Waggle, and twinkled as they peeped. Waggle o' the instant, put on so grave a face, that the inquisitive old gentleman might very well mistake the man who had afforded him a laugh, and, Heaven save the mark! as I was looking facetious by reflection of my friend's fun, he took me to be the wag! Now, any one who knows me knows that I am incapable—but I won't be tedious. He was too soon undeceived.

"Should you like to see the *Globe*, sir?" said

Jem at Tom's coffee-house, "the bower of our abiding," sustaining that respectable diurnal at arm's-length: "Yes, James, which way shall we go?" said Waggle. The old gentleman caught him out in that joke, for he peeped this time between the curtains.

After we had dined, we departed "Westward Ho!" Mr. Waggle meets an ingenious little friend, (whom I shall call Mr. Nodust, as I love to spare the "feelings and the fame" of my friends,) who always makes the most of his five feet and a fraction of person, tilting along the Strand on tiptoe; and as Waggle must say something pleasant to everybody, he asks him "When he means to give up growing?" (As Mr. N. is at least fifty, it is high time that he should give up that trick of youth.) "Growing?" echoes the walking-stick-high man, and for a moment looks as if he doubted whether it is even now too late for him to "increase and multiply"—"Growing, did you say? I should rather think that, by this time, I have arrived at the extremity of my proper growth!" "Oh, well, I beg pardon! If you consider—and you are certainly the best judge—that you have gone quite far enough in that matter, I can have no objection to your stopping where you are. But, it really did strike me just now—not having seen you for some months—that you had filled up the interval agreeably, and had

grown taller by an inch or two?" "Hah!" simpered the little man, cocking up his head as if he meant to rival that foolish "Cocking fellow" who broke his neck so lately in "commercing with the skies"—"Hah! perhaps so. The fact is, my dear Waggle, during the wet weather I always wear boots with extra high heels and double soles: it keeps the mud at a distance you know—eh?"—and Mr. Nodust immediately assumes the pleasant features of the Smirke family, and something keeps going off pop! pop! pop! from the lower part of his face, which Mr. Waggle understands to be sounds expressive of laughter, and answers "You wear double soles do you? Oh, say no more! If you are up two pair of soles, that accounts for my mistake, and you are not taller." And as Mr. N. can bear a little bantering, when it is good-natured, again he goes off pop! pop! pop!—and as Waggle is not a man to be given up in a hurry when you can get hold of him, he fastens upon him—i. e. he springs up and catches hold of his arm, and having made all fast, hangs there, and tiptoes along at his side down the remainder of the Strand, and won't let go of him, or drop down from him, till he has consented that very day to dine with him, which Waggle, always listening to reason, does, and dines with Nodust, "in the family way," and Mrs. Nodust, in the same.

As my account of Mr. Waggle and his whims

is getting to be long, I shall heap together, hastily, a few more specimens, and have done.

A Mr. King, a very tall person, very fond of talking, and who seemed to pump up his pompous nothingnesses from a great depth, and dribble them forth with a long drawl, Waggle set down as a lecturer on hydraulics, and called his manner of speaking “The *high-drawl-ic* style of *tall-King*—(*talking*).” A foolish fellow, named Hardy, lately took it into his vain head to make Mr. Moore look small by writing and publishing a set of amatory lyrics; but as he did not like his own cognomen of “*Jack Hardy*,” as the appellation of a tender poet, he asked Waggle what tenderer title he should take: “Oh!” said the wag, merciless for once in a way, “I’ll find you a softer appellation in a moment. Suppose we say *Fool-Hardy*?”

One of Fortune’s trump-cards having turned up, which gave him an opportunity of making a trick, some one said to Waggle that “He ought to be *grateful*.” “*Great fool* I am!” quoth Waggle.

He should have been longer and better acquainted with my dear old friend, the late Mr. Hippisley, for it would have been to his advantage, and to their mutual advantage, if he had. Waggle is, in some respects, a pupil of that eminent professor of humour, but he did not go long enough to school to him to learn all he might have learnt. He would even now be an honour to his old

master, if he would but follow my advice. If he would but be persuaded, and only go through six or seven winter-fits of hypochondria, it would make a man—a humorous man—of him for life; for there is no process by which a whimsical fellow, such as he is, can be made a thorough humorist so unfailing as that. But he wont take good advice: the wretch is too reckless, and headlong, and improvident to think of submitting to any such trial on mere speculation. He is too happy—as he is to calculate the advantages which would accrue to him hereafter. Well, I wish he may not repent it when it is too late!—Meantime, let him go on as he has gone on, and be merry and unwise, if he will.

A few more of his waggeries, as they will serve as examples for your imitation, and I have done. We were dipping together into a translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and though he disliked "this," and did not like "the other" so well, and quizzed a little here and there, he read, and heard me read, with patience, till we came to this couplet:

"Without restraint her sorrows found relief,
Such as may ire produce, when mix'd with grief!"

"Hah!" cried he; "a capital retipe that for making such potent whiskey-punch as will force a man to break the head of his dearest friend in

settling the reckoning." He would hear no more.

Two impudent fellows were disputing, one day, where he was, which was the most impudent dog of the two! A—— said B—— had the best claim: B—— waived his right in favour of A——: A—— then appealed to Waggle:—"Now *am* I the most impudent dog of the two?" "Yes, A——," said W., "you are; but your modesty will not allow you to confess it." The modesty of impudence!

He was "on board" the *Lightning*, an omnibus so called, in a thunder-storm, the other day, when an opposite old lady was in a sad pucker lest the storm should strike the coach, and begged an old gentleman to take off his steel spectacles, and hoped he had no keys in his pockets, "As steel was excessively attractive of" what she termed "the electric fluid." "Ah, Madam," said Waggle, "you should have gone in the *Safety*, if you're afraid of the lightning, for here you are in the middle of it." "What do you mean, Sir?" cried the old lady, fidgetting five times as much as before. "Why, this coach is called 'The Lightning,' Madam," answered he. "Deliver me! how blasphemous! Oh the wicked impiety of the age!" ejaculated the old lady, and turning up the whites of her eyes as ducks are said to do under the same circumstances, her fidgettiness increased fifty per cent., and she was impatient to get out.

"Oh, never fear, Madam," said Waggle, to comfort her, "if the other lightning should run foul of our Lightning, we have got a *conductor*." The old lady turned up the whites of her hands now, and insisted upon being set down at the baker's shop opposite, piously declaring that she would never get into an omnibus again as long as she lived. It was too bad of Waggle to play with the old lady's fears as he did, but he will have his joke out, without respect of persons, sometimes.

Mr. Waggle's jests will never "be the death of you"—so that you are safe in his company: ~~nor~~ will he ever "set the Thames on fire"—out of the mere wantonness of his wit: nor should he—it would not become him to do so, who, in my hearing, advised an ambitious, foolish, young friend of his "Not to ~~apply~~ the match at present, as the river was very damp, and would only smother—not blaze; and as it would make the steam-packets a more numerous nuisance than they are, when they could get hot water for nothing." His jests are, notwithstanding, very pleasant to hear and bear—as long as you are not the theme of them; and do keep your jaws agreeably wagging, and your mouth moderately wide open—which, if your teeth are good, and the cordage of your features will bear being pulled and played with, and your face is capable of a little lively expression, is pleasant trifling enough. All faces and features

will not bear this convulsing and shaking up. Some persons, when you want them to laugh, only look grimly sardonic—others severely *not* serious—some as if they had a horrible pang in a hollow double-tooth on one side, which is being replied to by a pang in a hollow double-tooth on the other side—others look, as the expression is, “as if their heads were half off”—others as if they were about to tumble backwards—others *ditto* forwards—others screw up their mouths and look more grave than ordinary—others as though they were fearful of a locked jaw if they indulged in such a dislocation of their dry, unoiled machinery—others look doubtful whether they can laugh, but, however, they will try, “just for the fun of the thing,” and they do, and make a failure of it—others only get up what is called “a half-laugh”—others a bad imitation of what is described by seamen as “a purser’s grin”—and others “laugh on the wrong side of their mouths.” Laughing well is an accomplishment.

One of Waggle’s excellences is an agreeable trifling with names as cats do with mice, much to the amusement of kittens, but not at all to the entertainment of mice. Give him something of this kind to play with, and he is very happy. I will dot you down a few more of his jokes as examples. Mr. Horn, beating his wife, was, with him, “Only *blowing* his Horn.” In-

introduced by his friend Buss to his family—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine members of the Buss family, “one down t’other come in,” entered the room, the introducer not included, till the parlour was full of Busses. “Why, Buss!” he exclaimed, when they were alone, “your house is a sort of *Omni-Buss*, licensed to carry ten, and you have one more than your number; therefore I shall take yours.” In the crowd of Cheapside, the other day, he hailed the very tall son of an eminent grocer with a loud “How are you, *Young High-son*?” (there is a superior tea so called, as you are aware.) “Young Hyson” looked at him, and then chimney-potted him*. “You see that gentleman with the rosy-coloured gills there?” said he to me. “Yes.” “That is Mr. Good-hugh.” “Well?” said I, innocently, “where’s the merriment? as Dr. Johnson asked.” “You don’t take the joke—*Good hue*!”—and he gave me a poke in the ribs which sent me spinning into an open shop, by way of impressing the point more forcibly upon me. Mr. Penny meeting him with his four little boys was hailed with “Here comes Penny, with small change for himself!”—four farthings being equal to one Penny, as you are aware. A Mr. Clare being introduced to you by him, you ask “If he is Clare, the well-known

* Chimney-potting a person is—cutting him by looking up at the chimney-pots on the other side of the way.

"Your absence." His friend
 "I shall take you for myself a wife: he blesses
 you with me. May we be happy?" Mr. Porter
 "complains of being weak": "Are you very weak,
 Porter?" "No, not very weak—but not so strong
 as I wish to be." "Ay, I understand—half and
 half—neither 'ab'—(ah!) nor Porter." A Mr.
 Prentis being announced as having left off
 life, "Ah, poor fellow!" mourns Waggle, "he
 has served his time out at last!" "Well,"
 said I, gravely, "we shall all die in our turns!"
 "I don't know that," said he. "There is C——
 is so fond of being first fiddle and first oars at all
 times, that he'd die first, rather than we should
 have the start of him even *in articulo mortis*." I
 don't know but C—— would, he so hates to be
 outdone. He overtakes his fryer Mr. Oliver Dick
 in the Strand, taps him on the shoulder, and asks
 him "Why he is such a great favourite with the
 unmarried ladies?" Mr. O. Dick gives it up. "Be-
 cause he is *O. Dick alone* (*Eau de Cologne*)." He
 meets R—— the other day, and tells him that he looks
 unwell. His friend shakes his head, and complains of
 the difficulty he has in digesting anything, how-
 ever light. "Do you think you could digest a
 joke?" "Yes, I'll try," and the sickly man
 smiles, "though I were sure it would kill me." "I
 don't wish 'your *die jestive* powers to be put to
 that proof.' Now for the joke. You know Jolland,

and what a desire he has for a great contract, that he can embark all his fortune in?" "Yes." "I have found out a gift for my fair"—a grand undertaking. A certain unnameable place 'to ears polite' is, you know, said to be 'paved with good intentions.' I have to inform him that it is proposed to *macadamize* the whole, and to request a specification of the terms upon which he will undertake the contract." • Poor R——! he was horrified at such profane pleasantry, and bowing hastily, hurried away. Waggle, for once in his life, looked disconcerted. "Plague had me!" cried he, "I've given the man the wrong medicine!"

"What have I done to offend White?" he asked me yesterday. "Why?" "Why?—why he looks so black at me—at least, partly black and partly White—a magpie mixture of look, in which black predominates." A Mr. Ducrow (not the eminent rider of that name) consulting him about his coat of arms, and what he should place in the quarterings—"Two crows, proper, of course." "And what for the motto?" "*Do crow*, certainly."

Seeing a respectable, dull, elderly gentleman named Webb self-helplessly stuck fast in the mud and slushy water of a metaphysical question, "Wade," said Waggle to a gentleman of that name, "tuck up your trowsers, walk in, and pull the foolish fellow out! You see that he

cannot swim, though he'll contend that he is *Webb, footed*. That's right ! I'll mind your boots and stockings."

Waggle is a happy hand at a bit of ridicule. He was mocking the affected pronunciation of a certain popular actress, who has, as he confessed, so much genius, that she ought to be above affectation ; and he gave us an imitation of her reading Goldsmith's verses :

" Oh Mem-a-ry, thpu fand deceiver,
Steel (still) impartunate and va-in,
To Farmer j'ys recurring aver,
And tarning all the pa-ast to pa in "

" Now," continued he, " I had thought that she had given up ' recurring ' to Farmer Gye's ever since he roundly denied, and ~~swe~~ ^{swe}re to it, that he owed her two shillings, for winnings upon a double rubber at Whist ; but I am misinformed, I see."

That same evening he proved, I think successfully, that his friend Jerrold, who is young enough now better, was no older than his (Waggle's) sister's pet pony, Punch—that he, Jerrold, was a one-year-old. And thus 'twas done. " Jeronymo, Hieronymo—Jerusalem, Hierusalem—Jeer-hark-ye, Hierarchy—one Jerrold, one Hierrold—one Hierrold, ope-year-old :—Q. E. D. One Jerrold is no older than Punch, my sister's pony—quite

as skittish and full of his fun—and just as likely to run away with my sister.” Mr. J.—I must do him the justice to say—seemed mightily tickled with this joke in his own way.:

Mr. Waggle may be said to have punned almost in his dry nurse’s arms, for he certainly punned in her dry nursery: as Pope says,

“He lisp’d in *quibbles*, and the *quibbles* came.”

Indeed I have heard him confess as much, and acknowledge that one of the reasons why he was so dry, or droll, was that he was so well dry-nursed, or dry-towelled, as he expressed it, in the happy pappy period of his life. I have heard him relate, with great enjoyment of the joke, that when his Nurse threatened—and had the mind to do it too—“To give the ~~awful~~ young monkey—drab-bit him!—an eternal beating,” he mollified her red anger by crying out—“Now don’t, Ma’am— I have a beating here already!”—placing her hand on his heart, which was beating fast enough, from fear of her “tender mercies.” She could not strike him then, but turned the rolling-pin with which she meant to have “*annealed* him,” as she threatened, to its proper use, the annealing of the paste for apple-dumplings. Mr. Richard Jobson, her humble husband, if he did not always dare to avert her hand from his own head, often diverted it from Master Waggle’s, because he

knew how hard it hit, when she had a mind to "put her shoulder out," and that might be relied upon in nineteen cases and a half out of twenty. Dick loved the bdy principally, I believe, because he did not love his mistress and master; and, secondarily, because, when she complained of being troubled with spasms, the young rascal mimicked her outcries for the brandy-bottle, and hard-heartedly punned upon her "*Spasm, O Dick!*" complaint and complainings. If the chick said these things when just out of the shell, what was to be expected from him when he was in full feather?—That he would be the way he is.

I was with him a few days since, when he met a short-faced friend with a very long face. "What's the matter, Matthew?" asked he: "I may say that I am sorry to see your face. What is the matter?" "Oh, don't ask me!" answered the forlorn-looking Master Matthew. "But it is my duty, as an old friend, to ask you. You are in a very bad neighbourhood—you haven't been made a member of that House over there?" pointing to the House of Commons. "No, not so bad as that," said Matthew. "Nor been called up—too early—to that House there?" directing his cane to the House of Lords. "No, hang it! what do you take me for?" "Well, come, then, there is some hope of you. If you have only lost all you had in the world in one of the Courts

there," indicating Westminster Hall, "say so, at once, and set my heart at ease." "I'm ruined!" cried Matthew. "And not an M.P.?" asked Waggle. "No." "Nor a Peer?" "No." "You haven't been in the Court of Common Pleas?" "No." "No—you look un-Common Pleas-ed." Mr. Matthew had, it seemed, that morning lost a cause in the Court of Chancery. Causes are not often lost there: that Court takes such extreme care of them, that they may be warranted safe enough for forty, fifty, and sixty years: after that time they do not keep so well, and are sometimes, when they are of little or no value even to the owner, lost. This was the case in Master Matthew's case; and therefore it was that Waggle consoled him. "Lost a cause!" cried he: "Pray, Sir, who are the persons—where do they 'hide their adminished heads'—who ever won a cause? Did anybody ever win one? No, Matty, gaining a cause is only a legal fiction. Shew me the gainer. I have seen thousands of losers, but not one gainer. Let me behold the man who has won a cause! Produce your *Versus*. But, how— you are ruined—and not an M.P.—nor a Peer—there is some comfort for you, in that." And so he went on for some time longer. An agreeable Job's comforter was Waggle!

"So," said he, a few days since, to W——, a gentleman fast rising into popularity, "I hear

that the Queen has sent for you." "Not that I wot of—quite the reverse," said W——. "Oh, then, you have sent for the Queen—is it so?" asked the wag. "Well, her Majesty is gracious enough for anything! I myself have just received 'a Message from the Crown.'" Mr. W—— stared, as well he might. So he had—from the theatrical chop-house, so called, to meet a merry friend or two. "Come along with me," said Waggle. We did; and were soon up to our hearts in merriment. The jesting was mainly upon the sayings and doings of the Theatres. Among other things the cause tried lately, *Planche v. Braham*, came upon the carpet. The evidence of a lady singer, when called upon to speak to a particular point, mightily tickled Mr. Waggle. The fair witness had too candidly said—"I was so absorbed in my own singing, that I paid no attention to the other performers." Waggle, from those premises, undertook to prove that the cantatrice's singing must be great, and, *ergo*, that she was a great singer; for as the pretty warbler was as broad as she was long, a small quantity of voice could not have so entirely soaked up or absorbed a singer of her size?—Agreed to unanimously.

After Opera followed Tragedy, which, under the new dispensation of things theatrical, has taken the place of Farce, which has "exchanged and received the difference," as the Army List says.

Waggle very soon fell tooth and nail upon the new dogma of some of the Tragic critics—that words of one syllable are the most natural expressions and true language of passion and excitement. “No doubt of it!” said he, doubting it all the while: “And if we live long enough, gentlemen, we shall see the polysyllabled dramatists very properly restricted to the low minor theatres, designated, as they will be, as ‘The Theatre Rural Three-Syllables,’ situated somewhere in that Bœotia, Battle Bridge. •Blank verse, if sounding and majestic with many-syllabled• words, will be properly confined to dustmen and Paddington coachmen, *et hoc genus omne*. A still lower and more vulgar theatre will be ‘The Theatre Suburban Four-Syllables,’ somewhere in St. George’s Fields, frequented by pickpockets, and such like persons, after the business of the day is done, and they relax from their light labours. ‘The Theatre Royal One-Syllable,’

• Where ten low words will creep through one dull line,’

will stand where it does—in Bow-street: for by that time, the other Royal Theatre will be monopolized by a Dutch Opera company, and a *corps de ballet* picked, without sparing expense, from the principal theatres in Boothia and along both shores of Barrow’s Strait. If you will wait long enough, gentlemen, you will see all these things come to

pass, and many more. (*Hear! hear! and laughter.*) Men, you see, are coming to their senses upon this as upon other subjects, and high time it is that they should. The old pedant, who said ‘I pity that person who never speaks but in monosyllables, like Rabelais’ Grey Friar’, what would he say now, if he found that ‘Rabelais’ Grey Friar’ was not a person to be pitied? He would go to school again, to unlearn all he had learned; and not ‘be *put in* six syllables,’ which he once gloried in getting by heart, but ‘be *put out of* six syllables,’ as ~~fast~~ as he could scratch them out of his memory! Allow me in conclusion to add, that though I cannot assist in this great work—having no calling from the Tragic Muse—I am not indifferent to the immortality of one great poem—*our* Epic, which I should like to live and last. I therefore beg leave to announce that I shall shortly commence macadamizing Milton’s ~~migh-ty~~ lines into mighty small words of one syllable, and hope to have your patronage.” (*Hear! hear!*) Bob, the waiter, immediately, in the most handsome manner, put ~~down~~ his name as a subscriber for four copies, “As some of those confounded hard six-syllable words in Mr. Milton’s poem,” as he modestly confessed, “had put him out in his reckoning very much.” Bob’s countenance being given to this great task, we could do no less than subscribe our names. Mr. Waggle could not make out where

the keyhole of his chamber-door was that night, and for some time fumbled for it as low down as the scraper. The Temple watchmen came to his assistance, however, and got him in.

I am tempted to add a few more of his facetiæ. "Have you ten minutes to spare?" "Yes: twenty, if that is all." Well, then, I will go on. Some one was detected in passing off, in Waggle's presence, the other day, that old piece of fudge as a bit of good truth, that "The English are not a musical people." This set Waggle's monkey up: for he loves his country, and its reputation dearly, and he stood up for both like a man of mettle. He quoted its glees, sea-songs, simple ballads, and even its sailors' hornpipes, but he could not convince his German friends that the English are a musical people. "They *are* a musical people," cried he, with that peculiar turkey-like crow of his which always precedes a pun. "Prove it," cried all. "I will," said Waggle. "If they were not lovers of the dulcet, would they swallow such prodigious numbers of *hautboys* as they do every summer?" (*Laughter, and cries of "Oh!"*) ~~Even~~ the Germans laughed! There was a triumph for Waggle!

Some one mentioned that he had seen, on his way there, a huge placard posted against a wall, advertising "*The Wonderful Remains of an Enormous Head,*" and asked him what the bill meant. "Oh, it is only an ingenious puff of a new edition

of Shakspeare !” said Waggle. The Germans looked respectfully at him, and laughed again. It was ungrateful of him, not long afterwards, to persuade one of these foreign friends, who had been hammering and stammering over that (it may be) once-or-twice-too-often quoted Elegy of Gray, and making many foreign substitutions for the true text, wickedly to recite, and offer to write it down in his Traveller’s Note-Book, that he might make no mistake in future, such a barbarous parody as this :—

“The postman dings his bell and darts away ;
The apple-roasters’ warm their bottled tea ; “
The spruce clean clerk, grown dirty with the day,
Now, not unloth, leaves Lothbury for the Lea.

Now is the gabbling Guildhall silent quite ;
And all the Change a Solomon stillness holds,
Save where the beadle reels, irrig^gus wight,
And Jew-boys not on Change Change Jew-boys scold.

Save that beneath ~~you dragon~~-mounted tower
The moping Turk doth to the Moon complain
Of Morrison, whose dread hydrastic power
Molests his ancient rhubarb-selling reign.

Between those butchers’ shelves—beds not made well—
Here houseless vagrants huddle in a heap ;
Teasing their noses with the meaty smell,
The hungry-gutted ragamuffins sleep.

The wheezy cough of some poor wretch forlorn ;
The slaughterers chaffing in the corner shed ;
The watchman’s snuffle, or sow-gelder’s horn,
Awake them not : the rats believe they’re dead !

For them ! in vain hot mutton-pies may burn,
And lamp-post coffee-houses fume their fare !

If in their dreams their hollow stomachs yearn
Half-pints to quaff—the envied slice to share—

Let no policeman tap them on the tile,
And break their rest, which will not long endure ;
Nor *Hobblers* hear, with a disdainful smile,
These short and simple annals of the Poor.”

Et cetera desunt, and indecent, for he went through the whole poem with the same extemporary profanity, making most beautiful nonsense of that most beautiful poem. The Germans did not laugh at this, and very much it redounded to their credit. So, as he did not like to lose the favourable impression he had made, he tried them next with a few new conundrums ; and asked them, as they had visited the place, “Whether they did not think it a pity that such a lovely village as Kew should be entirely dedicated to growing cucumbers ?” The Germans stared, and begged to know how he made that out. “Why, when the Duke of Cumberland was in Kew, which he was till lately, it was surely *Kew-Cumber-land* ?” (*Loud outcries of “Oh ! Oh !” once more.*) The Germans laughed again. Waggle then asked an Irish Gentleman “What insect Paddy Neale, his coachman, was like ?” Mr. Macarthy gave it up. “*Coachy-Neale (cochineal)*” was the solution. “Och, murder !” cried Mr. Macarthy, and “drank his health in his absence”—of wit. Waggle was not to be put down, so he demanded to know “When an Irishman in India thinks most intensely of Donnybrook Fair ?” “Och, then, sir, don’t

trouble me to answer ye!" cried Mr. Macarthy, impatiently. "When he is alone in the middle of a *Paddy-field*, and it's of no use in the world laying about him with his shillelah," was the provoking answer. Mr. Macarthy jumped up from his chair, and walked to the window; and so did Waggle, to see whether he had offended the warm-headed, warm-hearted man. He had. Five twopenny postmen in blue coats and red collars were fortunately walking together past the house, their day's work being done, on their way home. "One, two, three, four, five—just tenpennyworth of twopenny-postmen!" cried Waggle, laughing and looking good-humouredly in the face of his Irish friend. "Give me your hand, Misther Waggle!" said he: "I won't be offended by ye! You're a merry divil—that's what ye are—bad 'cess to ye!"—and he shook his hand cordially, and sat down again. "The Germans were pleased to see them friends, and so was I, and our chairman—a peace-loving man."

And now Waggle went to work—his work—~~which~~ was play—fun—nonsense—anything that would keep care away, and heaviness of mind, and brooding over the inevitable ills of life, and no bad work neither. I wish there were more Waggles in the world; for we might then dispense with rather more than half of our allowance of physicians, lawyers, soldiers, field-preachers, undertakers, &c., &c., do all together without Greenacres, the demand

for "new horrors" die away, and the call for more Grimaldis become loud and general, and not to be resisted. Long life, I say, to all the Waggles in the world—high and low, if not too low—intellectually rich and poor—one with another! And the sooner the dull dogs desert us, the sooner will this be "merry England," and "the world a mad world, my masters." "More Waggles, and less need for them," is my toast and sentiment. If you, Mr. Moribund, will not drink it, turn down your glass, discharge your reckoning, and go. Your chair is wanted, and your carriage stops the way."

During the course of that sitting, Mr. Waggle proved, to the satisfaction of all parties round the merry board, that the bills of Mr. Nugee, the fashionable tailor, were no *Nugee*—committing not only "short and long," as Milton objected to some of the unlearned learned of his day, but hard and soft, to have his joke out to the letter, or with the letter. He likewise proved that a lady's *waist* was the most tolerable piece of intolerable extravagance in the world:—That a Mr. *Landor*—one of the persons present, from whom no one could extract a word, he was so close and uncommunicative—was not "an open *Landau*:"—That a certain popular singer, who really has a voice, (which so few of your modern singers possess,) but wants that last finish of a good vocalist—a shake, was "No great shake of a singer:"—That Jack-in-the-green, who

was dancing under the window—it being May-day—was in a very precarious state of health, and being asked “How so?” made answer, “Because he exhibited symptoms of a decided tendency to *gang-green*”—a jest which mightily tickled the diaphragm of an Aberdeen follower of Abernethy. The worthy doctor having finished his narration of the particulars of a mad dog biting two men, his patients, Waggle next undertook to prove, and proved it, that the said mad dog should be a director of the new Asphalte company: “How so?” again: “Why, since he’s *bitumen*, (*bit two men*), he must be very capable of *biting* several more.” (For the proper signification of *biting*, consult any candid Yorkshireman you can catch hold of; and if you will but shake a bridle for a few minutes in any public thoroughfare, a Yorkshireman is pretty certain, at least, to come up.) “By the bye,” he continued, “talking of new companies, I have just received half-a-dozen presentation shares from the managing man of ‘The Professing to do Nothing at all but Sell the Shares and Pocket the Premium Company—Capital, Two or Three Millions of Flats’—(for the Statistical Society have not yet made up the Returns)—‘Agent for New South Wales, Mr. William Soames’—a candid scheme, which I particularly commend to your notice, gentlemen; and I see, by the advertisements, that our friend Smith here is appointed one of the Managing Committee of ‘The Grand Junction

Consolidated Set the Thames on Fire, Cheap Steam-producing, Broiled Bargemen, and Boiled Waterinen Companies'—capital investments both! —(*Loud cries of "Oh! Oh!" and much blushing indignation from simple Mr. Smith.*)

Among other comical atrocities committed by that mad wag on that merry occasion, a Mr. Worsell having popped his head into the coffee-room for a moment, and as suddenly popped it out again, Waggle bawled after the young gentleman —(whose father is either a great grower or a monopolizing speculator in cattle-food) — "Has your father sold his *mangel*, *Worsell*?" (The unconscious reader should, perhaps, be informed that *mangel wurzel* is the favourite vegetable diet of your dairy-fed vaccine creatures.) And some one having remarked that Mr. Worsell, though a handsome boy, was rapidly growing up into an ugly man, "No; he thought he was only becoming *fastidious* (*fast hideous*)."
(Such loud outcries of "Oh! oh!" and such scraping of boots upon the floor ensued as rendered a very respectable hostelry almost as bad as the House of Commons, or a bear-pit.)

I have thus given you some hastily-gathered specimens of his large and his small talk, or wit, or whatever you may choose to call it. "You must take the small with the large as they comes," as the fish-wives say when their customers wish to pick and cull the biggest sprats in their baskets.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

THERE are many minor links in the long, strange chain of existence which are not remarked ; or, if they are, are thought nothing wonderful, and are passed by, and stand for nothing, because they are “unassuming commonplaces,” things that “lie about our feet,” only to get in their way. That most roving and restless of animals—Man—will wander hither and thither—leave all the hospitable comforts of home for the inhospitable hardships of hungry wildernesses—forsake the refinements of European society for the rudenesses of savage men—straggle, starved and ~~wild~~ fish, among the naked wilds of the rude Western world, and get his white skin stripped over his Midas ears for his curiosity, by some copper-coloured dresser of hides after the old Marsyan fashion :—or he will lose himself where no one can find him, and perhaps perish no one knows where or when, merely to look upon the

sooty beauties of inmost Africa, crammed to the fullest plethora of high breeding for the dainty seraglio of some

“Black Mandingo Majesty’s brown Minister of State ;”

or he will work his dangerous way through Heaven knows what horrid, torrid climes, and among men who long to kill him and eat him, only that he may discover, in what unknown spot the muddy, crocodile-breeding Nile takes its rise ! —White-skinned Man, adventurous, will dare all these difficulties to gratify the spirit of curiosity, when, if he would sit quietly at home by the kindly hearth of his fathers, he might behold objects of as great curiosity lying at his feet, or at his door —creatures as wonderful in their natures, habits, and manners, as the hippopotami, or anthropophagi, or any other “wonderful wonders” of the unknown world. But what lies immediately under our noses, let it teach whatever great or useful truths it may, we either overlook, or, seeing it, consider it unworthy of note, and pass on. Yet, if we could only now and then, in our homeward wanderings, meet a tabby cat, or a spaniel who would not dirty our nankeens with his fondlings, we should think them very beautiful and exceedingly curious creatures, and write volume upon volume, describing their instincts, habits, and appearances.

Let us now atone for this long neglect and oversight of so many of these minor and more familiar wonders of the all-fashioning hand of Nature; and drawing our arm-chairs into our comfortable fireside corners, glance around us at things too intimate to be left altogether unstudied, and too wisely contrived and remarkable to be uninteresting.

And, first, we will examine those "small deer" that visit our very hearths, and house with us in the chinks and corners of our dwellings. What is that little, crawling creature, my dear young friend, C——, of which you are so shriekingly afraid? "A black Beetle!—horrible reptile!" Not a jot, my young beauty—not a jot! There is nothing horrible in any genuine, unspoiled, uncorrupted work of Nature: there is even a visible beauty in that insect which you hastily consider ugly; and, no doubt, a hidden usefulness, if we were but wise enough to learn wherein it lies, or were curious enough to search it out. Look at the bright polish of its jet back, which a whimsical friend of mine will insist to have been wrought up to that brilliant perfection of lustre by the blacking of some insect Day-and-Martin! Observe the beautiful azure lines of its body and limbs, encased as they are in that impenetrable mail to its natural enemies, though the iron foot of man may crush it, and make its buckler and shield

but weak defences. The Beetle, despised as it seems to be, in the eye of Fancy is a sort of domestic Rhinoceros, epitomized for the use of small families; and ought not to be thought less wonderful than its mighty brother of the watery wilds, because it is common, insignificant in size, and feeble in powers. That it has its beauties not even the most beautiful should deny; and that it has its uses might be discovered, or may, at least, be imagined. Perhaps they are a sort of amateur surveyors of houses, and visit us in a friendly way, when they become old and dangerous, to warn us to quit them at the next quarter-day, or take the consequences, as well as the tumbling tiles and timbers, on our heads?—Perhaps they are a kind of domestic physicians, paying unpaid professional visits, to warn us of damp rooms, and so save us from the asthmatics and rheumatics contracted from such parlous, pernicious places?—a grave conjecture, which is much confirmed by the sober livery they wear—black being the favourite colour of the costume of your Doctors in all countries. And if they have no other use than suggesting these fancies to our minds, there is a use in that as valuable as things more “palpable to sense and sight” are to other minds, more material in their fancies, and mercenary in their desires. To do gentlemanly justice, however, to your fears, and your doubts of their

handsomeness, I confess that I have had my suspicions of their ugliness, suggested, perhaps, by their sudden scampering away from unexpected light, for "creatures who love darkness, their deeds are evil." But these suspicions ceased as soon as I observed that it was from artificial, not natural light that they ran away, for they do not fear the light of day; and if the cook is merciful, and wears list shoes, which may be heard in her hasty route from drawer to dresser, from box to bin or biggin, they fear not to venture forth gravely but gallantly, and dare to cross the streaks of sunshine which sometimes visit our kitchens in the dog-days, and, added to the mutton and man and woman roasting fires therein, make that Asiatic region "insulting hot," and the boiling and broiling inhabitants thereof intolerant of anything in their way, from the kicked and scalded cat downwards.

And thou, little brown brother of the black Beetle, who runnest about, "shrilling thy song of sociable mirth" under our very feet.

"In a lone Winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence,"

which, to the waking dreamer, "in drowsiness-half lost," through over-cultivation of the cozy, kindly comforts of an English fireside, sounds like the grasshopper's voice "among the sunny

hills" — merry, mirth-loving little Cricket — favourite of all social poets, from Greek Anacreon to English Herrick, who have sung to thee and of thee, and, like thee, have chirped their winter carols, "in warmth increasing ever," and as immortally as if they never meant to die; — wherever I hear one of thy warmth-loving brethren I have a good opinion of the household lord of the hearth thus visited: for ye remind me of those Minstrels of the olden firesides of hospitable halls, which were always a sign to weary Pilgrims of brave cheer, and high-piled fires, and merry wassail-bowls: and wherever I hear your shrill sweetness, there do I throw down *my* staff in confidence, and give my mind and my mouth to mirth and singing. Encourage them, then, ye sociable spirits and warm-hearted, winter-fireside lovers! Spare their cosy haunts, ye maidenly cleansers of hearths and chimney-corners; and never let the rude broom sweep them carelessly away among the cold, morning cinders, to be riddled through the cutting wires of the sieve of savingness, and left to perish in the cheerless dust-hole! And ye, the lords of hospitality, be equally merciful to those holes and corners which are the outlets of their continual-trilling song, and never let the profane trowel of the plaisterer close up those cozy little orifices of good cheer and pleasant chirping: so shall the friendly Lares love ye, and bless your houses from

nightly harm, and keep your seal-coal fires bright and undying as those eternal fires that light the stars !

But though I can tolerate every created thing, there is one race of beings which I cannot love, and those are Spiders. I would not, however, either destroy or have *them* destroyed : they have their virtues and their uses, though I know them not : but I cannot respect their hard habits and misanthropical manners, which seem, to my mind, rapacious, treacherous, and cruel. Imagine yourself, my dear Miss, that little, thoughtless, buzzing, gad-about creature, fond of the sweets of life, familiarly called a Fly, with gauze wings, instead of that muslin frock of your's—imagine yourself whisking from place to place, from violet to rose, from cream-pot to sugar-basin, dreaming nothing of danger, and nowise conscious of trespass—imagine yourself, in this hey-day of liberty, suddenly entrammelled in the meshes of an unperceived net, and an ugly creature, all legs and greedy haste, pouncing down upon you, seizing you Heaven knows where, and, like a sanguinary Vampyre, sucking the life-blood out of you ! Can such a ferocious fellow expect to find love in the heart of anything human ?—If there was, indeed, anything like fair play between the contending powers, I could excuse him : or if his cruelty was the intemperance of vexation at having his woven

work broken by the heedlessness of the frivolous little insect; but he does not assume even the appearance of fair play, for he first entangles and binds his antagonist, and not till he is safely secured does he attack him. It is clear, then, that it is not out of any resentment at the spoiling of his work that he kills him, but from a deliberate delight in cruelty. Therefore, out of my mercy to the meanest thing that crawls, do I condemn him, and consider him as only a tolerated, but not beloved, member of the domesticated family of Nature. I tolerate him, because "there is a good even in things evil:" for who can doubt that it was his ancestor-spiders that taught imitative Man the whole art and mystery of weaving? And who deny that they also instructed our fowlers and fishermen in the manner of making nets, as well as in the use of them? Tolerate them, therefore, ye sweeping brooms! Spare them, though they know not how to spare.

But we will leave these smaller fellow-creatures of our homes, and indulge ourselves in a

A DISSERTATION ON DOGS.

I love Dogs, "for they are honest creatures, and never fawn on those they like not." No—if they dislike you, they let you know it; but if they like you, none of all the domesticated animals can

stand comparison with them for real attachment and faithfulness to man—for unflinching courage in defending his person, and honesty in protecting his property. That their attachment is disinterested we cannot doubt when we look at the blind man's dog, true to him in all his poverty, and repining not at that daily imprisonment of the leathern leading-string. What but pure affection could induce such a poor, wandering, free-prisoner of the streets, when he is at night loosed from his thrall, to allow himself quietly to be strapped to that living log his blind master next morning? Nothing, surely, but genuine love could thus content a dog, that might be free if he would, with such a life of restraint and beggary. How often, in passing through Portugal-street, have I pitied that poor beast that patiently sits 'perched on end there with two or three specimen bundles of matches between his faithful paws, from "morn to eve, a summer's day"—his dark master meantime pouring forth his pity-stirring plaints, with that beseeching earnestness of prayer and benedictory piety of blessing to which none but your stone-blind beggars ever attain! But blessings, and brimstones, and the silent eloquence of poor Tray, only bring into his poor exchequer some daily small amount of two-hourly-dropping halfpennies, to the exquisite soreness of poor John's petitioning knees, and the cold numbing of poor Tray's

cramped tail, that wags no more than does that stone lion's over the lordly house of the Northumberlands. Reader, if ever thy "due feet" wander that way, "look with an eye of pity," not so much on that lightless man who would sell thee the means of light, as on his patient dog, and drop one pious penny in the blind man's beaver!

Dogs have no pride—that is, none of that vulgar pride which makes the new-suited Hobbs oblivious of his old friend Dobbs, because his black coat is white at the seams, and his hat bare and brown with over-brushing. You never saw a dog ashamed of his master among the showy people on Sunday, because he was not so genteel as they. If he has not a foot to his—pooh—I mean, not a shoe to his foot, he is as warmly affectionate in his attentions as if Schultze had perfected his pantaloons, and Hoby had built his boots. He is a poor man's dog, and is not ashamed of it, but sticks to his ragged heels, and follows him like his shadow. He sees a four-footed fellow, with not half his personal pretensions to the patronage of the well-to-do—sleek, well-fed, washed, combed, and carefully tended—but he envies him not: he is welcome to his "pride of place." he jogs on as faithful as ever after his mean master—if he was waylaid would defend him, and if he died would mourn him perhaps much longer than his widow, or his friends and old associates.

Keeping a dog is a poor man's luxury—like mustard and bread without beef. Look there at that fine fellow of a terrier, honest Pincher. That is his master, Jem Figgins, whom he follows up so closely with his nose between his calves. Jem is a much more dirty and slovenly dog to look at than Pincher; but Pincher is not particular. There is a hole in the heel of Mr. Figgins's stocking: Pincher sees it as if he saw it not, or thought it of no great consequence—an inadvertence—an accident of the day, while darns are, as some one has said, premeditated poverty: he leaves it to such a puppy as Perkins is to make impertinent remarks upon such a plain accident of the day: Pincher is superior to such groundling criticism. If his master is a little negligent of himself, he never neglects Pincher—which is one reason, and a good one, why he loves him, and is not ashamed of him, and dodges after him, here, there, and everywhere. If Figgins drops into an Independent Chapel, Pincher drops in too, and behaves himself decorously, curling himself up quietly out of the way, under the seat, where his master places his hat. If Figgins drops into a "dry ground for skittles," Pincher drops in too; and though he does not play himself, looks on with a knowing air as if he did, and sees fair play; and if any dispute arises about the reckoning, and the disputants come to blows, Pincher interferes in

Figgins's favour, by pinning his antagonist down to the skittle-ground. If, when all the rest of the company pay their scores, Figgins chalks up his, Pincher thinks it no disgrace to be the dog of a man in debt. Were his master compelled to surrender himself to the Fleet, he would go into voluntary confinement for his sake: it would be a prison to his master, but not to him. He is a part of him—shares his crust—his cares—his wants—puts up with his bad tempers, and is sufficiently repaid for all the kicks he gives him when surly if he gives him a caress when better-humoured. As Burns has strongly said—"Man is the god of the Dog;" and Pincher is therefore faithful to his domestic deity, Jem Figgins—a much more respectable god than many of the divinities worshipped by old Greece and Rome.

Seeing, then, these admirable characteristics of dogs, it has surprised me sometimes that any man with the least drop of the milk of humanity in his breast, should feel uneasy at being called "Dog!" Those Greek-grinding, opium-chewing ruffians—the Turks, fling the term as a stone of reproach at the foreheads of Christians. To me it seems a handsome compliment; and nothing but being kicked in the same breath like a dog would convince me that it was not a compliment; and even then I should have some doubts whether the kicks were not intended merely to impress a lasting sense of

the compliment, and jog the sluggish memory, which is ever slow in recording these remembrances, and sometimes goes to sleep over her notes. To be called dog is no disgrace, if I feel that I have genuine dog qualifications to bear out the epithet. To be called "puppy" is put-up-withable. But if an impertinent fellow, Turk or no Turk, instead of calling me generally "dog," went into particularities, and designated me spaniel or pug, I might take leave to be offended; because I dislike spaniels for their fawning—and pugs for their useless littleness, and *pugnacity*—a word, no doubt, derived from their impertinent tempers. Pugs are as libellous of the nobler race of dogs as monkeys and dandies and puppies are of men. After these, the whole families of French shocks, and poodles, and ladies' lap-dogs, are obnoxious to my high estimation of dogs in the abstract. I can, indeed, never feel anything but indignation when I observe a wealthy woman lavishing affection on these ugly monsters, which, if bestowed on some friendless little orphan, might rescue him from want and misery, at less expense than is lavished on one of these wiry-haired aliens. When I see one of these pampered brutes waddling and wheezing after its mistress, I am perplexed which most I should despise: but as I venerate all petticoats, I satisfy my spleen with despising the dog, because I am reluctant to despise his dame. Who, that has

seen a tall, manly fellow of a lady's lackey carrying one of these white enormities under his arm, could resist a feeling of indignation that even a man in livery should be degraded by so unmanly an office ! But when I have met some fair spinster hugging one of these monstrous affection-stealers, I have wished that I was an overseer of the poor, with arbitrary power to snatch away these undue favourites from their arms, and, in their stead, place some little orphan or foundling among human creatures in their place, and taking the forsaken child from the half-feeding workhouse, send the well-fed dog there as its substitute. Would that this could be done by force of pens rather than by force of arms ! Would that one of those fair sinners against the tenderly-beautiful affections of her sex could be converted from her error by this hint at its enormity ! How much handsomer would a handsome woman look followed by two or three chubby children as her attendants, though in the livery of dependence, than by the same retinue of French dogs ! Even that exploded piece of state, of having a black boy at their heels, was a more humane fashion.

An ingenious friend of mine has this singular notion upon the subject of dog-fancying—that you may infer the peculiar disposition of a man from the choice of his dog. As thus. If he selects a

spaniel, not for sporting purposes, but as a companion, he infers that he loves to be flattered, and that he has himself a taste for fawning on others : if he chooses a pug, that he is prone to impertinence, but impotent and insignificant ; if a cur, that he is savage and sly, sneaking and cowardly : if a bulldog, that he is obstinate and unyielding when angry, but harmless, though surly, when in good-humour : if a Newfoundland, (the noblest of all dogs,) that he is courageous, gentle, and generous, and is so far a philanthropist that he would not let a man drown without making an effort to save him : if a terrier, that he is ferretish, sharp-scented, and keen in his pursuits, whatever they may be, and that he is a lawyer, or should have been one. This crotchet of my friend is at least ingenious, and may be true in some respects. One may, indeed, observe a peculiar congeniality in disposition between some men and certain animals. One man shall resemble a fox in craftiness ; a second, a monkey in mischievousness ; a third, an ass in intellect ; and so on, down the many-linked chain of men and up the variously-linked chain of animals. Some one has confessed that "all are not men that wear the human form ;" nor are all dogs that wear the habit of dogs. But I will not be proscribing and invidious, and set the malicious and the cruel, who are always on the watch for an

excuse for their brutality, kicking and stoning all dogs, or men, not deserving of their distinguishing titles.

Dogs have more instinct, sagacity, and intellect, than any other animal. Recorded instances of their tenacious memories of men, times, places, and circumstances—of the strength and endurance of their attachments—of their reflective powers, that seem wisely to weigh the consequences of their own actions and the actions of others—are “as plentiful as blackberries.” As a proof of their benevolence—I shall not easily forget the scene I once witnessed, wherein a noble Newfoundland dog would not suffer a small dog of the mongrel breed quietly to swim about a pond, but, imagining that he was in danger of drowning, plunged in after him, and brought him in his mouth back to land; and as often as the mongrel was thrown in again, so often did he jump in after him, and bring him to the bank. It was pure dog-philanthropy—if I may say so—and nothing else. It struck me then that a dozen of these brave dogs, trained to the employment, and stationed as assistants to the Humane Society, in spots where they are most frequently wanted—such as by the waters in the two Parks—would perhaps be more instantaneously useful than all the drags and life-boats, ropes and ladders, that invention ever invented.

Dogs certainly understand cause and effect: if

their sagacity is not reason, it is as good. A worthy cousin of mine had for a follower as honest a four-footed fellow as ever wagged a tail. That chubby, good-humoured, and most sweet of garlic-loving Spaniards, *Senhor Quixote* *his* man Sancho, after whom he was named, and of whom he was in all things worthy, would have hugged him as a hail-fellow, and given him some post of consequence in his government of Barataria. In my humility, I was wont to consider that faithful dog as a sort of relation—a cousin not far removed; and it seemed no great condescension on my part to so useful and affectionate a creature. Sancho was as mild as May and as his master, the mildest and best-natured of men. Sancho's temper, as well as Sancho himself, took after his master. I have noticed that where the master is what is domestically called "a devil," the dog is also a devil; and where "the governor" is the reverse, the dog is as angelic as any tailed thing on four legs can be. What sagacity, amounting to profound reflection, would that most honest of dogs (to his master) display when he carried off a neighbour's cold mutton! How have I admired his economy, when I have seen him engaged in burying in the garden what he could not eat to-day, that it might be sweet and eatable to-morrow! Another instance of his reflective powers—of his habit of weighing and considering things—and I

have done. Boys, who never were dogs, and therefore jest at stones, never having felt them, would fling such missiles at poor Sancho as were sure to hit him where he had his tenderesses: but the sagacious Sancho, in the short interval between stone the first and stone the second, always removed the unequal war to where it could not with safety be further waged; and in a moment leaped up to the stone sill of the parlour-window, where, knowing that stones could no longer be thrown without breaking glass as well as bones, he snarled defiance at the pebble-peppering enemy!

The habits of honest Sancho were sometimes thoughtless, and sometimes not a little eccentric. In the youth and heyday of his puppy blood, it was his morning wont to trudge before his gentle-paced master to town, and, in his way, to call at a dog-butcher's, mount himself on his hind legs, pick from the paunch-board the bunch which he thought best and biggest, and then continue his way to town, the cherished bunch swinging and dangling between his teeth. Woe, then, to any four-footed fellow who did more than glance "a longing lingering look behind" at it, or sniff at its passing fragrance! His oldest acquaintances were treated with an indifference very much like what is called *cutting* among old-friend-forgetting men. Even the Chloes and Fannys, who were the de-

light of his softer hours, were met with a coldness more cruel than scorn : he rejected all their gentle fawnings and female recognitions with a surly growl, which sent them scouring away from him like so many transformed sisters of Syrinx from brute-passioned Pan. To do Sancho's temper justice, however, this was only one of those "moods of mind," as Mr. Wordsworth calls them, with which the mildest and best of beings when hungry are moved and troubled. And to do justice to his honesty, I believe that there was an understanding and previous arrangement between Sancho and his master, that the one was to pay for the bunchy breakfast, and the other to eat it.

When I first heard the melancholy tidings that honest Sancho of Spain was no longer a living lump of proverbs, I wept as though I had lost a dear good-humoured friend : I weep now to hear that his worthy brother of Pentonville has declined carrying his wented breakfast-paunch to town with him; in brief, that he has left off eating, and is where he is eaten. The best of dogs and men must die, as is here too plainly shown : but their good name, which is the never-dying fragrance of these dog-roses, is immortal. Most faithful of four-footed creatures, six weeks after date do I promise to pay to thy memory certain "drops of salt."

“ Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
 For shape and service, Sancho like to thee !
 This shall my love do—give thy sad death one
 Teare, that deserves of me a million !”—*Herrick.*

But to return to dogs in general. He—whoever *he* is—any he in the wide world—must be in some essential good qualities much inferior to a dog if he still affects to despise that best of animals after he has read the following anecdote of the humanity of a dog. I take the facts from the newspapers.

Some human fiend among the depraved of Dublin threw a new-born living babe into a pigsty, and the ravenous swine had attacked the helpless little innocent, and were beginning to tear it to pieces, when a dog, hearing the outcry among the swine, and the feeble but piercing wail of an infant—(a household sound to which his sagacious ear had been accustomed, and which he at once knew to be the cry of infantine distress)—ran to the spot, and seeing what was going on, jumped into the middle of the ring, and laying about him right and left, drove off the carnivorous wretches, kept them by his courage at bay, and at the same time, by his vehement barking, drew the attention of his master to the spot. And thus was the little helpless heir of human nature succoured and saved by the honest affection and sagacity of a dog!—Ye who calumniate and cruelly use dogs

blush and be more merciful, for here is one of those despised animals with a better heart in his hairy bosom, and more humanity in his nature, than could have beat in the hard bosom of the wretched mother that bore that innocent foundling! The story is to me one of the most remarkable and touching in the entire history of animals. The impulse to save a child in such imminent danger—the faculty of distinguishing its cries—the perception of its danger—the sagacity that knew that those ravenous brutes, the swine, intended the destruction of the child, and that it had not a minute to live if he did not rescue it, and the courage with which he accomplished this, and stood defending his conquest, all is wonderful; and one would wish to think—and it is not profane, I hope, to think so—that some good angel, hovering near, put it into the heart of that benevolent animal to save that child, and gave him, for the time, a more than animal intelligence. Could you, my gentle Reader, have understood better than he did what was doing, and resolved sooner upon what was to be done? Call it not blind instinct, for you could have done no more, or but little more than did he. If his interposition was but instinct, and was successful, yours could have been no more: so that the results of instinct and reason are the same—the success of their operations. Was there anything left undone to

this end which you would have done? One thing only. You would have snatched up the child, and borne it away to a place of safety: this noble animal had perhaps the wit and the will to do so too, but was denied the means.

And now let us consider for a moment how it is, and whence it is, that the instinct, as you will call it, of this benevolent animal should interfere to prevent a catastrophe at which the imagination shudders. Pigs were his fellow-animals—brutes like himself. How was it that he was superior to them, and, having similar appetites, abhorred their indulgence in them—defeated them, and entered his caveat, and put his veto against any such fleshly sensualities as a “live” child would have been to their undistinguishing, natural, unnatural appetite? Why should he disallow the dish, refrain from it himself, and preach or bark any kind of indulgence in it down; snatch the dreadful meal from their very mouths, and drive them away from the table? Why should he not rather have drawn a chair himself up to the board, and picked a bit with those four-legged overseers of the poor, who eat a parish child now and then as a godsend—a tit-bit—a *bonne bouche*? Why should he not have relished a tender, sucking Paddy as well as the pigs? Or, as he could fight a bit, and would be “an ugly customer” in a sty or a street row, why did he not beat off those monopolizers of the good

things of life, and monopolize that tender morsel for himself, as “the lion’s share?” Why should he be so particular, and so prohibitive of certain diets? He was no Poor-law commissioner, that he should prescribe a set scale—a dietary. Because he was “virtuous,” were his fellow-hungerers to be denied their “cakes and ale?” Why, indeed! Go, you who have a prejudice against those humane and generous animals, Dogs—you who would hunt these civilians down like wild beasts, and exterminate them, because you are so effeminately timid and so selfish, that you would sacrifice any living thing to make your own, perhaps worthless, life safe and sure:—go, and reflect seriously upon this instance of the value and use of this faithful friend to man, who perhaps felt more for *your* fellow-creatures in one minute than *you* have felt for them in a year—a life;—go, and ponder upon the intelligence—nay more, the mind—the feeling, and *the heart*, this despised animal displayed in this single instance of his devotion to man; and conceive, if you can, that his affection was as true an affection of the heart—not instinct—as your love for the wife of your bosom and the children of your bed;—go, and admire and imitate the gentle and generous nature which God has given him, and hang your head in shame that you should ever have recommended the persecution of creatures so superior to yourself.

in faithfulness and courage. There are much worse objects of fear and terror than mad dogs, or dogs that may go mad, and doing daily more frightful mischiefs. If you must hunt down and destroy any of God's creatures, stone, shoot, and destroy these; or, at least, chain them up, and warn off the unwary from approaching them: for their bark is like the tolling of a death-bell, and their bite is a deadlier poison than that of the Upas tree.

I abhor all morbid tendernesses and paraded sentimentalities—because I have detected their hollowness and insincerity: but I also abhor brutality taking to itself some softer name: selfishness of heart, affecting to watch over the welfare of others, when all it intends is to take care only of itself.

Let us turn now from those noble animals, Dogs, to those ignoble animals (for so they are unjustly made)

A S S E S.

These are the worst used and most abused of all the creatures lent to man to administer to his comforts and necessities, and be his faithful servants. An Ass is the only perfect emblem of unrepining patience under persecution. Nature laid one stripe upon his back, and paused, as if she foresaw that unkinder hands would lay more upon it, and for-

bore to mark him more with hers. But the despised Ass, though now the meanest and dirtiest drudge in the labour of man, in better ages held up the humble head which now droops debased to the ground, not ^{as} high as Haman's, but loftily too ; and wore royal housings, bore royal burdens, carrying, as he did, the indolent beauties of Asia in his and their palmiest and proudest days ; and, among the idolatrous, he was worshipped for his virtues of patience and humility, and had a festival in his honour, and had temples, and altars, and songs of praise, and solemn services offered up to him. But now he is a creature despised : for the borne beauties of his better days, he now bears upon his broken-down back creatures more brutal than himself : for his old worship he is now invoked with oaths, curses, and profanities ; and for the lofty temple, he is, in winter, housed now in some wind-and-water-admitting shed, which mocks him with the comforts of rest for his hard-worked bones and hard-faring body : in summer his home is some thistley common or grassless lane at night, after the long, weary labours of the day. So unintermitting is the spirit of persecution against him, and so determined are all ranks to consider, and to continue him an eternal beast of burden, that the wealthy ones of the land, who want not his personal services, have even golden images of him on their tables, still burthened with

those old breakers of his back, the panniers, but now carrying salt !

But this grave, patient creature is not only misused, but misunderstood. A fellow with half his length of ears, and less than a twentieth part of his wisdom—which is to be patient—thinks himself horribly scandalized if called “an Ass,” whereas, if he was not an ass—however paradoxical it may seem to say so—he should be proud that he was considered one, and think himself the worthier man for having so many asinine virtues added to his own poor commodities. So thought he, that most honest of rogue-regulators and gentle domineerer over delinquents, the worshipful Master Dogberry : witness his impatience, when called “an Ass,” to have it “written down,” that he might have the accidental acknowledgment of his patience, his meekness, and grave qualities recorded and made immortal in the archives of the Constabulary. He, honest Headborough, plumed himself upon, and was justly proud and impatient of being pronounced, by a veritable witness and wise young judge, to be “an Ass !” But, out alas ! the foolish world, in general, are not like wise.

Gentle Reader ! You have, perhaps, peregrinated round the Eastern side of Smithfield, and have seen, and seeing must have pitied, those poor four-footed pilgrims of the rough roads of life,

vulgarly called donkeys? If you have not, “your estate is the more gracious;” but if you would behold with your own eyes what human cruelty is, turn your pilgrim thither on any day that is called Friday, and in the Eastern corner of that market where animals are bought and sold to slavery, you shall behold some hundreds of these persecuted creatures—witness the hardship and degradation of their condition—see at how low a rate they are held in fee, and to what base uses they are submitted and submit. Our laws, which are sometimes merciful, humanely regulate the hard lot of all creatures but the Ass: he only is without the pale of the law. A brute-man, if he cruelly beats his horse, is forthwith punished; but who steps forward to legislate for the Ass, and protect him from “the oppressor’s wrong?” Blows may rain upon his back as plentifully as his own rough hairs, till his back be broken, but no one vindicates him, and stands up for him! Are they afraid of the “fellow-feeling” which “makes me so wondrous kind?”

The Ass, as far as my reading goes, seems to have had Balaams out of number for his riders and drivers; but only one of his race was ever blest with so indulgent a master as that immortal proverbialist, now no more, the gentle-hearted and gentle-handed Sancho: in whose epitaph it should have been written, that he was the ever-to-be-

patient Dapple—an eulogy which would have been equally honourable to Master and Ass. But both man and beast died, as is the way of all flesh, and, having no heirs male, have no epitaph, save a verbal, proverbial reputation, which lies not like an engraven elegy, and is more durable than monument of Parian marble, or plate of Corinthian brass. Rest to thy bones, then, that were never—unlike those of any other Ass on record—sore with beating, thou most favoured of Asses, honest, ancient Dapple !

“ Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and got thy wages :
Princes, sages, peasants must
Follow thee, and come to dust !”

The Ass is humble—too humble—therefore is he despised, and reproached, and made a bye-word of scorn—a creature for contempt to make a mouth at. The Ass vaunts not himself. He stands not in public places champing the bit and tossing the head. He hangeth his head depressedly down, as though lost in melancholy thoughts and contemplations of his hard usage. He has no bit to champ perchance—unless it be indeed such a good god-send as a stray bit of turnip, or the green head of carrot, or some such esculent, the uncared-for droppings of travelling market-cart, picked up in his wanderings about town, his eyes being ever upon

the ground. He sometimes follows up a load of hay, and much he longs to pluck a mouthful, to toy withal, and, if it served not, pull another ; but he dares not take that licentious liberty, which would be pardonable in your horse, but not in any member of his family—no favourites, and without friends. He exhibits no mettle. No trumpet stirs up the smoldering fire of his blood—it calls him to the battle in vain—he considers his vocation to be strictly civil, and therefore is he silent when the trumpet brays, and laughs not “ Hah ! hah ! ” when the battle rages. He has no pride in himself. He puts not his handsomest leg in advance, to admire it. He has no emulation. He paws not the ground, impatient to be gone : he cares not whether he goes or stays. All emulation is dead in him. He runs not in the face of competition : he forfeits, and leaves those who have entered for the start to walk coolly over the course, and carry off the sweepstakes. He has no affectations, but is simple, unassuming, unsophisticated, homely, plain, Jack Ass. He affects not to shy at white wayside walls, wheel-barrows, and such like daily commonplaces, merely to show how sensitive he is, and get petted, coaxed, caressed, and made much of : things strange do not frighten him ; and if they did, who would believe a moment in his apprehensions ? The Ass is said to be slow in obeying ;—true, but from grave consideration.

Having heard a Christian man called "An Ass!" because he either said or did some foolish thing in haste, which he had reason to repent at leisure, simple Dapple, pondering much on what he heard, resolved from that moment to be circumspect, and haply became a trifle over-anxious not to commit his character by any rashness. Therefore is he deliberate.

He is accused of being obstinate, which he is not, but only circumspect—slow in believing, but, when he believes, slow to be driven from the best of his belief. He adopts his opinions cautiously, and therefore is he not to be lightly moved from the attitude and position he hath taken up, but heroically positive, flinching not from his post and his opinion, stands his ground, as long as he can stand. He is charged with being self-opinionated, too, because he is not blown about with every fresh whiff and puff of public doctrine—takes up no new-fangled or old-fangled heresy or innovation in commonly-received opinions new-revived, but remains a steady adherent to his old first principles. He is called conceited, and charged with brooding, like the dove, "over his own sweet voice," because he now and then—perhaps once during a moon—brays abroad in the streets, having some matter of natural news to pass on—to telegraph, as it were, from mouth to mouth—to a brother beast of burden waiting afar off, who takes up the

tidings, and passes them on, in his turn, to another. If he is conceited, then do I fear that all your spreaders and carriers of intelligence are likewise conceited : that your street-preachers, good, noisy men, are not half so desirous of having a cure of souls, and a curing-house—a chapel—as of shewing forth and testifying that they can bray loud enough to be heard afar off. And much more do I fear to think that your parish orators do not, in open vestry, rise so much to second a motion merely for the parish good, as to shew that they have lungs which can reach the remotest ends, and startle the boundary-stones, of the parish with their stentoric roar : base fears, and doubts of most disinterested men, which heaven forbend should ever become true !

CATS.

“ I do not respect Cats, as they run in these degenerate days : certainly not as a body—not as Cats. Individually, I have, here and there, met with one of the race with whom I could be companionably civil ; and think somewhat charitably of his coaxings, and fondlings, and other small adulations and ingenuous overtures on his part to a better acquaintance on mine. Seated at the hospitable board of his patron, whether he is but self-invited, or native to the house of my friend, as I respect my host, I respect “ the cattle within his gates.”

This good understanding has, however, these two to-be-understood exceptions:—I object to having my well-pantalooned legs made a sort of rubbing-post whenever Tom may desire to curry his back and sides of their loose and shedding fur; and, not observing this hairy adornment of my nether garment, I dislike to go forth of that company into another, all over streaked with white and grey hairs, which, detected by the young ladies of the party, furnishes them with no small amusement and much tittering in a corner, and induces them to set me down as one of those old bachelors who are much fonder of their chimney comforts and cat than of more sociable pleasures—which, begging their pardon, (and it is no sooner asked than granted,) is not a failing of mine. Moreover, I have a thin-skinned dislike to have my silk hose made a sort of grappling holdfast for a Cat's claws when he indulges in a yawn and a stretch—an unlicensed liberty which your Cats, thinking nothing of your economy in the article stockings, will sometimes take with your legs when settled under their master's mahogany. “To be honest, as this world goes”—I will at once confess that I like not Cats. I dislike their midnight habits, and their vile voices, when they “make the night hideous” with Anacreontic singings, and serenadings, and nuptial epithalamiums — strains which might disturb “a soul under the ribs of

Death." I have sometimes wished that it were possible to charge the watch with these midnight brawlers, and next day bind them over before Sir F. Roe "to keep the peace." I dislike their predatory inroads upon their neighbours' territories—their house-top ramblings—their guttural lurkings—their sparrow-watchings, and their cruel "going about to devour" the sweet songsters in cages, hung out at the windows of the bird-loving townsmen, who, prisoners themselves, delight in hearing "their native wood-notes wild," and dream of the green fields. Though no amateurs in matters musical, your domestic Cats have a villanous admiration of singing-birds; and though they pretend to tee-totalism, they are as amorous of their afternoon *Canary* as Ben Jonson was when taking his "ease in his inn."

Cats are domestic, it is true—too much so sometimes—for they are always either getting under your feet, or else they are in some corner of your house where they should not be: indeed their virtues kick the beam when their vices are put into the scale. Cats are either naturally selfish, or they are corrupted into selfishness by Cat-customs, or the force of bad example. They exhibit none of that pure affectionate attachment to man which Dogs shew for him. Who ever heard of a Cat dying of grief for the death of her master, as an affectionate Dog did, in my knowledge? Who

ever heard of a Cat protecting her master's mutton from marauders? He or she is more likely to go snacks, and pick a bit with the burglars. In my late wanderings about town, I have met with a Cat who affected so much attachment to an old Watchman, that she followed him, nightly, and all night long, through Winter and Summer, street and alley, the whole round of his beat—whether the town-rinsing rains wetted her water-disliking feet—whether the white snows numbed them, or only puzzled her poor wits with the soft indistinctness of their tread. Her ancient master—proud of this singular instance of feline flattery—protested that disinterested love alone led her to follow the wandering lantern-light of his dark fortunes; and that he gave her nothing but good words and gentle caresses, which keep no Cats, and butter no parsnips. As I hope to be charitable in my opinions both of men and Cats, I suspect the disinterestedness of her love, and doubt whether it was not rather that, in imitation of her vigilant master, she might “comprehend all vagrom” mice, as he did men, when they were safely apprehendable, and “bid any mouse stand” in Hunger’s name.

Cats have a propensity to cruelty which the humane cannot patiently bear to see, nor tolerate. It is a piteous sight to see one of these inhuman creatures kicking and cuffing, and playing with

that harmless little freebooter, the domestic Mouse—now tantalizing him with the momentary hope of liberty by letting him run a board's length ; and then, springing upon him with tiger-like bound, striking a fierce, fastening fang through his thinly-furred pelisse, and crippling him, swearing the while at his audacious endeavouring after liberty. Then, dropping him from her voracious jaws, see her flatter the poor wretch again with the delusive hope of life, and, as soon as he stirs, spring on him tiger-like, playing with his agonies, and sporting with his hopes and fears, till the sense of power of the tyrant is sufficiently flattered and acknowledged by the weak captive, as he lies panting and powerless at her feet. The sport at last growing wearisome, and the carnivorous appetite being next to be indulged, the poor prisoner is at last put out of misery—not from any remorse at her cruelty, or for his gratification, but for her own. This torturing ceremony—and no mouse seems palatable till it is gone through—is the *sauce epicurienne* to mouse-meat, and is, perhaps, as necessary to its tenderness as whipping is to the tender delicacy of your sucking-pig. It may be agreeable to the nature of the animal to be thus cruel, and who can say for what ends—perhaps wise ones—this disposition was given to it? But we may rationally and humanely object to see, and are not bound to admire, in brutes, propensities

which we abhor in men—cruelty being one of the worst. These cruelties remind one a little too much of the tortures which captives underwent among the Cat-like savages of America, to permit one to think patiently of “those badge doctors of the Stoic furr”—Cats: while, at the same time, they humble our assuming pride by shewing us that if *they* are cruel, Man, their lord and superior, can be as much a beast of prey, and take as savage a delight in torturing the creatures under him.

Kittens, their juvenile diminutives, are the play-fullest and prettiest playfellows in nature and a snug parlour. 'Tis pity but it were possible that “once a kitten could be always a kitten:” but kittens will, in their ignorance of the unamiable and unlovable nature of their grown-up fellows, become Cats, and so lose all their happy relish for the simple sports of their kittenhood, and lose, too, the love of those who admired them. It is a pity that the ignorant and happy youth should be born with this absurd propensity for becoming the wiser, and therefore unhappier maturity: but, as Mr. Wordsworth says, “the kit is father of the cat;” and it is surprising what an unamiable reprobate Cat an amiable and unreplicated Kitten will make! Who does not delight in seeing these little “dappled fools” playing their merry antics about his feet—now running round after their own tails, and now after their mother's, or biting them by the

ears, or patting them in the face, their matrons all the while looking most deterringly grave, as who should say "Consider, Master Kitten," or Miss Kitten, as it may be, "the respect which is due to my maternity!" But they, frolic little fellows, will have their play; and now they set off on the scamper and whisk after some new sport, to crouch and leap after a fly—thus shewing either their inherent natures, or else the soon-learned vices of example; or else they chase the rolling ball, or perplex the fallen worsted, round the legs of chairs and tables; or toss and follow the fluttering fallen leaves of autumn,—

"Like an Indian conjuror,
Playing now with three or four;"—

and now perk their prim faces on this side, and now on the other—arch, yet innocent, as young mirth and playfulness ever is. Alas! that blissful ignorance should ever grow unhappily wise! But it must be; and if my pen could weep tears, it would not avail.

I contend, in the innocent faces of all the kittens in Christendom, that matured Cats are selfish, hypocritical, cruel, unattachable, disloyal, dishonest, and not to be trusted in breakfast-parlour, or butler's-pantry, for they have always their white whiskers in the cream of the one, and their paws in the butter-coolers of the other. This harsh

opinion of mine is not singular : the most tolerant of opinionists have held the same. I shall not soon forget the anathema of an ingenious literary friend of mine—who, after dangling at the heels of a patron, to no end but the ending of the day, returned home at night-fall, to deceive and mortify his hunger with a solitary mutton-chop ; but, on a diligent search of the remotest corners of his cupboard, found that it was lost—if anything can be said to be lost when you know where it is, for, in his rummaging, he routed out a Cat who could not boast of even an intimacy with him, much less an invitation to supper. After he had turned out the unintimate Cat without either kick or cuff—for hunger had made him humane—his mild rage became ebullient, and its first ebullition vented itself in these lively denunciations against the whole race of the Felinas and Toms?—“ Woe unto ye, ye prowlers over high house-tops and low pent-houses ! Never more shall one of ye find or chop of mutton or steak of beef in any present or future corner cupboard of mine, to tempt ye to rob him who is more hungry than yourselves ! Put not your trust in me, nor your tails in the way of my feet, for I will not turn my toes out to spare them from their inevitable weight and pressure ! Here do I banish ye for ever from bed and board of mine ! Howl not, therefore, under my window your love-laments ; for the deluging water-pot

shall incontinently wash ye from the heights of your happiness, and scatter ye like chaff under the winnow ! Bask not on any sunny wall nearer than the far wall of Pekin, or the pelted missile shall most surely reach you ! Ye pretend attachment to man ; but it is all sheer fudge, and base hypocrisy : attachment to yourselves is the real sentiment of your breasts. Ye affect, too, to be domestic ; but look at yourselves in summer, scampering and scouting through the rarest of tulip-beds after butterflies, and sneaking away from bees, because ye fear their courageous stings ; or lying perdue in the grass, or under dark bushes, to pounce on the harmless robin, who really loves man, and puts his trust in him ; or else sleeping on the walls in the sun ; or disturbing the snore of the house with your moonlight murders of silence, and lascivious *conversaziones*, that put a blush even upon the black cheek of Night. Look at these actions, and ‘hide your diminished’ tails. In winter, to be sure, ye are more within-doors, and one or more of ye may always be found, when most not wanted, very contentedly squatted or stretched on the rug before the parlour-fire ; because there there is less of ‘disturbance rude’ than ye meet with in the kitchen. Let ‘any he in Illyria,’ or out of it, disturb ye with a toe gentle as that of Taglioni, and considerate as that much-kissed one of Rome, and woe to their silk stock-

ings, which shall, undoubtedly, be rent by your resentful claws; or perhaps ye will conceal your choler as ye do your collar, under your smooth silky coat of hypocrisy, and only vent it, on the sly, upon some dog truly attached to some one of your master's friends; or revenge it on the cold meat in the pantry, after having secured your own characters from suspicion by seducing an intimate Cat-acquaintance to partake in your dishonesty, and then, Judas-like, betraying him, or her, by swearing at her or him, as if ye knew nothing of your betrayed old friend, and by your loud reprobation bringing in butler or cook to turn out the delinquent, with the usual ceremony of kicks, curses, and cudgelling consequent upon such detection. Ah, ye base and treacherous! Let ye have your own way, and ye will sit all day and wink at the fire, and then at him who has drawn his chair as near to it as ye will allow him, as who should say 'My feet are extremely comfortable:' but ye care not so much as a mouse's squeak for *his* feet, whether they are comfortable or cold; and now ye glance a green eye at the toast before the fire, and wish he would leave the room for a book in the library; and now ye look under the grate as the burning ashes drop there, and fear each falling coal to be a mouse—fear it, because ye would willingly be spared the trouble of doing your duty; and now ye purr and sing your tea-kettle

balderdash ; and affect to be very sincerely attached to your master's service, when, if his neighbour gave greater board-wages, ye would leave him at a minute's warning, in the middle of a rat's squeak. Ye affect to be disinterested ; but let him exhaust the toast-plate of its contents, and give ye none of it ; let him suffer the fire to go out, and the room to grow cold, and ye soon begin to suspect that you hear a mouse in the kitchen, where there is a good fire and scraps, or, at least, preparations for supper going on ; and not being able to wear the disguise of disinterestedness any longer, ye grow peevish as the Porcupine, and cry nothing but 'mew,' till the parlour door be opened, and ye are once more cozy, and comfortably stretched and basking before a brisk fire, with the prospect of a stale chop before ye, or the certain knowledge of where ye can steal one. Go—ye hypocritical pretenders to the social 'charities of life,' and—

'Never more be officers of mine !' ”

Honestly, there is too much truth in this ; and I cannot help agreeing with him in his severe opinion, though I am, at least, in matters of opinion—which cost nothing, you know—as charitable as Hogarth's Poor's-box, with a cob-web over the mouth of it.

Cats are not so much in use as formerly—at least, for useful purposes. As, while living, they

possess the vocal power of uttering an extremely disagreeable series of dissonant noises, so, when dead, consistent with their lives, (which, as they are said to amount to nine, may be inferred to be in some sort sacred to “the Nine-stringed Heaven,) their bowels, which had no compassion for the ears of man while lubricated, when carefully dried and then drawn tight by screws over the bridges of violins, touch them never so lightly, and they begin to squeak, shriek, and utter such shrill sounds as it is “a misery to hear.” Another use of Cats—not so common, and more agreeable when resorted to—is as a measure of capacity in ascertaining the size of a suite of apartments. A single gentleman, in search of lodgings to let, usually measures the quantity of accommodation they promise by remarking, that “The rooms are really too confined, Madam! There is not space enough to swing a cat in;” and tries somewhere else, where there is*.

* The “*Chapter on Pigs*” and “*Fancy or Two on Flies*,” in former volumes by the same Author, were originally parts of this Paper.

A DAY IN THE LIFE
OF
SIR VANE VAGARY, BART.

I HAVE, in a preceding volume, introduced my Readers to that hearty, plethoric, red-faced, silvery-bearded, flaxen-wigged, obstinate-headed, hare-brained, warm-tempered, warm-hearted, vagarious old gentleman, Sir Vane Vagary, of Turnstile Hall, Woodvale, in the county of Warwickshire—Shakspeare's Warwickshire; and I have sometimes thought that either a portion of Shakspeare's blood, or some unused remainder of his humour, flows in the full veins, and works in the warm head and heart of the worthy, whimsical, "fine old English gentleman," who, to paraphrase the gentle Drummond's verse,

" ——— in all forms, at home, abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant change."

But I shall, perhaps, best shew the man as he is, by allowing him to exhibit himself in his own way, as his humours moved him and kept him going

through one day at Turnstile Hall, and the parts adjacent.

The vagarious Sir Vane was to have led the hunt on the morning of the day I have selected ; but having risen two minutes and ten seconds later than his usual rising-hour of four—an error in his valet's time-keeper being the cause of so unusual a deviation from his punctual regularity—all the preconcerted proceedings which he meant overnight to abide by, but never did next day, were disconcerted and deranged, and it was now too late for him to do anything—except exhaust his vocabulary of hard words—not ill supplied—upon the offending head of John Curtis, his valet and gentleman—an exceedingly proper varlet, notwithstanding anything which the passionate old person his master might aver to the contrary : patient as Sir Vane was impatient—silent as he was vociferous—answering not to the thousand cross questionings of his severe master as to whether he was not lazy, neglectful, indifferent, a sluggard, a rogue, a rascal, and did not deserve to be horse-whipped, horse-pounded, pumped upon, be-d—d, hanged, drawn, quartered, &c., &c., &c. He knew his master's temperament so thoroughly, having had twenty years' experimental knowledge thereof, that he “let the storm rage on,” knowing full well that the louder it blew the sooner it would exhaust itself, and subside into an agreeable hour

of calm, all the more enjoyable from the previous hour of hurricane. The storm over, a guinea, or some generous grant of graciousness—such as that he might go to the d—l, or the statute-fair and the dance at night, if he liked, or have all his relations—not a few, and some very remotely related—to visit him, and an unlimited key to “the jolly good ale and old” for which the Hall was celebrated all the country round—patched up a peace between quarrelling master and pacific man for the day, or the hour, as it happened; for Sir Vane did not limit himself to one storm per day, if two were more agreeable, and better carried off his superabundance of humours.

Sir Vane had dreamt—(and he did not often dream, and to be disappointed was therefore so much the more provoking)—that he was to be first in at the “death of that day’s life,” the hunt of that identical puss—(he knew her again, when taken, by the black spot on her nose)—of which you will hereafter hear the eventful history; and here was an immortality of honour lost for ever!—For the Baronet, being old, was now a more careful rider than he was wont to be in his younger days, and feared that he should never more lead the field as he had led it, yet hoped he might, and, if dreams are ever true, might have done that day, and thus have restored the fallen honours of his hunting fame, and added another brush to the

brushes of other days. When the whipper-in entered his bed-chamber, therefore, at half-past four, Sir Vane incontinently whipped him out again, and not a limb or bone of the body of Guy Gubbins, the said whipper-in, escaped from before him without a cut or a curse to keep them company. . "This is as good as a goulden guinea in my way," muttered the calculating Mr. Guy as he limped down the stairs, and hobbled as if he was hurt out of the Hall; but as soon as he was out of sight of Sir Vane, he only rubbed his elbow once, and walked as well as ever. Sir Vane then ordered his boots to be brought up, which immediately entered, one dangling by the straps to a finger of each hand of young Master Joe Snacks, the hopeful young nephew of Mr. Jonathan Snacks, butler at the Hall. Joe, at a glance, saw what was brewing, and instinctively dropped the boots, and fled the presence—an indubitable mark of cowardice, which was followed by a severe reprehension in the shape of a boot-jack; and jack and Joe flew scuttling down the stairs, Joe into a side-chamber on the first landing-place, and the jack smash through the window which lighted it. Sir Vane then essayed to pull on his boots, but, although he had pulled them on a hundred times, not a foot could he get into them now; and he pulled, and he pulled again, till he was, first, as red in the face as a cabbage when it is red, and next, as

black as his boots: the last pull, a high-pressure, passionate pull, broke away both straps, and the flung-away boot would have broken the head of poor, patient Curtis, who was just at that moment entering the room; but he, wise man, saw the inevitable consequence, and, ducking his head, waived his privilege in favour of a plaster bust of the late Dr. Dullskull, the renowned rector of an adjoining parish—once the idol of Sir Vane, because he was a dashing hunter, though a dull divine, except after the fourth bottle, when he preached like Cassio. The unintellectual head of Dr. Dullskull was not insensible to a boot-jack, and fell in fragments to the floor. Sir Vane then, as he was in the humour for pulling, pulled a bell-rope down, which brought up his steward, Mr. David Dotup, a respectable person whom Sir Vane respected, for he was that uncommon steward—an honest man. Peremptory orders were issued to Mr. Dotup to sell off the stud of hunters immediately, directly, and at once, for he, Sir Vane, should never again rise early enough to hunt with them: the under-strappers of the kennel were ordered to hang all the dogs, excepting Spite, an ill-tempered old hound and most especial favourite with Sir Vane, and, that done, hang themselves, for all he cared. A second bell, which kept its place, though most severely tried, brought up the cook, Mr. Francis Fry, white in the face as his white cap at so early a summons. Sir Vane

commanded him, at his peril, to serve up dinner in an hour, for it was too late for breakfast: "Serve it up directly, Sir Vane!" said Mr. Fry; and he descended as fast as he could fly into the Tartarean regions where he served, not half so hot, he knew, as those regions where his master reigned.

Mrs. Patience Vagary, lady of Mr. Clement Vagary, only son and heir of the moody Baronet, hearing the hum and clamour of the distant fray from her bed-chamber in the right wing of the Hall, hurried on her morning-wrapper, and made a forced march up to the scene of action. Now Sir Vane, though more than a match for the most obstinate of men, was no match for the most positive and termagant of women; and Mrs. Patience, who was all this, entering the room just as preparations were on foot for kicking every living thing out of it, no sooner shewed herself, and no sooner raised her potent voice, shrill and startling as a trumpet, with an exclamation of "Heyday, Sir Vane!—What bedlam crew has broken into the Hall?"—than a sudden hush and silence spread around, disturbed only by herself. Sir Vane was calm—Curtis looked relieved and thankful for her timely interference—Mr. Dotup twirled his thumbs—and little Joe, feeling that he was safe, stole softly up the stairs, to see peace restored. That "fire drives out fire" was a favourite medical maxim of the family apothecary,

Dr. Coltsfoot;—Mrs. Vagary knew her powers, and was preparing to apply them, when Sir Vane, not so patient of her remedy as he was wont to be, broke out again. But it was in vain: so, after a raking fire of cracking, bouncing, and stuttering, having exhausted his old stock of imprecations, and no time being allowed him for the invention of new, he began to slacken his cannonade, while Mrs. Vagary still kept up a well-directed fire. In five minutes he was as cool as an ice-house in the dog-days, and as quiet as a scold on the ducking-stool: when, signs of submission being hung out by Sir Vane, Mrs. Vagary ceased firing, and after a short parley, during which the preliminaries of peace were agreed upon, and the usual concessions conceded by both parties, she beat a retreat by boxing Joe's curious ears for listening at the door—strutted off the field with the erected crest of triumph—and peace was perfectly restored. Orders were now calmly given that breakfast should be served to Sir Vane in his study, whereto he retreated, as, I know not by what sudden freak, he now determined to dedicate the day, lost to hunting, to literature. A pet essay of Sir Vane, on “Progressive Motion” had lain unmoved for many a long day between the oblivious covers of a backgammon-board, hoary with the dust of ten dust-shedding years, which having been tumbled out of its corner by the same boot and blow which

brought down the bust of Dr. Dullskull, gave up its long-forgotten contents—dice, dice-boxes, men, and the invaluable Manuscript, which was now once more the favourite of the hour, and was to be re-read and re-touched, finally. In a short time, however, fresh orders were issued; and the one-horse *solitaire*, as Sir Vane called it—or the *sulky* as it was nicknamed by the servants (for he never used it save when he had quarrelled with all about him)—was ordered to be ready in an hour, as a drive might afford him new ideas upon his favourite “Progressive Motion.” Breakfast being hastily swallowed, Sir Vane might be heard charging the most industrious old servant in the Hall with idleness; and in the next minute, with his accustomed inconsistency, he was seen fondling and patting the fat neck of old Argus, the laziest horse in his stable—so resolutely indolent, that it cost the Baronet a quarter of an hour’s hard exertion, besides two broomsticks broken upon his back, to rouse him up from the straw in his stall. But having got him fairly on his legs, swollen with indolence and long disuse, he soon made it up with the old lazy-bones—dragged him by force of arms from his beloved stall, as loth to leave it as a prebend—and in contemptuous disdain of all his grooms’ assistance, backed him at last between the shafts of the *solitaire*, and harnessed him with his own hands. All being ready for starting, Sir

Vane in his seat, the whip and reins in his hands, he bade the grooms and coachmen go to bed again, for a pack of indolent hounds and sluggards, and, after a deal of whipping and coaxing, got old Argus to understand that he was to make the next move, which, at last, he did, and the lumbering vehicle and lumbering horse in a few minutes more were seen waddling, and pitching, and rolling out of the stable-yard. Their master not yet out of hearing, grooms, helpers, coachmen, harness-boy, and Master Joe, having shut to the stable-doors, to keep their enjoyment of the joke as snug as possible, entertained themselves with a glorious guffaw at their good old passionate master's private expense ; but they loved him, though they laughed at him, the graceless varlets !

It was as fine a September morning as ever brightened up the benevolent face of good old mother Nature. The trees, slightly brushed by the wanton wings of the gently-stirring winds, turned the backs of their leaves upwards, their silvery drops of dew slid softly off, and in a few minutes Sir Vane's broad beaver was as thickly studded with diamonds of the first water of the day as the turban of an Eastern emperor. In no long time, Sir Vane and the arthritic Argus, who had by this time made up his mind that he could move, and was indulging his indulgent master with a shambling sort of walk, quite easy to him-

self, had got into one of those narrow deep green lanes peculiar to our England, with hedges so thickly set with hazel, wild oak, holly, hawthorn, and scrambling bramble, that the eye could nowhere snatch more than a momentary peep at the lovely scenery on either side. This, however, Sir Vane cared nothing for—nor did Argus—both were otherwise employed: Argus on thoughts of the delicious greenness of the short growth of grass about his feet, and longing for a quiet graze off it—Sir Vane intent on thoughts upon “Progressive Motion,” his eyes neither wandering to the left nor to the right, but fixed upon some object in the distance. The garrulous birds poured their blithest songs into his ear—they might as well have sung to Argus: Sir Vane only muttered a sunny growl at their loquacity, gave Argus a fillip over the ear, and fell again into his subject.

This lane—light Lover’s Lane, because the Damons and the Delias of that ilk could court, and coo, and bill in its embowering shades, unbroken-in upon by passing travellers—this lane had been impassable to any but foot-passengers for many a green year. Sir Vane had perhaps forgotten that: it was his whim, however, to explore it; but not so Argus’s—for, ever and anon, the low-hanging branches so impeded his progress, that he occasionally halted between two opinions—

whether he could go on, or whether he should stand and take counsel upon the matter; and nothing but an opinion given under the whip-hand of Sir Vane could convince him of the possibility of penetrating farther. Things mended as they went on, and Argus had pushed forward uninterruptedly for some time, and had got far down in the descending lane, and the philosopher had almost got at a conclusion in his favourite study, when the considerate, inconsiderate beast made a sudden full-stop in his pace and Sir Vane a break in his cogitations. He looked around—there were neither straggling underwoods nor dangling branches in the way: the whip-hand, therefore, went to work again; but Argus stirred not. He had his reasons. Truth to say, Argus did not entirely enter into the spirit of his master's pursuits in "Progressive Motion;" neither did he consider it at all times necessary to go over or under all obstacles in the road. He had not been trained to the field, and to leap over all that opposed his progress: he had been brought up as a coach-horse, and had coach-horse notions of the steady gait, the gravity, and the "dignity of his order;" and conducted himself, accordingly, with "the strictest sense of propriety." If he erred in these extreme notions of the becoming, the error was to be charged to the limited nature and the original defectiveness of his education, for which

he was in no wise to blame. I might palliate his perverse consistency by the old proverb, that "what is bred in the bone," &c.; but as the marrow of the saying is somewhat rusty, I abstain, out of respect to the delicacy of my readers.

Besides Argus's other grave considerations, there was one obstacle not to be got over. He was certainly not a human, but he was a humane creature, which is as good. The obstacle to his proceeding now, it seems, was no other than a sonorously-snoring Pedlar, known in those parts, who, being overcome with an early dose of nappy, had "taken measure of an unmade" bed, and was sleeping himself sober across the lane, the right bank his bolster, and for his curtains a gracefully-falling sweep of the weeping willow. And there he lay, taking his ease, not un-comfortably tucked up in a nice, cool, clean, soft bed of wild clover, which Argus thought monstrously abused in being turned to any such vile purpose. There lay the Pedlar directly under his nose, and under his one eye—for Argus was erroneously called Argus by the mistakeful Sir Vane from that defect of vision)—and there he might have lain, for gentle Argus, undisturbed, though it must be mentioned that he inquisitively explored the Pedlar's box, as it gaped open in humble imitation of its owner's capacious mouth. Sir Vane had noticed the pause in his progression, but was so rapt in his abstracted

speculations, that he forgot it soon, and thought he had gone on again. Argus had time, therefore, to amuse himself in his own way. He looked at a pair of spurs: they were of the best of all possible silver, but his sides winced at them:—he smelt at a horse-bolus: it was pretty and pleasant enough to the eye, but he turned up his nose at it. Everything was there but the thing he most desired—a mouthful of corn, as a stay and stop-gap between meals. However, as there were some tolerable pickings of wild clover under his nose, and a few fresh tufts of wind-sown florin-grass within reach, he patiently waited the Pedlar's waking and his master's interference.

The studies of our philosopher, predoomed to be crossed, were suddenly brought to an inconclusive conclusion by circumstances unforeseen. Sir Vane being so absorbed that he perceived not the stop and hindrance of all further progression, and the manner of the same, Argus, after turning the seeing side of his head round three times, and looking his master in the face, as if he asked for further instructions,—as Sir Vane, in his abstraction, deigned no answer—neither word, nor nod, nor whip, nor sign—honest Argus could amuse himself in no better manner than by cropping on; for he soon got tired of ogling the Pedlar's box, which, though it might delight many eyes, had no charms for Argus's one eye. Suddenly a beating

of the hollow ground, which rolled along like distant thunder, was heard by Argus, who raised his wise head to make acquaintance with the cause thereof. The sound came nigher, and all the air around seemed throbbing like a pulse. And now the yelp of dogs and the cry of men were heard. It was the hunt! Nearer and nearer came the mimic thundering, yet Sir Vane heard it not—he was too lost! Nearer still!—’twas two fields off—’twas at hand! In a moment more, the poor hunted devil of a hare darted through the hedge—came forcibly in contact with the wing of the solitaire, and rebounding, and then turning over in the air, fell dead between his feet! Starting up from his deep reverie, as sound as slumber, he looked, like an alarmed sleeper, confused and scared, above, around, before and behind, as quick as head and eyes could turn. He was soon made conscious of the predicament he stood in. The cheering sound of the hounds in full cry waked up his ears at least with their music. They were near. With the ardour of a true follower of Nimrod, he sprung upon his feet to look out for them, when, in a moment, the whole pack burst like a torrent upon him; and there, at the bottom of his carriage, with fifty dogs tumbling over him, lay the philosophic investigator of the laws of “Progressive Motion,” a victim to a forcible example of the same! In vain he struggled to get free—in vain he rose up.

for he was immediately knocked down again—overborne—put down by clamour, like a single Tory in the hands of an election mob of Radicals. He swore, he raved, he tore ; but all was thrown away : the eager and remorseless pack still clung to him, and yelled and struggled still to seize the ill-fated hare. The hunters, keen and close in the chase, now came up, and might be seen leaping the hedge at various distances down the lane—some, indeed, so near the spot where the philosopher and the pack were congregated, that dogs, and Sir Vane, and poor bewildered and frightened Argus—(who, all alive now, kicked and plunged, and plunged and kicked again, with as little avail as did his master)—all were in jeopardy of their lives. Sir Vane, however, at last, contrived to disengage himself from the dogs, with the loss of his best brown bob-wig ; and once more got upon his legs, true to the sport, with a death-halloo in his throat : but there it stuck like the “ Amen ” of Macbeth ; for the last dog which sprung over the hedge—an old one, and a heavy runner—came with his head against the confused head of the Baronet, and gave it so clumsy a contusion, that down he dropped again among the hounds. Sir Vane was not the man to be put down in this fashion, and up he rose again, and though all danger was now over, still continued ducking, and diving, and bobbing his bald, bob-

less head. The gentlemen of the hunt had by this time brought up, and might be seen prying curiously over the hedge to see what foolish old gentleman it could be who had placed himself between the horns of such a humorous dilemma ; and when, upon investigation of the man, they found it was no other than Sir Vane Vagary, their old brother sportsman, so grossly at fault an enormous shout of laughter shook the welkin like a thunder-burst.

Sleep must, indeed, be “ a comfortable Nurse,” who, if she does not patronize that “ invaluable blessing to mothers—Soothing Syrup,” employs some “ sweet oblivious antidote” to the wakeful cares of life quite as powerful, if not so patented : for, amidst all this hurly-burly, which might have awakened the drowsiest of souls, though sleeping “ under the ribs of death,” the Pedlar slumbered on ; and it was not till silence and composure were in part restored that he waked up. Argus still respected his camp-bed ; but the dogs ran over it in all directions, and disturbed him not. Just at the moment he was first perceived, and inquiries were going round who he was, and whether he was alive or dead, up he suddenly started ; but, being only half-awakened,—his senses still in confusion from the powerful effects of his too-early potation—and having dreamt, perhaps, of robbers—he was no sooner aroused than he began bellowing for

help, so loudly, as to be heard above the yelping of the whole open-mouthed pack, put upon self-vindication and the credit of their characters. Falling on his knees, he begged for pity and his pedlary, conceiving that he had fallen into the evil hands of a most desperate set of robbers—high-Toby-men—respectable villains, who kept horses. The laughter that followed his cries only added to the liveliness of his terrors, as he considered it a sign of hard-heartedness and a disposition to add mockery to cruelty.

This was a diversion in favour of Sir Vane, who, having recovered from his confusion, began to threaten all sorts of pains and penalties of law and whip upon the disturbers of his studious recreations. He had worked himself up into the worst of all possible humours, in which he respected nobody, and knew nobody, and was determined to punish somebody, when, finding that stones would not do, he returned to turf, and ill-humour availing him nothing, resorted to good-humour—an excellent emollient, of most miraculous powers—and seizing the dead hare, still lodged between his legs, he gave a sportsman-like shout of triumph, and swung it proudly around his naked head. But even this self-forgetfulness did not succeed: for a laughter-loving wag, reaching over the hedge, and tapping the Baronet with his whip on his bare scone, inquired “Is there *hare* enough in your hand, old

boy, to make you a wig?" The pun told admirably: the laugh was long and loud. Sir Vane put up his hand to his head; and then, and not till then, discovered the unthatched condition of that temple of individual wisdom. He then looked round for his brown bob: a staunch hound was amusing himself, and his canine compeers, with tearing it, curl from curl. Vixen—his good neighbour Sir Harry Hurdle's Vixen—had a mouthful of the brown bob, and Sir Vane a mouthful of oaths, ready for spitting out, when a well-timed and more effectual jest burst its way through all impediments. There were but two things which could subdue Sir Vane when up in the stirrups: the superior ill-humour of Mrs. Patience Vagary—not to be disputed with—and the good-humour of a jest. "That dog must be a 'Tory," said Sir Vane, "or he would never handle an old *Wig* so roughly." The Baronet, as in duty bound, led off the laugh himself: "the Field" joined in with all their hearts and lungs—no "scrannel pipes of straw;" and good mistress Echo, when they had done with it, wound up the merriment with her long laugh conclusive. "Ay, ay," cried Sir Vane, with a satirical smile, "good beldame Echo!—that trick of thine, of having the last word, didst learn it at the Hall?" Those brother sportsmen present who knew the character of Mrs. Patience Vagary saw which way Sir Vane had winked his eye.

and understood his humour; and another and another lusty peal of laughter followed, in which good Mistress Echo joined again, but this time at her own expense. The humorist was recompensed for all the dangers he had undergone. "Brothers of the antler and the brush," said Sir Vane, rising. Loud cries of "Order!" "Chair! Chair!" were heard on all sides. "Chair!" whispered Echo, softly, in the distance. Sir Vane continued: "You will not deny me the post of honour—of being first in at the death?" "No—no!" "Hear! hear!" rung round the field. "The brush, then, is mine!" This honour was allowed the speaker, *una voce*. The head huntsman immediately dismounted—out with his knife—severed the brush, and threw it up to Sir Vane. "May I trouble you, Sir, to hand me up my wig—if your dogs are done with it?" said Sir Vane, and he bowed good-humouredly and deferentially to Tom Hudson and the group of dogs, still amusing themselves with towzling and tearing the ill-fated wig. The dogs were whipped off, the bob restored, and placed in its original position, a little disarranged, but not irrecoverably; and Sir Vane resumed his seat, amidst uproarious applause.

Meanwhile the Pedlar, sobered by fear, and having found out that he had fallen into no evil hands, took care to shew the pleasure that he felt in his present safety by laughing as loudly as the

best at the ridiculous position of Sir Vane, who, in revenge, demanded to see his licence, and threatened to commit him to the county gaol for having dared to get drunk and obstruct the "progressive motion" of a magistrate's horse on the King's Highway. But the Pedlar, humbling his head into his box, begged loudly for forgiveness, which was granted. Argus, also, who had not been an inattentive observer of the passing scene, finding that all was right, resumed his accustomed ease, and assumed an unaccustomed gaiety; for with his one eye, which was handsome, he began ogling Miss Titup, the prettiest of all possible mares: the lady, however, was of great descent, and a cousin-German of hers had lately beat all before him at Newmarket: the overtures that poor Argus made for a better acquaintance were treated, consequently, with such cool contempt, that a more modest wooer would have been cut clean out of countenance, and, though a horse, have looked sheepish. Argus put on his very best behaviour, notwithstanding, and held up his head, and bridled his neck, with an air anything but vulgar, though not refined; but to no purpose. He certainly did not deserve this "proud mare's contumely," although he could not boast a high-bred pedigree, and was a poor plebeian, by his father's side.

By this time the sportsmen had all recognised

Sir Vane, and many rough apologies were made for treating him so unceremoniously, which ended in the whole party—whippers-in and all—being invited to lunch, and dine, if they would honour him, at Turnstile Hall. The jovial invitation was accepted with a jovial alacrity, and the field was immediately in motion for Woodvale. But now an unexpected obstacle arose, as far as poor Sir Vane was concerned: the lane was too narrow to turn the *solitaire* in! What was to be done? The company was commanded not to wait for him, but to go forward; and once more taking the reins and whip in hand, Sir Vane drove slowly down, reckoning that he could turn off at the end, and so get round to the Hall in time to enter with Sir Sampson Satinhair—his perpetual guest—who was as true to the punctual minute of lunch or dinner time as “dial to the sun.” The lane was a good mile longer, but Sir Vane was patient with it: and beguiled his way with thinking over the incidents of the morning, and how far they practically illustrated the laws of motion. Argus, made wanton by the high company he had kept, was idly snatching at the green boughs hanging within reach; and, like a poet scrambling for the bays, who, heedless where he treads, gets a fall when he desires a rise, and instead of decorating his poor head, cracks it, so Argus, having an eye to his sport, and none to his feet, presently stumbled,

and came with a horrible thump to the ground. Sir Vane, shaken out of his reverie, and nearly out of the chaise, jumped down, and flogging the foolish Argus upon his legs, next took to his own, and left both horse and solitaire behind. It was a cut-down tree, lying across the lane, which Argus had stumbled over now. Ill-fated beast, he was brought home, in a few hours, in the saddest of all possible conditions—with a broken head, which his passionate master had given him, and a broken knee which he had given himself!

Sir Vane arrived at the Hall as red and flaring as the Red Lion, what with passion and perspiration, just half an hour behind Sir Sampson, whom Sir Vane, in his jocosier mood, had called “the *luncheonmeter* of Turnstile Hall.” This was an infringement upon his irregular love of regularity not to be quietly got over. The tempest gathered as he went, and the servants, as they met him, sneaked hastily away. Fortunately, the storm-cloud of his wrath burst just as he was turning the angle of the passage leading to the dining-room. Young Joe Snacks was the successful conductor of its lightning, diverting its course from the parlour to the kitchen. It seems that Joe, who was leaving the room with a tray, in his laudable anxiety to steer out of his master’s headlong way, tacked right athwart it. Seizing him with one hand, Sir Vane boxed his ears with the

other, and, not content with this, concluded with hoisting him out of his way; and in a moment poor Joe might be seen sprawling like a spread eagle, at the foot of the stairs, with what is termed “a capital spread” before him—namely, a cold pigeon-pie, a venison pasty, bread, cheese, cruets, a little of noyau, and “sundry glasses, various.” In justice to Sir Vane, it must be said that the position which Joe occupied was partly of his own choosing: for, finding the advantage the enemy had over him, he thought, by a *coup de main*, to secure his rear from attack by throwing himself and baggage into such an entrenchment as a well-staircase afforded; when Sir Vane, seeing through the movement, aided him to complete it by administering that powerful persuader to a retreat—a hot pursuit. Sir Vane was not a merciless antagonist—he gave quarter; and, the heat of the action over, inquired if he was hurt? •Joe answered not, but he looked so like what Sir Vane conceived young Master Mustard-seed, in Shakspeare’s play, should look, that he could not choose but laugh; and knowing how unfailing a remedy for an outward bruise was a guinea, he threw him one; and Joe re-entered his native territories with what he considered a handsome subsidy, more than defraying the war-damages.

Sir Vane then walked into the parlour all over smiles; was warmly welcomed by his brother

Nimrods ; and the roof of Turnstile Hall shook with hearty peals of laughter at the comic incidents of the morning, which Sir Vane recounted in his own humorous manner. After dinner, the dog who had maltreated his wig was presented, and rebaptized Tory—*vice* Vixen—Sir Vane himself playing the part of minister on the occasion, in which he ludicrously mimicked Dr. Tantivy, a sporting vicar, who was present, with some of the esquirely sheep of his flock—not, as their spiritual shepherd, arrayed in sober canonicals, but in a hunting-cap and scarlet frock, and looking more like a whipper-in than a clergyman.

Sir Vane was, by this time, what he termed “midway between Dover and Calais”—that is to say “half-seas over,” and began to roar most boisterously for a song. Ardent was the man called upon, and after having a brace of bumpers almost forced down his throat, by way of clearing it, complied with the call, sang a favourite ballad of Sir Vane’s in capital style, and met with all the applause the jovial meeting could award him. He had half a hundred hands to shake, was overwhelmed with compliments, and received dinner invitations to all quarters of the county. A poor poet, if he had not been a proud one, could not have been in better company ; nor could a company, however good, have entertained a better guest. Sir Vane was proud of his call, and the

complier; and, as well as an intermittent hiccup would permit, next enforced Sir Sampson for a stave, and set the delicate knight a good example by previously singing one himself—loud, lusty-lunged, and lengthy—full of praises of women and wine, with an enlivening chorus. Sir Sampson, in *Miss* sentimental way, then indulged the company with a markish set of verses, written by himself in graceful imitation of “Songs by a Person of Quality”—beginning

“ Pretty Delia, free as fair,
Mock not at my silvery hair!
Dainty Delia, you should know,
Roses, in the Winter, blow
Under wreaths of silvery snow.”

Sir Vane yawned audibly—the company visibly, and set poor Sir Sampson down as “a put.” Dr. Tantivy restored the harmony and hilarity of the “merry men all” by giving out the three first and four following verses of the “*Vicar and Moses*” in admirable imitation of an inimical Dissenting cobbler, well-known in the county—which were gone through with all possible gravity. The song and the toast then went vociferously round, and every Hark-forward, Hey-Towler, and Tally-ho roared his loudest. Dozen after dozen of the best came up and went down, the god of quaffers only regulated how rapidly, and knew where, till only half a dozen were left sitting—the rest of the pack

being under the table. Sir Vane rode his seat with a great deal of dexterity, though he occasionally exhibited symptoms of vertigo, or what he termed "a propensity for ground-tumbling."

The merriment of an hour was the drunkenness of Sir Sampson. He had carried himself very coyly and charily through the heat of the engagement; but Sir Vane plied him so closely for his own private amusement, and so often insisted upon his "Drinking his glass like a man, and not like a lapping puppy!" that the soft Knight, who behaved himself decorously enough while he remained on his guard, and kept up his garb of gentility, now swore like a gentleman and a man of spirit, as Sir Vane insisted that he should; and when he could no longer articulate, he was carried off by Snacks and Joey to a truckle-bed in Attica--Sir Vane's classical designation for the region of the garrets.

The host then ordered in another dozen, but was informed that all the claret was drunk out. It was impossible!--it was a dishonourable trick of Mrs. Patience Vagary's to dissolve the meeting! He snatched a candlestick--for the candle was burnt out--determined to inspect the cellars; I seized the opportunity to conduct him to his chamber, which we reached after a few falls, and much persuasive force and pacifying cajolery, being obliged to blow out the candle which I took myself, that he

might not perceive that I was leading him up-stairs instead of down. Fortunately, he had forgotten the object of his journey before we had concluded the second flight of stairs, in mounting which we stumbled over Joe, who, having imitated his lord and master in drinking just as much as he could get, had 'dropped' asleep in a corner of the landing-place. "Did yo—you—ev—ever see—see me—I say, did you ever—see—see me—get drunk—yo—yo—you swinish—yo—young puppy?" demanded Sir Vane, slowly and carefully, with all proper precision of speech, feeling perhaps that it was a query not to be hastily put, as much depended upon the answer. "Ye—yes—your honour and worship," candidly hiccupped Joe, deliberately and conscientiously. Sir Vane proffered him a kick for his candour, which Joe, who knew what sort of soles went to his boots, very wisely and advisedly declined: a well-seasoned old bannister was, instead of Joe, dislodged from a station which it had held ever since the erection of Turnstile Hall, three centuries ago. And then the roaring, roistering Sir Vane was gotten to his bed, "all by the break of day:" whilst I and Ardent walked up to the hills, to behold the beauty of the morning and talk of books, poets, and their poetry.

Thus, at the beginning of another, ended a day at Turnstile Hall.

THE COCK, THE FOX, AND FARM YARD DOG:

AN APOLOGUE.

A Cock, the pride of the farm, and conqueror of all feathered rivals in his neighbourhood, was quietly roosting in a barn, surrounded by his wives and chicklings, and, as he thought, well secured against all inroads from without, when his attention, not yet asleep, was drawn to a snuffling sort of noise made by some intrusive nose thrust under the barn-door, accompanied by a stealthy scratching up of the earth at the barn-door sill.

"Hilloa! who comes so late, to disturb these peaceful hours, sacred to sleep and silence?" demanded the Cock.

"It is I!—What, don't you know me?"

"No—who are you?"

"Why, Scout, the farm-yard dog," replied, not honest Scout, but a felonious Fox, on the prowl for poultry.

"Oh! is it you?" cried the Cock: "Well, good Scout, what is your business with me?"

The wily Fox, chuckling with delight that his imposition had so easily gained credit, hypocritically replied—"I know, neighbour, that you wake hourly; and as I have orders to fetch up a flock for our good master at midnight, will you have the kindness to announce that time a little earlier than usual, if I should be caught napping?"

"Certainly, friend Scout," answered the Cock, "you may depend upon me. But stop a moment: why did you not ask me to perform this act of neighbourly kindness when I met you on the common to-day behind our master's sheep?"

"Indeed," replied the Fox, "I was somewhat remiss; but I was then employed in counting the heads of the flock, and if I had stopped to speak to you, it might have put me out, you know."

"True. Well, well," said the Cock, seemingly satisfied, "then at midnight I will call you up. So now good night, neighbour, good night! for I must not disturb my dear wives and chickens at this unreasonable hour by further conversation."

The Fox then pretended to retire, but skulked still in the neighborhood of the barn.

"If my senses did not deceive me," ruminated the Cock, who began to "smoke the plot," "that was not honest Scout, our dog, but some ruffianly Fox, who thought to surprise me and mine? But I fancy that I have lived as long in the world as he,

and am almost as knowing. I call him up! I'll see him—but no matter.” And thus resolving he settled himself once more upon his perch, and resumed his doze. Two hours had elapsed, and it was a little past the hour of midnight, when the feathered monarch was again disturbed by the same snuffling noise and scratching below the barn-door.

“Who comes now?” demanded the Cock, in an angry tone of voice.

“I—Scout!” replied Reynard.

“Your business now, good fellow?”

“Those who have it in their power to confer favours have very short memories. You clean forgot, neighbour, to call me at midnight!”

“How know you that?” asked the Cock, sharply.

“Why, I was awake, and listened,” replied he of the brush.

“Ho, so were you?” said the Cock: “Then it is plain you did not want me to wake you.”

Reynard was here somewhat wanting in his accustomed shrewdness; but recovering his presence of mind immediately, he remarked, “I was curious to see how much one might depend upon the good offices of a neighbour in the hour of need.”

“But,” rejoined the Cock as quickly, “I was not as sure and certain that you were the honest

fellow you represented yourself to be. If you are indeed Scout, my master's dog, let me hear you bark, for I should know his voice from a thousand, and then I shall be satisfied."

This reasonable request threw Reynard into a complete quandary, for bark he could not, not being of the barking breed of foxes. However, that he might not altogether betray himself by refusing to comply with so simple a demand, he commenced a sort of imitative growl, nothing like a bark, and then apologized for so miserable a failure by pretending to have a cold, and wishing to avoid waking the family of the Cock.

"It is very well!" said Chanticleer, sarcastically; "I am convinced that you are—what you were born to be!"—plainly insinuating that he was no better than he should be, and much more fox than dog. "It is true," continued the Cock, "that I did not announce the midnight hour: I left it to my son, who——"

"Ha! have you a son?" interrupted Reynard with eagerness. He was answered in the affirmative. 。

"And is he as dignified in carriage, as splendid in plumage, and as renowned for courage, as his princely father?" inquired the Fox, rolling his tongue round his cheek.

The Cock, tickled by this well-flavoured flattery, though he despised the creature who offered it,

pompously replied, "My son is worthy of his father and his father's fathers!"—and he gave a conceited crow.

"And does he fulfil the quaint but vulgar proverb, 'As the old Cock crows so crows the young one!'" asked Reynard.

"To the letter," answered the feathered old fool.

"What! and is his voice as lofty as thine, as capable of waking the world, and as musical?"

"Not perhaps so musical," answered the Cock, swelling with pride; "nor so lofty, and capable of waking the world from its idle slumbers; but, nevertheless, there is not a bird from hence to Barbary who can boast of nobler powers!"

"I feel that I am becoming interested in this promising representative of so noble a lineage. May I not behold this prodigy of princely birds?" requested Reynard.

"Not now—not now: he is at roost under his dear mother's wing: some other time you shall pay your respects."

"Well, well!" said the Fox, "some other time be it, then."

During this conversation the Fox had plied his paws diligently, and was fast working a hole under the barn-door large enough to give him entrance, which the wary king of fowls had not failed to observe, and was prepared, in case of necessity, to

rouse up and drive his feathered family, on the instant, to a higher station, out of the reach of Reynard, admirable glimber as he was.

But there was a faithful friend and protector at hand to avert the worst—no other than honest Scout himself, who had overheard the entire dialogue; had witnessed with ill-restrained indignation the bungling attempts of the impostor to assume his name and nature; had laughed contemptuously at his ridiculous endeavours to imitate his own full-mouthed bark; had smiled in pity at the vanity of his foolish old friend, the Cock, who could relish flattery even from a detected foe; and who was then waiting to defeat the enterprise of the notorious enemy of the feathered race, and punish his temerity.

This faithful guardian, with scarcely less skill and craft than Reynard himself would have shewn in circumventing his prey, had approached him with such stealthy steps, and had taken up such a position of attack, as made escape impossible, when, finding the Fox perfectly in his power, he suddenly broke silence with this indignant strain of invective:—"Thou arch impostor, villain, liar, robber, and midnight murderer!—now art thou fairly caught in the snare intended for another!"

This rough and sudden salutation made the Fox to start aghast; and he was preparing to steal away, but he saw that escape was impossible.

His wit, however, never failing him at a pinch, he began protesting, in a tone of affected levity, that, having indulged too freely in some fine ripe grapes at the Squire's, the delicious, delicious juice had disposed him for a frolic—"Nothing more," he assured the farm-yard guardian, "upon his honour and reputation!"

At this piece of assurance, Scout, who had a spice of humour in his composition, could not refrain from laughing; and Chanticleer himself, amused with the impudence of Master Reynard, might be heard chuckling also.

"Thy honour and reputation!" reiterated Scout, satirically: "Why, thou art reputed for the veriest purloiner and commonest pilferer of these parts! And as for thy word of honour, it would not get thee credit for a bunch of grapes if thou wert to offer thy brush as a pawn for it!—But I have much better employment than parleying with a knave of thy kidney: so, rascal, prepare for the worst that may befall thee!"

And, saying this, he sprung at the trembling culprit, crouching with conscious guilt to the earth, and at the first bite the piercing teeth of the courageous dog met through his throat. The struggle was not long; for Reynard, being somewhat feeble from age, was no match for an antagonist in the prime of youth and strength, and in a minute he lay dead at his feet.

“Don’t you kill him, Scout, but just open the door, and leave him to me,” called out the Cock, with his usual conceit.

“Do not disturb yourself, I beg,” said Scout : “he wants none of your killing : he’s dead enough by this time, I’ll warrant him !”

“Is he, by St. Peter !”—and the Cock crew as triumphantly as if he had partaken in the contest. As for honest Scout, he kept guard over the fallen foe till the morning light broke in, and revealed to his generous master the watchfulness he had maintained, and the victory he had won over the enemy of the farm-yard population.

Beware of him who assumes a disguise, and lurks in the dark : beware of his pretensions, for they are lies—of his flatteries, for they are lures.

GAIETIES AT GRAVESEND.

THE VOYAGE.

“TWADDLE,” said Snubbs to me, the other evening, as we sat making the punch to our liking. “was you ever at Gravesend?”

“Well,” I replied, “as far as I can recollect, if I must confess so much, I don’t think that I can safely say that I ever was. Why?”

My Readers will understand that I am indebted to no less a person than Mr. Twaddle, one of the party concerned in this excursion to Gravesend, for this very descriptive account of so remarkable a chapter in the History of Adventure. Mr. Twaddle, my Readers will soon discover, is of that original order of writers who have a peculiar diction and an inimitable stock of idioms of their own; but when once they begin to understand him, his amiable gaiety, and the profundity of his gravity, will grow upon them, and eventually amuse, delight, and inform them. “The proper study of Mankind is Man,” says the moral poet. Jones is Man; and Mr. Twaddle seems to me to have studied him very diligently: he has “minded his” Jones, not his “book,” as Dilworth directs; and I think my Readers will agree with me that he has given a very capital, artist-like, psychological whole-length portrait of that eccentric,

"Now, why the deuce, Twaddle," cried Snubbs, "couldn't you say yes or no!—Con-found you, one would think you were in the witness-box, answering questions before judge and jury, with an Old Bailey barrister watching the moment when to trip you up! But that is the worst of you—you will not come to the point at once, and in few words!"

"Well, then, if I must reveal my ignorance, I never was at Gravesend." "I confessed 'the cape,' as Grumio did.

"Then it is high time that you went there. How you do bury yourself alive! And all for what? To save twenty pounds out of an income of a thousand a year, which you do not enjoy to anything like the tune of five hundred! What is

but, all things considered, excellent young person, Jones. At the same time he has not forgotten Snubbs; and though the portrait of that remarkable man is only, as it were, etched, there is still enough of likeness in it to let you know who is the person intended. I should surmise that my friend Snubbs is well known in the City. If he is not, he deserves to be.

The Reader will find, in a volume called "*Glances at Life*," a former communication of Mr. Twaddle's, giving as faithful a record of a trip which the same friendly party made "*To Richmond &c*,"—in which the character of Mr. Jones and the characteristics of Mr. Snubbs are quite as pleasantly sketched, etched, and shadowed forth. Properly to enjoy this second communication of Mr. T.'s, the Reader should peruse the first, as he will then more fully appreciate the powers of his faithful pen, which, if it sometimes misses to make its mark, and sometimes splutters a little, is accurate and graphical in general.

the use of all your toiling and moiling, if you have not health?—and when I look at your parchment-like skin, you seem to me not to have much of that to boast of. Why don't you do as I do—get out of smoky London, and rinse your lungs well with wholesome draughts of pure, fresh air? What is wealth when wanting health? There is no making a thousand a-year after the sexton has thrust his grave divining-rod into the ground to find out a vacant nine feet of earth to bury you in.”

I listened calmly to my friend Mr. Snubbs, for I knew his way, and let him have it. He is a well-informed person in general, but, as it happened, in this particular fact of my income, he was not exactly correct, for it is somewhat more. But no matter. To appease him, however, I said “Now don't utter another word of reproach,”—for I saw that he was in one of his snubbing humours;—“I will go to Gravesend when you please, and how you please.”

“There, now,” said he, “that's spoken like a man and a citizen!”

“But,” I suggested, “is not that celebrated watering-place not quite so fashionable as frequented—in short, is it not, if I may say it, a *lectle* low?”

“Oh, my lord High-and-Mighty!” he broke out: “what! you are beginning to toss your head, and affect——”

"Now, don't be so very severe! Really——"
—I was about to excuse myself, but he interrupted me.

"I tell you what, Twaddle, I've no patience with you!—Give me the lemon, do!"—and he shewed evident signs of excessive irritation.

I promptly replied, and deservedly, I think, "I am at all justified in making such a remark, I must say, Mr. Snubbs, that you seem to me to have had quite enough of the lemon already."

"Sir!" said he, firing up like a furnace.

"What has, all in a moment, so soured your temper?" I demanded; and, feeling my dignity as a Ward-deputy assailed, I stood upon the defensive.

"Pooh!" said he, impatiently; and snuffing the candles, put one out, and then pushed the snuffers and tray off the table.

"Really, Mr. Snubbs," I was on the point of saying, "when I reflect——"

"You reflect!" he retorted.

I could bear his temper no longer. "Mister John, Snubbs——"

"Don't Mister me, Sir!" he abruptly interrupted: "Hand me the lemon-squeezer—do!"

I handed it to him, hoping to allay his evident irritability by the readiness of my condescension. It was lost upon him. I have often thought that I don't know whether any one has much to thank

his stars for who has the fortune to have a man of genius for his friend, persons of rare intellect are so much in the habit of treating all other persons, when below them, so cavalierly—stand so much upon their superiority—and make their poor friends feel so frequently the difference there is between them. However, I endeavoured not to rebel; and to turn his anger aside, I said, good-humouredly, “Come, now, Snubbs, don’t be so crusty! Stir the fire”—he did, but rather severely, as I thought;—“light your cigar”—he lit it;—“and I’ll give you a toast *and* sentiment.”

“Oh, with all my heart!” said he, but still a little sulkily.

“Well, then—‘Here’s may we have in our arms what we love in our hearts!’—a favourite toast of my Lord Chesterfield’s.”

“Hah!” he remarked, laughing ironically, “I know what would be in *your* arms in *that* case.”

I was curious to know what, and I accordingly inquired.

“Either the Mint or the Bank,” he answered, “for I can safely say that you love nothing so much as gold.”

“I love nothing but gold!” I exclaimed, in astonishment at so barefaced an assertion.

“Yes, that is your god! I assert it! And if

ever there should again be another political *run* for it, I know who will be first in at the whipping-post."

I had made up my mind not to be offended with his sarcasms, so I laughed. Even that did not please him.

"D—n it, Twaddle," he cried out, "it is quite provoking that there is no ~~guzzling~~ you ! But, there—I forgive you !"

"Because you have tried to offend *me* and I wouldn't be offended—eh ?" I put in, by way of a poke in *his* ribs.

"Well, well, let it pass ! The punch is good— isn't it ?" he inquired, good-humouredly.

"Capital !" I confessed—it would have been a sin to have denied it.

"And you'll go to Gravesend, like a good boy ?"

"Well, I don't know—why, yes, decidedly so."

"When ?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"Agreed, *nem. con.* I'll name the party. Sister Fanny, Mrs. Jones, Jones, his brother Tom, Wilson, and Tomlins : they will all be ready and willing to go with us at a moment's notice. *They* are wise enough not to put off pleasure till a rainy day, 'but take it while 'tis May,' as some poet says. By the bye, I think *I* have said it somewhere ? I

beg pardon for quoting myself, though it is becoming very fashionable, and a very self-patronizing fashion it is."

"A very nice party," I remarked; "we shall be very happy!"

"Yes, I hope so. But ah, Twaddle, now indeed we miss *one* ~~who~~ ^{who} would have been, happy with us! Poor ~~Miss~~ ^{Miss} Fatima! How *she* would have jumped to be one of the party! But she is gone to Gravesend before us!"

I do not hesitate to say that I started at so untimely a jest; but, remembering my friend Snubbs's inveterate infirmity of humour, which would prompt him to have his joke if *he* died for it, or anybody else, I passed it over "in solemn silence." He had touched a tender chord in my bosom, however, and it responded to the touch. Miss Fatima Snubbs was to have been Mrs. Tomlinson Twaddle: but she is no more! Peace to her *manes*!—If I recur for a moment to my loss upon that melancholy occasion, my passion will, I trust, bear me out in exclaiming, as I did, "Angelic girl! I shall never forget her! So happy as we might have been! I with an improving business, which might have been so much extended with the assistance her annuity of five hundred pounds a year would have afforded! She—— It was indeed a severe loss!"

Snubbs started at these words, and glanced at

me one of his penetrating looks. "Which was the severe loss? My sister, or the annuity?" he inquired.

"Both," I exclaimed, and I burst into a passion of sorrow. Snubbs wept with me, and we tenderly mingled our tears for the dear departed; and, when our sorrows had subsided, mixed a stiffish tumbler of punch a-piece, and lighted a fresh cigar, that smoked out, parted good friends.

I am thus particular in detailing this extraordinary scene, and playing so accurately my humble part of Boswell to *my* Johnson, Snubbs, because hereafter it is by no means improbable—quite the reverse—pretty certain, that these very minute traits of the character of so remarkable a person as JOHN SNUBBS will be greedily remembered, and devoured with avidity.

Accordingly, as was appointed, the next morning, as early as seven o'clock, a meeting and muster of my dear young friends took place at my house in the neighbourhood of Cornhill, where I had the honour of giving them a truly substantial English breakfast, by way of foundation for the arduous enjoyments of the day. At eight o'clock, all being ready, the hackney-coach No. 1299 was hired and driven up to my door. I was particular in taking the number, because it is quite remarkable that the driver was neither drunk nor abusive

—charged only the regular fare, neither more nor less—and having to give change, what was more remarkable than all, all of it was good, pure current coin of the realm!—circumstances these so uncommon, that they seemed like happy omens of a day of unalloyed delight and pleasure.

This was all very well; but as a hackney-coach could not contain ~~all~~ crammed close, more than six thin insides, what was to be done with eight of us, and two of that number particularly stout—namely, Snubbs and myself? Snubbs, always prompt and ready with expedients, soon settled that difficulty by bidding me mount the coach-box, which I did, when, would you believe it? he put up the steps and banged to the coach-door with all the skill and off-handishness of a thorough-bred flunky; and then, to crown all, leapt up behind, caught at and didn't miss the leather straps that dangled there, and giving honest Jarvis the order of route—"Tower Wharf, Jarvey!"—off we rolled, and pitched, and rattled, in high hackney style! I must say that I watched the assumption of my friend Snubbs with considerable interest and admiration—his imitation of the nonchalance and easy idleness of the footman was so fine and true, as he stood bolt upright behind, swaying from side to side with the motion of the coach, with his cherry walking-stick elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, all the while affecting the airs and graces

of a plush-breechesed gentleman of the West End. It was a sight to see! The representation was perfection itself: the late Mr. Mathews could not have been truer to Nature. But Mr. Snubbs, while he is an inimitable humorist, is also a close observer of men and manners, which accounts for the same. When we arrived at St. Magnus' church, (the handsome porch of ~~the church~~ I was sorry to observe blocked up and shut in by the wall of the new wharf, with no good reason for it that I can see,) Snubbs dropped from behind, with all the agility of a harlequin, let down the steps, and holding up his arm to support the ladies, finished his impersonation of the footman with all the gravity in the world, and the greatest truth to fashionable nature. Though I sometimes find something to censure in Snubbs, it is, and I do not hesitate to confess it, an honour to know him! It is proper to say that he made us all very merry; and even Jones, who is, in general, jealous of superior merit, laughed extremely well upon this occasion. As for the porter at the wharf-gate, he stared with all his eyes when he saw the inferred footman out of livery, after putting up the steps, put the ladies' arms under his, and walk off with them! "Well, if ever I saw anything like that!" exclaimed the Cerberus;—"I could have taken my halfadavy that he was a regular Johnny, and could have guessed what was his board-wages! Well, there's

no knowing a man from his master now, times are so altered !” Snubbs enjoyed his perplexity very much, and deservedly.

In a few moments our party were safely got on board the *Pearl* steamer, a nice-looking boat, with a good reputation, and just on the point of sailing, or, rather, steaming away for Gravesend. My young friends, ~~and I~~, required a little of my guidance, for they were about to take their seats in the fore part of the vessel, and nothing than that can be more decidedly ungentee—~~in fact~~, low. I put them right by remarking that “The afterpart of a steamer is where the Aristocracy associate.”

“Oh, by all manner of means,” said Snubbs, tossing his head in a mocking way, “let us keep among the *Harrystockracy*, as Twaddle calls the superfine people !”

“I called them ?—Well, perhaps I did,” I replied. “One hears the *H* so often left out in words which it begins, by our Cockney economizers of the Alphabet, that to throw it in occasionally where it should not be is only fair, and agreeable to what scientific men call the law of compensation.” Snubbs smiled at my facetiousness, and it is a feather in one’s cap to make Snubbs smile.

To turn to graver matters. I could not but observe a particular uneasiness, a nervousness in Jones, as soon as he set foot on board. He fidgetted,

and shifted about, and could settle nowhere. He was standing immediately over the engine—the last place in the world where a man with his apparent nerves should have got—when, the steam being set on, the monstrous machinery gave a plunge like twenty elephants leaping down a precipice; and the *Pearl* seemed as though it would go where pearls come from, ~~broken~~ under the stupendous pressure of its ninety-horse-power engine. Jones, startled and terrified, leaped from the spot as though he had been shot; and scuttled off as fast and as far as his legs could carry him—to the extreme stern-end of the vessel!—I wondered so much what was the matter with him, that I followed him, and found him—doing what?—holding tight by the wheel!

“What ails you, Jones?” I inquired, with concern. “Good heavens! you look as white as your ducks.”

“Oh, nothing,” answered he, shaking all the while from head to foot, “only a sort of—I really think that one of the eggs I took at breakfast was not well boiled, I do feel so uncommonly uncommon!”

“Jones,” said I, impressively, “don’t attempt to deceive *me*! The fact is—and I read it in your face as legibly as I can read anything in the *Times*—you are in fear for your personal safety!

That is the hard-boiled egg which disagrees with you."

"Well," said he, humbly and imploringly, "don't tell *that* Snubbs, and I will freely confess to you, as a friend, that the novelty of the scene; the mighty waters under us; the forest of masts above us; the commercial greatness of my country; the roar of the steam-engine; the volumes of smoke and the sparks of fire from the chimney; the sight of the great guns at the Tower, which might go off by accident, you know; and the excessive quantity of gin-punch which I last night indulged in at our club, do make me, I allow, a little I-don't-know-how-ish: this is so different, you see, to going to Richmond by water—a'n't it now, to speak candidly?" (I confessed that it was.) "I shall get over these little impressions presently, and be as brave as a lion!" ["A *white* lion," thinks I to myself.] "Now, don't tell Snubbs," he continued, "or I shall never hear the last of it! Nor Mrs. Jones—pray don't, 'Twaddle, there's a dear, kind, considerate, beloved friend!"

I was satisfied, rather than not, at finding that Jones really stood in awe of Snubbs—(so often as he had said that "He didn't care a fig for him—not he!")—because he bore me out in the same reverential fear. As for telling Mrs. Jones that the husband of her bosom was subject to a sort of timidity, far be it from me! It might have made

her unhappy for life: for women, I observe, never forget, if they forgive, anything like an exhibition of cowardice in the opposite sex.

At that moment, all being ready for starting, the fifty horses gave a more violent plunge; the roaring chimney threw out sparks of fire and volumes of smoke enough to daunt a Nelson, much more a Jones; the hawsers were ~~thrown off~~; the gangways drawn ashore, and away went the *Pearl* like an arrow! Poor Jones! I never shall forget him! He was in an agony of apprehension! He clung as tight as a trivet to the tiller, till the man at the wheel forced his hands away with a scowl and an oath! He then looked behind him, aghast, as it were, and beheld the Tower apparently running one way and the steamer another; the rapidity with which we flew past all objects confused his sight and his senses; the enormous engine kept thump-thump-thumping as if it would knock everybody overboard; the smoke, blown astern by the wind, choked and blinded him; he got up—he sat down again, repeatedly;—at last he could stand it no longer; he jumped up—stared wildly about him—his senses reeled—his face turned whiter and whiter—his knees knocked—(and he is by nature a little knock-kneed)—he staggered along the deck to get somewhere, he did not care where—he saw the cabin-ladder—tumbled, more than walked down it, and, by a peculiar instinct, found that it was

exactly where what he wanted was to be had—brandy!—I followed him with all the tenderness of a tried friend, and persuaded him to take a glass, neat as imported. I never saw him so tractable! He listened to my persuasions patiently—got down a bumper of brandy as well as he could, for his hands trembled, his lips quivered, his teeth chattered, and his tongue seemed to have lost its toper-like expertness in giving a glass of liquor the usual somerset which expedites it down. It was surprising how soon the brandy revived him! He then, at my request, laid down all along upon the cabin-seat to compose himself. I felt his pulse—it grew firmer—the colour came slowly into his face again, and he was a new man! Then, and not till then, I left him, to look after the rest of my party.

“What *was* the matter with that gentleman?” asked twenty kindly-curious persons when I came upon deck.

“Oh,” I said, “he is subject to a vertiginous complaint—that’s all.”

“A what?” exclaimed several of the persons—“What’s that?”—and they looked in each other’s faces, and then in mine; but I was in no humour to explain—indeed, people should know these things for themselves. Very extraordinary!—not one of our party had observed poor Jones’s peculiar condition, which was so much the better for him.

I found them all as lively as shrimps before they know what getting into hot water is—all, excepting Mrs. Jones, who, like her husband, was rather qualmish, and asked me whether it was usual to be sea-sick in going to Gravesend?

Snubbs answered, "Yes, it is usual; and, indeed, it is expected of all landsmen and landswomen: but it is quite optional. By the bye, where's Jones all this while? Why, we must have left him behind us? Or else he is lost, stolen, or strayed?"

I put on a white-lying face, and said he was, I believed, a little poorly in the after-cabin.

"The land-lubber!" cried Snubbs; and he was preparing to start to "start" him: but I restrained his impetuous spirit. I could not help remarking that while Miss Fanny Snubbs immediately rose up to go and see whether he was ill, and she could comfort him, or render him any assistance, Mrs. Jones, on the contrary, sat stock still as a stone! How strange—how inexplicable is human affection! That wicked wit, Snubbs, read in my face, notwithstanding it lied so respectably, that there was something very unusual in Jones's long absence, and down he darted to the cabin. Fortunately, the brandy had, by this time, done its duty—Jones was perfectly recovered, and sat up as pert as a pearmonger! There was, to be sure, a certain "interesting paleness" in his face, as my Lord

Byron says ; but his trepidation was clean gone, or else he had the art to conceal it from Snubbs, from whom he knew he should meet with no mercy. Snubbs scrutinized him very carefully, and looked not a little disappointed when he saw that all was in some sort right, with poor Jones, except his pallid look.

“What makes you ~~look~~ so pale, Jones?” he inquired.

“Eh? pale? Oh, ah, I know—that old sailor on the Wharf with no legs—carried away by a chain-shot, and never returned—so horrid, you know—my antipathy—always makes me pale to see a man without legs—it must be so inconvenient—eh?” And Jones winked at me to say nothing ; and accordingly, as Snubbs could not laugh at him, he laughed with him. We then walked up to the deck ; and though Jones seemed to feel a slight return of his nervousness, it soon wore off, and he faced the funnel, even stood for a minute over the engine, and looked down upon its mighty legs and arms, kicking and sprawling and tossing about, with something like a steady set of nerves. Snubbs, I could perceive, watched him ; but though he suspected a rat, he could not discern where it was, nor of what colour it was.

We were by this time far down the Pool. It is a perplexing passage, and not very picturesque :

and yet there is something extremely interesting—nay, almost sublime, in that narrow sea ! I felt it was so—for it inspired me. “Commerce,” I exclaimed, “may here proudly hold up her head, and cry ‘See what I have done’ for mankind ! Behold these navies, of my creating ; this busy industry, which I direct ; these shores, spread with merchandize ; these piles of buildings, costly, if not handsome ; this wealth of all the world gathered here in huge heaps, to be spread abroad again, and return, and re-return”—[“Not an allowable duplication of syllables, according to Lindley Murray,” cried Snubbs]—“To return, then,” I resumed, “in some other form, the work of ingenious human hands, till every mighty mass mounts, and spreads, and, still accumulating, stands a pyramid of diamond, not stone, and makes our Thames a more abundant Nile, its gravel gold——”

“There you are dabbling among the gold again, Twaddle !” cried Snubbs, who had, as I thought, been listening admiringly ; but you never can depend upon his temper. Poets are, I believe, the most jealous of geniuses ; and they cannot help it. Now Jones, I will say that for him, in a better spirit, hung with evident rapture on what I said—forgot himself, and thought only of the glory of his country, and of me, its inadequate apostro-

phizer. Snubbs, too, was himself silent, but thoughtful, for some time after; and I have no doubt of a sonnet forthcoming some day, as the result of his private meditations. At that moment, by a curious coincidence, a remarkable, pale, thin young gentleman—quite an oddity in his dress and the sum total of his appearance—passed by us with an Annual in his hand, his forefinger between the gilt leaves. He bowed to Snubbs, and Snubbs dittoed to him.

“Who is that?” we all asked.

“Oh, a sonnetteer of my acquaintance,” said Snubbs.

Mrs. Jones, who had been looking another way, turned round, exclaiming “A sonnetteer!—La, what’s that?—How I should like to see a sonnetteer!” she continued, as *naïvely* and great-gurlishly as though she was still in the “La, Pa!” period of sweet female fifteen. I think Mrs. Jones affects this simplicity; but I may be wrong. I shewed her the sonnetteer, and described him to her—as a poet: she seemed quite disappointed! There appeared, to her, to be no difference between Mr. Jones and a poet—except that Jones had the cleanest waistcoat of the two, and had combed his hair that morning, and brushed his hat.

By this time we were off Greenwich Hospital; and here again Mrs. Jones was disappointed. She

had imagined, simple soul ! that all “ the salt-water *wetteruns* ” (as a snug, little, compact, Cheapside tradesman on her right called them) were uniformly without legs and arms, and indebted to the ship-carpenter and the timber-merchant for their powers of locomotion, &c. ! She was quite taken aback to see some of the ugly old hulks, who were laid up in ordinary, quite capable of “ *sarving* a friend ” (out) and a foe “ too b^y sides,” if need were. As we were taking in passengers at the time, I bade her pay particular attention to the naval specimens she saw lining the shore—some smoking, some joking, and some poking their sticks between the stones, for want of something better to amuse them. Bless the old boys ! And may a generous nation never play the part of a stingy steward in serving out the slops to them !—The old Cheapsider joined-in in explaining these nautical affairs to Mrs. Jones, and, if he could, he would have been eloquent, for he began to talk of “ Nelson, Howe, and Jarvis ; ” but he broke down smack in an apostrophe to the glories of Old England, and “ fumbled for his brains.” However, he was a sociable old fellow enough, and in a short time became quite one of us. He was going to Gravesend, he told us, because he had “ a *darter* ” there. (I am not ashamed to say that I did not know what a *darter* was, till Snubbs informed me—aside.)

"You seem to enjoy a bad state of health, Sir?" said Snubbs to the Cit, with one of his grins upon his face.

"Why, yes, Sir, I am sorry to say that I do," answered old Philpott.

"Ah, exactly so," said Snubbs, looking in his face, which was as yellow as if he had been fed upon oil-cake. "I see what is the matter with you. A box of antilicious pills would——"

"No, Sir," said the old boy, "I don't think I am at all *antilicious*!"

"You seem to know!" said Snubbs; and he turned away to have his laugh out. The old gentleman did not smoke that he was being smoked, and he went on, quite communicative; and in a few minutes we knew who he was—what he was worth—how he got it—where it was—what he meant to do with it—how much he should give with his *darter* Becky—where she was—what was her age—that she was an only child—he a widower—and that he had not a relation in the world. Snubbs became interested, in more senses than one—he who accused me of loving gold before all things! Such is the inconsistency of genius!

Just at this moment I witnessed a remarkable illustration of the truth of the old proverb—"A guilty conscience needs no accuser." Two persons had made themselves particularly

obnoxious by the airs and graces they affected. You would have thought them, at least, a couple of foolish, foppish young cadets of the Hon. E. I. C. S., to look at them--they so strutted and paraded! As we rounded Woolwich Point two guns were fired close together from the shore. "Slap! Bang!" cried Snubbs, alluding, of course, to the separate reports of the guns. The two strutting persons, taking his exclamation in quite another signification, started, turned round upon him, looked at him as though they meant to eat him, coughed, coloured up, and suddenly strode away. "So ho!" cried Snubbs, in sportsman-like style, "So ho! A find! Twaddle, look! Don't you know 'em?" I declined that honour. "Why," he continued, "they're the two first waiters of the 144th Boiled Beef-house in the Old Bailey, beginning from Ludgate Hill! So ho! Hark forward! Yoicks! So! Stole away!" I looked as he directed, and the force of Snubbs's just discrimination of character flashed conviction upon my mind! I knew them sure enough! It was Sam and it was Tom, the principal waiters at the house alluded to: Sam, who always forgets your fourpence change, because he "Thought he had given it you?" and Tom, who always charges you sixpence too much, because he "Thought you took tart!" Their indulgence in these trips of pleasure

may perhaps account for their slips of memory. However, they behaved themselves modestly after this rencontre.

We were now off Woolwich Warren. "Pray, Sir," said the twenty-thousand-pounder to Snubbs, "as you seem to be a very well-informed young man, what is a warren?"

"Why," said Snubbs, "I believe it is a place appropriated to rockets, rabbits, and Royal Artillerymen." The old gentleman bowed; and Snubbs, rolling his tongue round, went on with his rogueries: but he very soon found out that he had got hold of what is fashionably called a bore, and a very dull one.

As we progressed along, the simple old fellow, glancing out of the cabin-window, observed that a part of the crew were employed in bringing up the ashes in baskets from the regions below, and throwing them overboard. A long black line of refuse marked our good ship's way among the briny waters. "That must half p'ison the white-bait!" remarked the worthy man; and he seemed to feel a concern highly becoming, I must say, in a citizen of London (which is tantamount to being a citizen of the world) for the health and well-being of those interesting inhabitants of the watery world. "Lord love you, Sir, no," said a seafaring man, one of the voyagers, who had promiscuously overheard the remark, "it don't p'ison 'em, poor

things, but, I believe, it doesn't do 'em not no good at all: 'cause, you see, it drops into their eyes, which are rather delicate, and sets 'em a winking, which, in course, gives 'em cold, and that gives 'em the bopthalmy, you 'know, so that they can't very well see what they're about, and where they're a-going to. And that's one reason why shrimps is cotched hereabouts at the rate of thruppence a pint!"—And the seafaring man rolled his quid round one side of his face, and winked at Snubbs, who wanted no such significant signification that he was cracking a joke solely at the old gentleman's expense. "Well," said Snubbs, to humour the seafaring man, "I heard, only the other day—last Friday was a week, I believe—that a flounder, blinded by these same ashes, or ashes very like them, and not seeing where he was driving, ran full butt against a sole, who feeling his superior dignity offended by such an indignity, roared out 'Who are you, I should very much like to know? Can't you mind where you're a-going to?' Upon which the flounder, quite sorry for the inadvertency, making a wry mouth, said 'I beg your pardon; but really them there steamers' ashes so darkened my daylights, that I didn't see where I was a-coming.'" The worthy citizen looked as though he did not believe in all this; but when the seafaring gentleman assured him that "It was as true as a last dying speech and confes-

sion," he seemed to make up his mind to believe every word of it.

I never went on board a steamer but I observed that there were always a certain sort and set of people who seemed to think of nothing but dancing: while on the other hand there were others who gave up their whole souls to eating and drinking. The heels of the dancing persons were as restless as ever upon this occasion; and though it was unusual to dance during the voyage out, dance they would, and did. In no time at all *pardoners*, as they called them, were selected, and off they went to the old tune of "Sir Roger de Coverley." From country dances the transition is now easy to waltzes; and from these again to *quodreels*, as they were called. Jones, during this interregnum, was "himself again"—for if there is anything in which he excels it is in "tripping it lightly as you go." Tomlins also took part in these hilarities; while Wilson looked on and enjoyed the scene. Snubbs, too, went down the first dance; but, being "fat, and scant of breath," he stood out when waltzes were called. As for Fanny, delightful girl! she was the life and soul of the affair, as usual; and several young gentlemen voyagers were, I observed, with pleasure, competitors for her fair hand. Mrs. Jones positively refused to join the dance—and why?—"Because she feared that dancing might capsize the ship!"

The ball was kept up with spirit, and Time danced too. The sky had some minutes before grown overcast, and now the thunder muttered up above, the lightning glittered, and the rain came drop, drop, drop, as if the drops were being counted out. As a severe storm was evidently brewing, the voyagers retired one after another into the cabins. There were not many on board, so that there was room for all. The rain now came down in cloudsful—the storm grew terrific—the timid quaked—Jones was again a little nervous, but it gave way under proper treatment and the old remedy—“Brandy and water cold, without.” The storm became darker and darker—the company sat silent and gloomy. In such emergencies there is always some superior spirit that rises superior to the storms of Fate; and, accordingly, who but Tomkins suddenly broke the awful silence by calling out “Order for a song!” It was electric, and operated like a reprieve. The presumption of that Jones is wonderful! He immediately called himself to the chair—he! If it had been Snubbs or myself who had been solicited to take upon either of us the solemn responsibilities of such a station, we might have been excused; but Jones to thrust himself forward in such a forward way! It was highly unbecoming; and I shall always think it so. However, Tomkins was as good as his word, for he immediately struck up “*Oh, no, we never*

mention her ;" which was as promptly followed up by a brother-voyager with "*Oh, yes, we often talk about him,*" being, as I supposed, a sort of sequel to the other. The ice once broken in, song followed song in rapid succession.

A little, whipper-snapper of a fellow, with an impediment in his nose, and a voice like a penny-whistle, then struck up "*O'er Nelson's tomb*" (*tomb* he would have said, but the nasal impediment was not to be overcome, which set Snubbs, who is always too ready with his derision, laughing like mad. After him, up started a little man with a double squint, who had been sitting very quietly in a corner, and looking as if he could see into all the other corners at once: he was big with song; and after a jeering "*Hear! hear!*" from that unfeeling Snubbs, and a call to order from Jones in the chair, (Heaven save the mark!) the squinting gentleman indulged us with

" Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will *pledge* with mine!"

"*You'll do what with them?*" demanded Snubbs, in his sarcastic manner, which set all the convivial cabin in a roar.

There was no end to the little fellows, for after the last little fellow had exhausted himself, the company was much amused by another Lilliputian leaping on the table to give them a recitation from

“King John.” The part he selected for his *débüt* was Faulconbridge. Our heroic representative of that stalwart soldier and generous bastard was four feet and a little bit over in height, with a pair of legs like an old-fashioned pair of bow-legged sugar-tong, or the crooked claws of a lobster. However, he acquitted himself very respectably—save that he did not mind his stops, and was indifferent where he placed his h’s—but I must say that if he omitted them at the beginning of such words as “hide” and “have,” he gave them you before others not so well entitled to them, and was particularly emphatic in the line

“*Has great Halcides shows upon han hass !*”

So that you had them, after all, though not where you would have preferred them. He went on very well, however, till he came to that unfortunate speech for him—

“————— Good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs ?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg !”

When, suiting the action to the word, the little man smote his thigh, it was too much for Snubbs—he could not contain his humour ; and it seemed, indeed, too much for the rest of the company, for an universal titter ran round. Snubbs had, however, the decency, this time, to take himself away ; and as he rushed out of the cabin, he pulled me

out along with him. On the deck his laughter exploded harmlessly, and he then indulged me with a few of his moral reflections.

“It is very odd, Twaddle,” said he, “that if a man has some glaring defect of person which he should rather seek to conceal than make public, his folly prompts him to shew it up—exhibit it—and invite the public gaze! If a man is knock-knee’d, he is sure to take to the stage! If he has a lisp, or an impediment of speech, he gets as soon as he can into a pulpit! If he squints, he is eternally having his portrait painted! If he is bow-legged, he wears tight pantaloons, when loose trowsers would hide his deformity! If he is wanting in nose, he is sure to wear a showy pair of spectacles, which draw your attention to that spot! If he has an abundance of nose, he is always either giving it snuff, or making use of it in some noisy way or other, to draw your notice thitherward—noseward. I remember often meeting a young man in the theatres who had no bridge to his nose: it is very odd, but he always sat sideways on his seat, so that you could not help observing his deformity! My dear Twaddle, you are not too old to become a father: listen to my admonitions! Prevent, if you possibly can, your daughters from squinting or lisping, and your sons from growing up with what I may call *caret* knees, or with legs like a pair of parentheses: for these

defects, if permitted to 'grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength,' are sure to infatuate them with the stage as a profession. I have assisted, as the French say, in my idle days, at some score of private plays, and I never met an amateur Romeo or Juliet who had not one or other of these defects in high perfection—if not some one more provoking. As a general rule, Twaddle, whenever you are so blest as to have a family, keep your children's legs straight, and learn them to look right before them, and they may become useful members of society: reverse the rule, and you make them 'vagabonds according to law.'" I thanked my friend Snubbs for his well-meant, excellent advice, and promised to attend to it.

What odd characters one may meet with even on board a Gravesend steamer! There was one old gentleman who particularly attracted my attention, from the station he had taken on board: for raining as it was, his umbrella up, he had seated himself dangerously, I should say, on "the very head and front," of the boat's figure-head; and when I inquired into his whim for selecting that perilous post, he answered me, impatiently, and rapidly, "Sir, I make it a rule never to lose a moment of time. Time is life, Sir; if you want to make the most of life, make the most of time: never lose a moment! I never do. At home, I'm always the first in bed, and first up. Abroad

I always get first into a theatre, and first out of it. In a steam-boat, I'm first on board, and first ashore. If it was to catch fire, I should be over-board first, and picked up first. If it doesn't catch fire, that's a mercy; or perhaps it's too expensive to burn a boat a day? If we get to the end of our trip, as I'm first man at the fore, I'm first at Gravesend! Never lose time! Time's precious! I speak words of four-syllables in half the time you would words of two—quick—sharp—short—speak short-hand! No drawl—never lose time! Time's money—save it! I do! Always do two things at once! I do! Shave and give orders for dinner—shave and scold the children—shave and turn the cat out! Breakfast and hear Jack's lesson for the day—read Paper—write letters—cast up accounts, yesterday's—pull on right boot between cups first and second—left boot between cups third and fourth—crack an egg and break Jack's head for dunce at once! First up from table always! Dinner, tea, supper, the same! Always save time, because it's the way to keep time! Always first in everything! When I was a boy at school always cried 'I'm first!' Now I'm first man—will be first—must be first, because I don't lose time! If Time's out in his reckoning, I'll tell him what's o'clock! Live at No. 1! Am No. 1! Take great care of No. 1! Eh? Um?" What an oddity!

We now returned to the cabin. The "conviviality," as the old citizen termed it, was not at all slackened or abated by our temporary absence. I did—I confess it—expect that, during our vacation, Jones would have proposed our healths; but he was, I fear, too jealous to be so generous. No matter. When we entered, a sentimental young fellow was warbling the new song of —

"We met—'twas in the Pump—'twas in the Pump—the Pump-room, Bath;"

which, as it was softly pathetic, was listened to with the greatest respect; and was followed up by a friend of his with a sort of sequel—

"We parted—about half-past nine:"

also very pathetic, and tear-drawing. That done, an asthmatical old beau whistled out, as well as he could, the particularly tender ballad—

"She lived—I've heard—at No. 10;

He lodged at the next door:"

which was succeeded, very coincidentally, by—

"Oh, yes, I now remember her!

Her name, I think, was Jones?"

—at which Mrs. Jones coloured up like scarlet, naturally enough supposing that she was the identical person included; but I explained away her misapprehension, and set her sensitive mind at ease. Who, then, but Tomlins volunteered to sing—

"I beg you wouldn't mention it;"

which, I must do him the justice to say, drew a tear from every eye, and a handkerchief from every pocket, except that hard-hearted fellow Snubbs : he did nothing but quiz poor Tomlins. A superfine young person, with his hair parted up the centre in the split-herring and dried-salmon fashion, then favoured us again with that tender ballad—

“ Oh, no ! we never mention her.”

“ Spoke ! spoke !” cried several voices, but the objection was overruled. His voice went for nothing, but I was quite struck with the elegance of his pronunciation, it was so unlike that of the other singers present, and was so vast an improvement, indeed, upon the general run of common vulgarities. One couplet particularly pleased me for the elaborate elegance of its delivery :—

“ They tell me she is happy ne-ow,
The ge-ayest or the ge-ay !”—

an elegance not, however, I regret to say, appreciated by the very vulgar persons present. Snubbs being himself called upon for a song, as if in contempt of the tender emotions which the last song had awakened in every bosom, started off with a coarse set of broad-comedy verses, beginning—

“ He tweak’d, and I tweak’d,
But he’d the tenderest quosc,”

which set all the sentimentality present to flight.

A lady then volunteered a song, but “wished to know if there was never a *piany* on board, that she might accompany herself!” The steward being called in, and asked whether he had a piano on board, answered—“No—quite the reverse:” so that the lady could not accompany herself, which everybody regretted, as everybody expected it would have been so very delightful. One young gentleman was gallant enough, however, to offer to accompany her with a pocket-comb—an instrument of music which I remember to have once heard played, in the absence of flute and fiddle, in a Christmas party in humble life, and it really made a not-unpleasant droning sound, not much unlike the humming of a bee in a bottle. The comb being first covered with paper, is placed tight against the teeth: the small-tooth professor then hums “Nancy Dawson,” or “Sir Roger de Coverley,” softly, with regular breath, and though it sets your teeth on edge to hear it, it, at the same time, sets the feet of the dancers going, which is as much as can be expected. To return from this scientific digression. Another young person offered a Jew’s-harp accompaniment; and Jones bitterly regretted that he had not brought his ivory flute with additional keys with him; but he offered to whistle a second to the lady’s first, which was not accepted. Half an hour having been ex-

pended in all manner of useless expedients, the lady, after much pressing and entreating, at length struck up—

“She started from the Bulwark Mouth,”

an entirely new song. If you could but have heard her! But you have perhaps heard the “*Iö Pæon*” of the peacock at the New River Head?—Everybody, I could very well see, was most provokingly disappointed.

“Well,” said Snubbs to me in a whisper, when she had got through the first verse, and was hemming up the second—“Well, I must say that the lady certainly wants something or somebody to accompany her, but I beg leave to remark that I’m not going her way;” and out of the cabin he darted. After all, I don’t know whether it was not a treat to hear so bad a singer. I took the earliest decent opportunity of joining Snubbs, who candidly acknowledged that he could stand the rain, but not the singing.

“Well,” said he, “I have heard to-day several of your spick-and-span new fashionable lyrics; and I must say that no songs can be more subversive of sentiment and suggestive of fun. They seem to be all of the same kidney for measure, for manner, and for matter. It is all meeting or parting! When these passionate persons meet, they seem to me to meet to no purpose: when they part I am glad that they are gone—he to his stay-shop or shop-

board—she to her getting up of small linen or bonnet-making. You have a taste for these modern songs, I know, Twaddle, though I am sure you do not understand them. I don't. I always read one of your modish songs upwards, beginning at the last line and going up to the top: that way I do sometimes make out what the poet is driving at. I have no patience with them, Twaddle! Here, I'll give you or anybody a recipe for writing a fashionable song. Take sixteen lines from sixteen poets—write them singly upon sixteen slips of paper—clap them all, when written, into a hat or a bag—shake them well up—turn them out upon a table—take them up one by one—arrange them in parallel lines—paste them down on half a sheet of foolscap—sprinkle admirations, commas, and dashes over all, according to your liking—and serve up.” I am afraid that there is too much truth in the sarcastic severities of my friend Snubbs.

At this critical moment in our melodious affairs the seaman-like-looking person—who had been quietly rolling his quid from cheek to cheek, and twirling his thumbs, in a corner, as the jocund strains went on—startled the company by suddenly striking up a sea-song, with a voice somewhere between a boatswain's bellowing and a storm's piping-up all hands. Everybody shrunk from anything like contact with the vulgarity of the selection and the seventy-four power of the lungs

of the singer: the ladies put their delicate white hands to their delicate white ears: the gentlemen looked as if they wondered at his rude assurance. Unconscious of the solecism—unabashed by the wet blanket the company threw upon his “endeavours to please,” the seaman-like person persevered; and when he came to the end of the first verse, called “Chorus, gemmen!” as bold as brass, to which appeal for professional assistance nobody responded, for everybody seemed too much shocked and annoyed. On he went without it, therefore, with his

“For *Poddl*’s too-oo ted-en-der hear-ar-ar-ted,
To slight a shi-i-ip-wreck’d Tar.”

They couldn’t put him down by their coughing, their scuffling of feet, their whistling, their whispering, nor their exclamations of “Low!” “Vulgar!” “Intolerable!” “Horrid!” “What a bore!” &c., &c. “*Ojeous* creetur!” cried the lady who wanted the piano, in a pianissimo voice. “Chorus!” howled the sea-monster as he finished verse the second; but there was no response. At last that Snubbs, out of his provoking pity, took compassion on the obstreperous person, and joined in with him: upon which Jones followed Snubbs in the superfluous condescension; and then Tomlins, he must take up the burden; and as we were all of one party, I did not like to see the dead set

made at the poor man, and so I chimed in too. The company, however, did not go with us, and knocked down the song before it was half finished, which only created the more delay, for the seaman-like person was not to be silenced till he had had his song out, as well as the rest.

Snubbs now became almost unbearably humour-some : for I regret to say that, like Jones, he had indulged somewhat too much in brandy, watered, but weakly. A very obliging young man had no sooner struck up, without being asked for it,

*“ Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,”*

than Snubbs rudely interrupted him by chiming in with this most improper paraphrase :

*“ If an individual meet an individual
Wriggling all awry !”*

—which, of course, stirred up all that was ludicrous in the company, and totally prevented the diffident young person from persevering in his song. So some young genius is sometimes put down by some vociferous Snubbs, and “ dies and makes no sign” of “ the broke heart of the Nightingale, o’ercome in music.” Another young person, with more confidence, for he was six feet high, and looked as if he could fight “ a few,” then gave us

“ There’s nae luck about the house,”

which Suubbs had the decency to give ear to attentively till the couplet came—

“There’s little pleasure in the house
When our gude man’s awa’;”

when, careless of his superior powers, he broke into the ring again by substituting the line—

“There’s little jocundity on the premises!”

Did you ever hear anything so monstrous?—It was all of no use calling him to order—he was all the worse for the interruption, like an airing shirt on fire, when you try to put it out with a squirt, he flared up all the more. But there is a grace in Suubbs when he is at the worst: you can’t give him up—you are never long ashamed of him.

To restore the good-humour of all, he related a pleasant story of a French friend of his, who so much admired the good old ballad, “*My Friend and Pitcher*,” that he did nothing from morning till night but go about the house and about the streets singing “*My Friend and Pitcher!*” Those agreeable concomitants haunted him everywhere. He put on his nightcap to the song—he fell asleep humming it like a bee—he waked singing it like a lark—he pulled off his nightcap to the same tune—it haunted him everywhere: even when he went to confession, it was not till he had scraped his shoes at the chapel-door that he could get rid of

his "Friend and *Pisher*." One word only in the simple song perplexed him. Vulgar persons call meat which is half-roasted *rare*, for *raw*: Monsieur had heard it so called, and hence his difficulty as to the right understanding of the text—

"My Friend so *rare*," &c.

"Oui—yes! dam good!" said he. "But vat does the poet say by *rare*? Eh, Monsieur *Snubb*?" "*Rare*?"—answered Snubbs, (who was perhaps thinking of his steak at the time, which was not done enough)—"*Rare*?—underdone, to be sure, *mon ami*!" In a few days the Frenchman had somehow substituted the interpretation for the original, and you heard him going about the house, and everywhere, all day singing

"My Friend so *underdone*,
My Girl so fair,"

to the very great amusement of "the natives." Snubbs told the story capitally, and it told, as humorous Mr. Hood would say.

A wee, little man then favoured the meeting by singing "*The Storm*" with a small voice which you might have put in your waistcoat-pocket. Snubbs whispered to me that his puny pipe suggested nothing so much to him as a penny-whistle in a state of great excitement. After him, the Hebrew-visaged young man sang "*The Teeth of*

Abercromby" in professed "imitation of Prahm." "In imitation of *Pra'am!*" cried Snubbs, contemptuously punning on the word *praam*, (which is, I believe, the name of a good-sized sort of Dutch vessel?)—"Say, rather, in imitation of *butter-boat!*" The Hebrew-visaged young man looked at Snubbs, as though he could have eaten him! If he had attempted it, I know what unforbidden meat Snubbs would have sworn he was, and so have saved his bacon by a subterfuge. Then a droll, little dog sang one of the comicalities of that Dibdin of the dry land of Cockneydom. Tom Hudson—a wag of undeniable genius in song-caricature, and a worthy, modest man withal. Sings at *our* Ward dinners, and at *our* Hall banquets always!

All being harmony, and Mr. Snubbs being, as he was, first fiddle, as he deserved to be, he seized the golden opportunity to propose "The health of Mr. Jones!" The toast being honoured, Mr. Jones was called upon to rise and return thanks, upon which a very remarkable circumstance occurred. *We*, of course, expected *our* Jones to rise—nothing less—when, to our great astonishment, just nineteen men and a boy—all Joneses—rose as one Jones to express their thanks for the honour done, &c. ! The coincidence gave rise to a great amount of merriment. Snubbs then pointed out the person meant—Mr. Chairman Jones—and order was immediately restored. Mr.

Jones, far-gone as he was, made a short reply—tried to lay his hand on his heart, missed it, but got as far as his waistcoat pocket—and tried very hard to get out a word of four syllables, but kept two back for another occasion, and then sat down by proposing the health of Mr. Snubbs in return. Toast honoured by all the company save six persons, who sat as still as mice! What could be the reason? I, at first, thought it was disaffection to my friend Snubbs; but the real reason was soon made manifest. Mr. Snubbs being called upon by the Chair to be thankful, up started the whole of these six persons, all Snubbses! But when *the* Snubbs—*our* Snubbs—rose, with all the dignity of genius, the mistaken men speedily resumed their seats, and, with a proper modesty, themselves. Snubbs was very happy in his reply, and “kept the table in a roar” at the double coincidence; and Harmony having by this time returned, “asked leave to sit again.” “Or-or-der!” cried Mr. Jones as well as he could speak—unhappy man! Mrs. Jones looked then what she intended to say at night when she got him home.

It served Snubbs very right—he was now knocked down for a song; and as the demand came from one of the persons he had so severely suppressed, with that discernment with which a man of observation is gifted, I saw, at a glance, into the motive of the call. He intended retalia-

tion, in his turn, upon Snubbs ; but Snubbs's lucky genius, I was sure, would defeat the plot. He promptly replied, that he would not only sing, but, what was more, he would, impromptu, write a song for the occasion. (*"Hear ! Hear !"*) He then coolly lit his cigar, called for writing materials, which were brought, and he immediately began the composition. His presence of mind was wonderful ! It was quite a picture to see "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" over the sheet of foolscap ; and as, perhaps, none of the unlettered persons present had ever set eyes upon a poet in the moment of inspiration, there was evidently an uncommon curiosity manifested on all sides to see how poetry was made. A buzz circulated round the cabin, and underhanded whispers were heard of "Who is he?" "Why, Snubbs !" "Which Snubbs?" "Snubbs the poet !" "What, that Snubbs who writes for the *Penny Grasshopper*, or *Moorfields Lounger*?" "No—that Snubbs is only a wersifier : he's no poet !" "Well, then, you must mean that John Snubbs who wrote the 'Tears of Sensibility' in the *Cripplegate Crocodile*?" "Exactly ! The same !" "Is it possible?" "Well, then, I'm sure !" "Who'd have thought it !" "I never saw a poet afore ! Don't see much difference now—nothing very pekooliar !" "I'm disapp'inted !" whispered a very sentimental-looking young man—a haberdasher, I heard—"I

expected to see a pale, pensive, interesting person, with his hair uncombed, disshovelled, wild, with a best white cambric handkerchief in his hand ; and here ! he does nothing but laugh, and smoke, and drink, and sing ! I'm disapp'inted ! My previous ideas ain't come up to at all ! Where's his night-cap, like Thomson before Thomson's Seasons ?—and his unbuttoned shirt, like Prior in the frontispiece ? *He's* got his waistcoat buttoned all the way up ! I'm disapp'inted, I tell you !” &c., &c. —were the significant sentences I overheard. But the buzz (which I could see Snubbs enjoyed *sub rosâ*) was soon hushed, and the silence which followed was, if I may say so, awful ! Every eye was fixed alternately upon now the poet, and now the paper ! It was a trying time for all parties, but, in especial, *our* party. I confess that I felt so deeply interested in the credit of my friend, that I trembled for him. The Muse was, however, very kind : he drew a bill at sight—it was accepted without hesitation. A quarter of an hour of most intense suspense had not elapsed when his pen was observed to strike a triumphant flourish at the bottom of the sheet. The song was done ! Wonderful ! I never witnessed such a sensation, except once at a ship-launch ! This was as interesting, quite : to be present at a song-launch is not an every-day affair. “ Order !” “ Chair !” “ Silence for Mr. Snubbs's song !” were riotously

demanded. The excitement of the moment was intense: it seemed to sober Jones—it made me drunk. Snubbs then rose—a little fluttered and flushed, I thought; but it might be my anxiety which made me suspect an embarrassment quite foreign to his nature. He next deliberately laid down his cigar:—"Order!" He coughed, to clear his throat:—"Chair! chair!" Some one, perhaps too susceptible of the cold-giving influences of the weather, sneezed loudly: "Turn him out!" cried twenty persons unanimously. Snubbs then, with his sonorous tenor voice, sang as beautiful and original a song as I ever heard. It began, as well as I could catch the lines—

*"Blow, blow, thou Winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind," &c., &c.*

The effect was electric—the applause unbounded—I never heard greater honours paid to a song and a singer in my life!—He was unanimously encored, and he sang it better and better. I never—did I?—no, I never did hear such thunders of applause as followed each verse!—It was encouraging—it was overwhelming! What a tribute to genius! Who says it is not acknowledged?—I was proud of *my* friend—we were all proud of *our* friend!

After the excitement had a little subsided, I humbly begged the favour of a copy of the immortal verses. "No," said Snubbs, "as nobody knows them

—nobody shall !” I thought this was a little ungracious ; but men of genius are so very capricious ! Applause and brandy and water are very strong stimulants to the natural excitability and eccentricity of their minds, and I pardoned his brusqueness. A gratifying compliment was then paid to his superior powers by the very person who had intended a revenge when he proposed him for a song : he rose, in honest approbation, now to “ Propose his jolly good health, as an ornament to any society—from the Lumber Troopers to the Odd Fellows—and an honour to his country !” Toast drunk with three times three, and one more, upstanding, &c., with such warmth as must have made its happy, enviable object very comfortable in his feelings. How his sister exulted, silently, in the homage paid to him ! Snubbs returned thanks in capital style, and made every man his friend. “ The force of genius can no further go.”

While these exciting circumstances were going on below, all this while the storm continued above. It was unfortunate, for every one had doubtless promised themselves much pleasure in looking abroad from aboard upon what “ old Philpott,” our City friend, called “ the face of *Nater*.” As it was, we were compelled to look at home, and examine the face of Nixon or Dixon. However, what with spruce-beer, ginger-beer, and bottled beer, brandy and water hot and cold, cigars, songs,

toasts, and sentiments, time passed agreeably enough, and we might have been, no doubt of it, much worse off. The day had not met our wishes; but who, as Snubbs very properly said, can depend upon an English day?—Unfortunately, too, the sea rose, I will not say mountains high, but certainly Addle and Dowgate hills high, which made many of our fresh-water mariners uncommonly indisposed, though they all attributed their indisposition to the cigars, which were not very good; and I observed, with lively concern, many of our gallant ship's company drop as dead as herrings one after the other. As all *our* party bore up very well—even Jones himself, who, primed with brandy, was now as bold as brass—we stood our ground, let the storm rage on, and sustained ourselves under the unavoidable inconveniences of bad tobacco and worse ventilation. We made up our minds to “support the Chair;” and I must say that that was by no means a work of supererogation—for the Chair, or Jones, was unusually unsteady. During the last hour I noticed how often he had filled and emptied his glass. At first, I thought that he was only warding off a fresh attack of his old complaint, but observing that his face became flushed instead of pale, I was curious to inquire into his goings on; and when his health was proposed in his absence, I seized the occasion privately to express my un-

feigned sorrow at the change which I observed in his habits—for by that time he was undoubtedly fuddled.

“My dear friend Twaddle,” said Jones—and he sighed and hiccupped at the same time—“I’m a disappointed man; and so, the long and the short of it is—I’ve taken to drinking!”

I was shocked to hear his confession. Snubbs, I observed, heard it too, and a sardonic grin stole over his expressive face. I know not in how much Mr. Jones is disappointed: he did expect, I believe, when he married Miss Simpson, that his father-in-law would have shook down a little of his dust; but the old boy, who is fond of his Four per Cents., very candidly said, on Jones’s marriage-day, “Not a dump till I die, Jack!”—which is, perhaps, the origin of his disappointment. Mrs. Jones herself is much changed since her marriage, which adds something to his misfortunes. Whatever it is, Jones, who is extremely susceptible of outward impressions, takes something or other very much to heart, and is, compared with what he was, an altered man—no fun—no flute—no nothing: all is comparatively taken clean out of him! At luncheon-time he could not eat a bit; but Snubbs, on the contrary, I never saw him play his knife and fork to such a tune!—his appetite had a Court-of-Alderman power! Unluckily for Jones, he noticed it.

"Why, Snubbs," he cried, "you *peck* inordinately!"

"Perhaps I do," said Snubbs, grinning; "*I'm* a disappointed man, and *I've* taken to *eating*!"

If you could but have seen Jones's face!—I saw that his spirit—aggravated by brandy and water—was beginning to get up, so I forced him from the bar, where he was taking a thirteenth "o" of "cold without," to look at Tilbury Fort, which, at that moment, was hardly more combustible and warlike than Jones: when, fortunately for both parties, and for all parties, just as we were beginning to discover that we were being stewed alive down below, we were told that we were at Gravesend! Nothing could exceed the joy of all on board at this news. All persons concerned were immediately on deck—the pipe was put down half smoked—the song ceased, unfinished—the toast, ready prepared, was left, to be served up, perhaps, as cold toast—the Chairman did not "return thanks for the honour done him in his absence"—he never heard, more's the pity, that "he was an honour to his country"—Jones!—"of all men else," Jones! All that was now thought about was how safely to get upon dry land in a still severe shower. This done, we forgot and forgave all the perils of the deep—all "the songs, toasts, and sentiments" which had beguiled our weary, dreary way.

The pier at Gravesend is a handsome edifice—light, though heavy—dry, though water-washed—and an ornament to the town. The landing of passengers is now as safe and easy as stepping upstairs in your own house: all the terrors of the scene are gone; and, as Snubbs said, the Coroner is not now obliged to live in the neighbourhood, and be at hand to sit upon the poor people who used to be picked up every day drowned under the old system of things; and jurymen can consequently dine. Now, only mark the inconsistency of Jones! Would it be believed that Jones—he who looked as if his soul was parting from his body that morning, when the steamer suddenly shook off the Tower like “a dew-drop from a lion’s mane”—he who clung to the “earth’earthly” with a tenacity which beat bird-lime hollow—would it be credited that, when he saw how easily and safely the landing was now managed, he had the shameful temerity to regret the perfect security of the new pier and its superior accommodations! He had heard of the horrors of landing at Gravesend before the pier was built—the fearful competition between rival watermen, upon the arrival of a boat-load of citizens, as to who should land them or drown them—as it happened;—he had heard of wherries being swamped—of people being black-guarded, hustled, and ill-used—of the wear, and “tare, and tret” of the garments of those who,

after suffering a water-side martyrdom, got, as much of them as was left, upon dry land ; and he regretted that these evils were no longer in the land of the living !—*he* ! “ It must have been fine fun,” he said, “ to have seen a disembarkation in those days, when a London citizen and his amiable wife and family went a-pleasuring to Gravesend :—the worthy Mr. Lubin Log pulled, and pulled to pieces, into one boat ; Mrs. Log, all rumpled and torn, and crying a thousand murders, dragged into another ; her six full-blown daughters dispersed into six several wherries, all ready to go down with carrying more passengers than the Act of Parliament allowed : the little Lubin, in the hurry, and fright, and confusion, forgotten and left behind in the hoy, asleep among the boxes and bags to be kept till called for ; the hamper, which they had brought with them for a camp-dinner on Windmill-hill, purposely pushed overboard, and sunk as a speculation, to be fished up again as soon as the coast was clear, &c., &c. This,” he had the inhumanity to say, “ must have been worth seeing. He was quite disappointed—no danger—no nothing—not even a handsome set of ankles to be seen accidentally.—no lovely young lady in distress, to call up the gallantry of such a number of good-looking young gentlemen !” And so he went on ; and I must say that, though Snubbs laughed at it, I was very much shocked. But this

was not all. It was remarkable to see Jones, who, at starting, shrunk into himself and into nothing at the violent movements of the steam-machinery, now standing, straddle-legged, in the most daring manner, right over the paddle-box, enveloped in steam and smoke—careless of danger—courting it!—I have made up my mind as to Jones. He is a little swaggerer—neither more nor less; and in one of those moments of mutual confidence, when a friend may take that liberty with a friend, I shall tell him so.

We hurried to land, for the rain still poured down. The first person who got on shore, sure enough, was the old oddity whom I shall call Mr. Number-One, as I have not the honour of knowing his remarkable name. He had to wrangle for the priority, however; for Jones—just like him!—tipsy as he was, seeing his intention, contended for the honour with him, and was already on the gang-board, when Number-One seeing *his* intention, boldly and bravely pulled him back by the skirts, and jumping a-head of him, away he darted over, crying “I’m first!—always first!” while Jones “went tumbling after,” leaving his wife to shift for herself! Mrs. Jones again looked what she intended to say at bedtime.

The first thing which met our eyes, when we had got under cover on the Pier, was the interesting meeting of old Philpott and his “*darter*”—a

short, fat, round, lumpy, dumpy, but not unnice-looking little girl, of about seven summers—who flew to her father's arms, or, rather, legs; for as he did not stoop down to embrace her, and she was not tall enough to clasp him higher than his trowser-pockets—(a part of the persons of *par* to whose “entire affection” these dear young creatures too frequently make clinging appeals)—she embraced as much of “*Pa*” as she could—(as “She was so considerably below *par*,” according to Stubbs)—and began climbing “his knees, the envied kiss to share,” thought, I believe, it was all her own, when she could get it. Some persons do meet the affection of other persons as coldly as a Polar seal would receive the embraces of a Polar bear—as if they wished they would not be so pressing. Old Philpott seemed a man with these cold affections; for he did nothing, for some time, but look scrutinizingly at his *darter*, uttering not one word! He even kept both hands firm down in his trowser-pockets! At last his right hand made its appearance, with a two-foot rule in it, which he very coolly opened, and, taking off her bonnet, clapped it side by side with little Miss, and gauged her with as much gravity as an excise-man. And then, and not till then, was he pleased to speak—thus affectionately: “Growed an inch, Becky, since last quarter-day! That’s a good gal—grow away!” Mr. Number-One coming up at

that moment, knew them, and, in his way, added, "Yes, yes—don't lose time—grow away, Becky! How do, dear? How do, Dan?"—and the old chums shook hands—"What brought *you* here? But don't lose time! Walk and tell me! Come on! Raza's over—only spits! not more than a kitten! Down 'mbrellar! Come along! Quick!" And away went the well-assorted pair of old boys!—What odd people go to Gravesend!

And now we walked from the pier into the town—pitched upon our hotel at once—entered—dried ourselves—thought of dinner—ordered it—passed the time pleasantly, in discussing the dangers we had undergone, till we got it—gave up the idea of taking tea on Windmill Hill, as it must have been so sloppy; and as there were no hopes of a dry voyage home that day, and we had had enough of cabin comforts, we made up our minds to stay where we were. London could very well spare us for "that night only," as the playbills say: beds were accordingly bespoke for all parties; and after tea we began to inquire what Gravesend could afford us in the shape of gaiety.

"Oh, gentlemen," said our worthy host, Mr. Oswald Overton Widdrington, "there are bazaars—libraries—one next door—and other places of delightful amusement, where you may pass your evening very pleasantly. There's Penny's library, admittance sixpence——"

“Yes,” said Snubbs interrupting him, “and I am told that Tully has let his *Offices*, and kept a bazaar down here?” Everybody did not appreciate the classicality of Snubbs.

“Edwin sings at Penny’s,” continued Mr. O. O. W.

“And where does *Angelina* hang out?” asked that incorrigible Snubbs, no doubt in allusion to Goldsmith’s beautiful “*Hermit*.” Mr. O. O. W. could not say—he didn’t know the lady. However, the long and the short is, that we stopped that night at Gravesend. But what befell us in the shape of adventure there, and on the following day, in the voyage to London, I shall hereafter relate.

T. T.

NEGLECTED CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

WRITERS of History, when they are pleased to be about to favour their Readers with some important fact which is to give dignity and value to some chapter, commonly indulge themselves in much profound preparatory remark—(which is as provoking to the impatient appetite as a long grace before a short dinner)—and you read paragraph after paragraph, all purposely strung together to postpone as long as possible the important truth which you want shortly to get at. This is a trick of authorship which in this Chapter, so long wanted to fill up a serious lapse in History, I shall most especially eschew; and, after the manner of the famous old Roman historian, shall prefer rather to plunge rashly into my subject, than puddle and pick my way into it like a chicken.

“Thus fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

And yet, upon second thoughts, it is a subject which should be approached gingerly, and tenderly hinted at, and when you have hold of it by the

horns, delicately handled: for there is no one part and parcel of the several properties of man so susceptible of injury, so tender of itself, so easily alarmed for its safety, so jealous of its honour. It as sensitively shrinks from the vulgar touch as that tenderling the Touch-me-not: it is as resentful of rude handling as the Scottish Thistle, with its "*Nemo me impune lacessit*:" as irritable as the "quill of the fretful porcupine;" and as ticklish and dangerous to trifle with as the tender hairs about the nose of a tiger taking his afternoon *siesta*. A man—not of the best good temper in the world—will patiently permit you to satirize almost all parts of his person but the part in question. You may impugn the colour, form, and expression of his eyes, and go so far as to hint that they squint—compare his mouth to a Dutch oven—his teeth to broken bottles on a wall, or upright tombstones irregularly placed—his "fell of hair" to a *chevaux de frize*—his hands to two shoulders of mutton—his fingers to two bunches of radishes—his legs to No. 11—his feet to paving-rammers—his belly to a bow-window—his back to a dromedary's hump—and, where it is broadest, to a huge Dutch barge, clinker-built. All these smart jokes you may cut at the general expense of his person, and he will keep his temper on good terms with you; but dare only to •

"Hint a fault, or hesitate dislike"

of the particular—too-particular—member of his person which I am so cautiously approaching : laugh at it as too long—too short—too sharp—too blunt—too cocked up—too straight—too red, or not red enough, and his whole “ soul is in arms, and eager for the fray.”

By this time the delicate Reader will have discovered that I allude to that tenderest member of Man—his Nose. You start, and are discomposed. Well, lay down this Chapter for a few moments, till you have recovered your equanimity, and can bear, with resolute nerves, to face the subject, and we will then go on again.....So—your colour comes again—you can bear to hear the worst now ! We will proceed.

You are, no doubt, aware that there is a certain art, mystery, custom, undue indulgence, recreation, or shall I call it manual exercise, much practised in civilized societies of men, and generally known by the vulgar terms “ *Tweaking the Nose ?* ” It is a delicate subject, I confess, to handle ; but it must be handled, for it has never yet been sufficiently investigated, studied in all its bearings, and considered by the considerate world in general. Its origin is still involved in obscurity—its use has never been properly defined—and its abuse no writer on ethics, on men, and on manners, has yet explicitly censured. Historians of the most courageous intellects—fit fellows to take that per-

verse, wrong-headed bull, Public Opinion, by the horns, and twist its stubborn neck whichever way they listed—even these strong-minded men have either touched upon the subject as a ticklish point, better avoided than touched inefficiently, or they have blinked the question altogether. This squeamishness of theirs has, consequently, led to many deplorable errors and ill-founded notions in the theory, and many lamentable mistakes in the practice, of the whole art and mystery of “Tweaking the Nose.” This is an age, however, which can bear to be informed of the errors of its grandfathers, and which requires only to be put into the right way, when it is in the wrong, to follow it, wherever it may lead.

“Tweaking the Nose” is, I am inclined to think, a mode of resenting an affront of comparatively modern origin; for all the ancient authorities—Greek and Roman—are silent upon this most important invention. Aristotle makes no mention of it. Livy has passed it over. Pliny, who looked deeply into the natural history of animals, and made some researches into that of man, makes no allusion to it. Tacitus is taciturn upon the question. Cæsar, though he conquered the country where it is now most and best practised, names it not in his “Commentaries.” Whether it was that the only men who could have properly and knowingly enlightened posterity as

to the institution and occasional use of it, were the persons most frequently incident to that peculiar mode of punishing incipient impertinence, and were consequently interested in preserving a mysterious silence upon the subject, (as no man would willingly immortalize the dishonourable accidents which have some time in their lives befallen so becoming a protuberance, which, whatever other uses it was created for, was certainly not originally intended by nature to be put to such base purposes)—whatever cause, I say, has darkened the history of this contumacious custom, its theory and practice ought to be thoroughly understood, and properly defined; and it is the purpose of this chapter to make it understood, and to define it.

The custom of tweaking the nose may probably have come up at the time of the decline of the bushy sort of beards. In ancient days, it was the deadliest affront which could be perpetrated to take a Jew by the beard: indeed, the ancients generally, whether Christians, Pagans, or Jews, entertained perhaps too punctilious a prejudice against being plucked by that barbed sign of manhood—for prejudices are of very early origin. When lengthy beards grew out of fashion, barbers became necessary to eradicate the beardiness of the chin masculine, and render it smooth, cleanly, and almost feminine. Beards had, till that epoch, been of various uses; and one of their principal

uses was not, even in the infatuated hurry of the new fashion, altogether forgotten : the considerate Few thought it indispensably necessary that some tangible part of the persons of the insolent Many should be still available, by which to lay hold with the one hand, while the chastisers, with the other, belaboured them over skull and scapula with quarter-staff, or, no other instrument being more handy, sufficiently pummelled their impertinent pates with that first of weapons of punishment, the “ bunch of fives.” A substitute for the long beard was considered essential to the peace of society—something was felt to be wanted by which to hold a culprit, till he had *quantum sufficit*, and either cried out “ Peccavi !” with the Italians, “ Morbleu !” with the French, or “ Hold—enough !” with the English, (who, to do them justice, are the greatest gluttons in this undue indulgence, as well as the slowest recipients of anything which is promised them in the shape of a bellyful, that the most liberal of punishment could reasonably desire.)

It was then that some daring-minded *Figaro* of a fellow—while holding the prominence in question between his tonsorial finger and thumb—conceived the bold idea of disgracing the member intrusted to his official fingers ; and, fired by the sublime conception, in the ardour of that enthusiasm which is apt to intoxicate a man who has made a grand discovery, his genius perhaps

suggested the bare possibility of tweaking it, the part in question. He had just shaved the chapman who was its proprietor ; and, as he thought, to the satisfaction of both parties : the chapman, however, said that it was not well done ; the tonsor swore by our Lady, and the Rood, and the Mass, and by the belly of St. Gris, that it was well done. This was the retort contradictory. The chapman, then, forgetting the king's peace, gave the barber the retort quarrelsome. He of the basin and pole then threatened him with the penalty of his words if he repeated them. Being thus dared to the issue, the chapman repeated the retort offensive, and the chin-cleaner, tucking up his sleeve, with the coolness of his profession, faithfully performed what he had rashly promised, and the first nose was tweaked. The sensation was so novel, that the chapman hardly knew whether to feel affronted, or to be lost in admiration at the indescribable originality of the invention. The news, however, of so uncommon an outrage spread like the four winds, and noses all over the world shook to their bases at the uncommon tidings. Men and boys, and even women and girls, went about feeling their noses, and trying to operate on themselves : but they could discover nothing wonderful in the novelty, and nothing disagreeable ; for they were as yet ignorant that the gist of the operation lay in its being performed by the fingers

of another. Crowds, however, still flocked from all quarters to behold the belligerent barber and the craven chapman, the first man on whom so novel an experiment had been so successfully tried. The fearful looked on the nose of the one with a superstitious sort of awe, and a trembling not to be described: the courageous beset the shop of the barber night and day, and were even willing to submit themselves to the same treatment, so they might learn the important secret. The struggle to be shaved by him was fearful; and each one, as he submitted his nose to the scientific fingers of the Newton of nose-pulling celebrity intreated him, in tones that would have melted a heart of Purbeck, that he would give them some little inkling—some vague idea of the invention. But no—he was inexorable. “The secret,” observed the great discoverer, “is my own: it was the reward of genius aided by science, and is not, therefore, the property of the million without either science or genius. You may find it out for yourselves, as I have done, by intuition, or induction, or still go on groping about in blind darkness till the light of intellect leads you to it.” Murmurs arose on all sides, but as the smoother of chins could, when he chose, be as rough as a bear disappointed of an invitation to dine out, they dared not press him further to reveal the important secret; and so, with much reluctance, departed for their distant homes,

as profoundly ignorant as they travelled thence—just as many a curious gentleman does, in these days, after having made “the grand tour.”

After the first panic had subsided, and reason returned, the common herd began to think slightly of the invention, and at last fairly set it down as a thing of no “mark or likelihood”—so ready are the millions to estimate that which is above their comprehension as nothing-worth. But men of greater capacities and more liberal minds still thought that there was something in it; and therefore set their wits to work to discover this great succedaneum, this substitute in emergencies for the lately discarded beard. The monopoly of the barber was not patiently to be submitted to; but the several talents of metaphysicians, mathematicians, physicians, tacticians, and all the other *icians*, could not solve the mighty problem. At this time the barber was suddenly struck with an incurable disorder of his fine faculties, and lay senseless on his bed. Thousands thronged about his doors—and a deputation of his fellow-citizens visited his sick-chamber, if possible, to get at some dying disclosure of so great an invention; but he, obdurate man, “died and made no sign,” and men hung their heads in disappointment, and mourning spread throughout the city. This profoundest novelty in science was gradually sinking into oblivion, and men’s minds were settling down

into peaceful resignation of so important an invention, apparently lost for ever, when accident brought to light that which this great genius had left in the dark.

A Canon of the Cathedral of Canterbury had been poring over the lives of the Saints, and among the rest, that of St. Dunstan—that burly champion for the Church against “the devil and all his works,” folio and duodecimo. St. Dunstan it will be remembered, having been much tempted in the course of his austerities to certain things to which he was particularly inimical, took a certain Black Prince (not he of Poitiers) by that facial index which not even he, all princely as he was, could decently exhibit his face without: there was, however, a novelty in the instrument which the resolute Saint used on that occasion, which might perhaps be objected to in these days, now that the formula of the science is better understood. The invention, so far, was certainly St. Dunstan’s; and if there was a difference in the practice, it must be remembered that the science could not be perfected at the same moment that it was originated; and if he did, as is reported, use his tongs instead of his fingers on that memorable occasion, the error may easily be forgiven in gratitude for the merit of the invention. The more modern experimenters use simply the thumb and the forefinger: the holy wrangler, perhaps, did not

desire to touch with his fingers, yet moist with extreme unction, any part of him whom all good Christians, of course, spiritually and bodily abhor, for contagion might have accrued from the very touch.* The good Saint may therefore stand excused for what would seem like a departure from established custom, when it is asserted that the custom was not yet established.

This was the earliest modern instance on record of tweaking the nose. The secret was now out, for as the Canon of Canterbury suggested, in a happy moment, and after much laborious cogitation and excogitation on the subject, you had but to substitute the forefinger and thumb for the tongs of St. Dunstan, and the thing was done. The theory once broached, the practice was immediate and universal. In a few hours there was not a chanter or chanting-boy, deacon or sub-deacon, canon or minor canon, who had not tweaked or had not had tweaked his or his neighbour's nose in the way of practice. Even the worthy Dean of Canterbury was obliged to keep his eyes continually on his nose, lest it should be pulled ere he was aware. Four

* It seems, indeed, pretty plain that the operation was then in its infancy, and that the worthy Saint was either its inventor, or had no precise precedent by which to guide his practice, or he would most probably have laid hold of the nose of His Dark Highness in the manner which custom has since allowed, if not hallowed.

profane prebends in succession made a lunge at it as they passed him, and were respectively translated from the door of the Deanery into the High-street of Canterbury. Minor Canons were detected, in all parts of the Cathedral, practising this new manual exercise on the marble noses of the effigies of knights, burgesses, and citizens; and when interrupted in their scientific studies by the venerable Vergers, the enthusiasts turned upon the sacred old gentlemen, and commenced tweaking their olfactory members with so little remorse of finger, that aisle re-echoed to aisle the *ohs!* and *ahs!* of the sufferers. In short, in the space of twelve hours, there was not a sacristan who could not exhibit severe signs of having been the victim of the ungovernable rage for experiments in the new science; and worse than all, in two days, in spite of the extra-vigilance of both vergers and watchmen, there was not a monumental nose within the Cathedral that had not had its nasal honours pulled down to the dust. The whole conclave of Canterbury were, of course, incensed at these profanations! Excommunications and expulsions *ex cathedra* were obliged to be pretty plentifully distributed among the refractory canons and chanters; when peace, and freedom from the late pugnacious terrors, were once more happily restored within the sacred walls. Indeed, severe measures were necessary, for the revenues of the church began to

diminish daily : the pilgrims who would have visited it, to deposit at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket their votive offerings, forbore to do so, when they were not sure that they might not also unexpectedly deposit their noses on the same spot.

Safety was, however, at last restored within the walls ; but without—whew !—the influenza raged with renewed violence ! It was computed that, upon an average, there was not a nose in that city, and within twenty miles round about it, that had not been pulled twice in the course of four-and-twenty hours—the extraordinary impulse was so general ! We know how soon the fashion or folly of a few, once set, thrives, and becomes the folly or fashion of the many. Example is better than precept, say the moralists : the example being once established, the precept becomes unnecessary, for the practice supersedes both, in the twisting of a corkscrew. The use of compressing the nostrils being once allowed, the abuse necessarily followed ; for, out alas ! the noblest inventions of all ages have not been altogether free from this reproach. A puny, but impertinent whipster had hardly uttered some phrase offensive to the ears polite of some sturdy yeoman, than o’ the instant, round went his nose, crack went the gristle of it, and pugnacity lorded it over pertinacity from one end of England to the other. If a stout fellow uttered

as stout a falsehood, and some unbelieving, diminutive fellow boldly breathed out "That's a lie, neighbour!" up started my man of prowess, and wringing his nose round as you would the neck of a pullet, coolly remarked as he let it go, "That's a pull of the nose, neighbour!"

And thus did this immortal invention—this enlightened practice become at the very outset perverted from its proper use, and run, as the best of human institutions will degenerate, into an abuse. Slanderers and satirists became the unresisting victims of a custom to which the strong enforced the weak to succumb. This fearful state of things, at last, induced the weakly virulent to consider their words and be wise, or silent, which is the same thing; and brute Force reigned lord paramount over impertinent Weakness. It was then that the stronger-handed Law, in its mercy and wisdom, enacted, that noses should no longer be tweaked on any pretext whatsoever; but the refractory, in defiance of all enactments in that case made and provided, still contumaciously persisting in the pernicious practice of tweaking or otherwise unlawfully handling the probosces of the lieges, the Law stood forward as lord-protector of the noses which were thus occasionally, and here and there, tweaked contrary to law; and noses became, as it were, a sort of wards in Chancery. Serpent-like Slander, gross Insinuation, and rude

Insolence then again held up their heads. conscious of the protection afforded them, fearlessly bidding defiance to the forefingers, and thumbs of resolute Resentment, sullied Innocence, and ~~annu-~~niated Courage. The fingers of the latter irritable persons might ~~itch~~ after the old practice, but actions for assault and battery stared them in their angry-red faces, and Prudence, at the same moment, whispering over their shoulders, that paying a fine of ten pounds to the king, for compressing the paltry nostrils of one of his subjects, would be paying too dearly for such a scientific experiment, they wisely smothered their resentment, and kept their money in their pockets. The practice thenceforward fell into gradual disuse ; impertinent noses “looked up,” as the Mark-lane merchants say ; and modern instances of the use and abuse of, “tweaking the nose” are happily now

“Like angels’ visits, few and far between.”

CHARLEY STUMP.

THE

CROSSING-SWEEPER.

IN my perambulations about Town, I had often noticed one of those very useful professional persons and ill-paid servants of the public, commonly called Crossing-Sweepers : for there was something so superior in the manner and the manners of the man—such an alacrity in his air, a shrewd sagacity in his eye, and an upright, unbeseeching attitude of independence—that I could not but admire and marvel at, they were so unusual in gentlemen of his calling, who are commonly such miserable-looking beings—so ragged, wretched, humble, huddled, and filthy withal—that you sometimes wish that *they* were swept away, and the mud they administer to were left and let alone. Not so the hero of my tale. He was, if I may say so, cleanly in his person : his broom was the dirtiest thing about him. He was about forty—fat, rosy, and evidently contented

with his humble station, which seemed to suit the humour of the man—for he was manifestly to the eye a character—a humorist, and an observer of men and things. I set him down in my book as a happy fellow in his humble way, and as a man to be envied by men who make more pretensions to having the enviable about them. I freely confess that, for my own part, I thought his good-humoured, smart smile, and his round, Richard-Steele-like face, looking heartily healthy through the few slight smirches and small splashes of professional mud and dirt, as far as first appearances went, had the best of my own grave face and swart complexion; and I caught myself once half wishing that I could change conditions with him. And why not? He was, plainly, contented with his poor calling—seemed to know no idle cares—had no false hopes to become in their eventual disappointment true despondencies—and walked through his lowly part in the great drama of life cheerfully, as if pleased with it—as, if not a topping part, one that might be played well, and accordingly he made the most and best of it. Many actors—or rather walking gentlemen—on the same stage, holding their heads very high, because they hold a much higher rank in the *Dram. Pers.*, if their professional merits were rightly estimated at their true worth and value, would not be found, mayhap, to have genius

enough to sweep a crossing well; and yet they are not half so "happy in their station," and "mind their occupation" not half so well as my humble friend and monitor,

MR. CHARLES STUMP,

*King William-street Crossing,
Strand.*

For that is my friend's name, and his address. This sort of exalted, heads-high, heads-up gentlemen are acknowledged by the passing world, and receive homage, because they exact, demand, and enforce their demand. Mr. Stump makes no claim upon your patience—only upon your pocket, and that modestly and deferentially; and you give him your respect as a free gift, because he looks, humble as he is, as though he well deserved it. Some of these high and mighty ones might, I say, envy Mr. Stump the cordial salutations he receives from men of consideration in their way: he seems, indeed, to be as well liked, as he is well known. I have heard Mr. Thomas, late Superintendent of the F Division of Police—no mean man in his own or in public opinion—when walking his rounds of inspection, familiarly address him with a "Well, Mr. Stump," or a "Good morning, Master Charles." My friend was equally polite and condescending on his part, and returned the compliment—a community of good feeling which I was glad to observe in great public

characters. The coal-heavers who emerge from the dark depths of the coal-depôts under the Adelphi—men who stand up for the rude dignity of their order, especially when their short snæck-frocks or large flannel-jackets have their Saint Monday morning's whiteness yet unsoiled—I have heard them cordially salute him with a playful smack of their waggon-whips and a loud, "Hah, Charley! how beest thee, boy?" and I have observed them carefully *not* drive their waggons over him, and refrain from pulling-up in the middle of his crossing, to the interruption of his business, and the damagement of "his shop" as he calls it—indubitable marks of their respect for him. Sometimes then I have missed Mr. Stump for a minute, and noticed that he came back again to business wiping his mouth with the hinder part of his broom-hand: from which appearances I inferred that Mr. Stump had been treated by those well-meaning heavers of coal and pewter—indifferent which—with "the first bite" at a pot, or "a drop of summut short"—morning indulgences of theirs. Messrs. Eve and Phythian—a pleasing copartnership of names—his neighbours, give one nod for the firm to his respectful morning salutation, and think of Charley when the cold meat accumulates. The old, powdered-headed gentlemen-tradesmen belonging to the spot "nod to him, and do him reverence"—exchange com-

pliments—ask the time of day—and looking up, as if doubting the necessity for an umbrella, appeal to Mr. Stump, who, being weather-wise, assures them that “It is duberous;” and when he says so, they turn back for their gingham, as they are going as far as Covent Garden market, “to look round.”

These circumstances and marks of respect I had often noticed in passing, and they drew my attention to him. I have since remarked that he is instructor-general of all old ladies lingering about for the coming-up of the Chelsea or Mile End stages, and that he tells them to a minute when they will come, or how many minutes it is since they passed. The old gentlewomen who are going only as far as the Bank for their dividends are his best class of customers. He seems to know them by instinct, and is particularly attentive to them while waiting for an omnibus—gives them good advice to take care of their pockets in riding back—and when the coach comes up puts his broom down anywhere to help to bundle them in, first spitting on his hands and wiping them dry before he tucks in their cleanly skirts, the conductors of those vehicles handsomely leaving the entire care of the delicate consignment to Charley, “just to put a sixpence in his way.” If anybody wants to know whereabout No. 445, West Strand is, or which way the numbers run, he directs and

instructs them with most persevering patience : for there is no sort of town-knowledge in which persons not town-bred make so many provoking blunders, and which they are so slow at acquiring. If a Frenchman inquires his way in French, he candidly tells him that he “ Can’t *parlour view* a bit,” and, gently taking hold of Monsieur by the lappel or the button, leads him to a shop near at hand, where “ *Ici on parle Français*” is painted in gold letters on a glass, framed, in the window. Mr. Stump is not wholly unlearned in foreign tongues, however ; for I was surprised to hear him speaking a few words of Spanish to a Spaniard, how picked up I know not. Mr. Stump perceived my surprise, and said “ Yes, I *parlour views Spanige* a little, ’cause I don’t mind the Dons, but I can’t half like the Mounseers—a pack o’ dancing dogs and dolls ! So, as I’m obbligated to have to do wi’ them there kind o’ Spanige fore’ners in my official capacity, I’ve l’arned to pätter a bit wi’ ’em, jist out o’ human kindness for their disconsilate sitivation in a strange country, all among fore’ner to them, you knot. I has some compassion upon them poor chaps—egziles, most on ’em, for Freedom ! That’s quite enuff for me ! I’m their man for *that* !” Mr. Stump is quite a patriot, as you may see.

Mr. Stump also reads all written directions for such persons as cannot read, and go straggling

and losing themselves about town with "an address" held like a label between their fingers and thumbs. He quaintly remarked to me, after setting one of these wanderers in his way, "I have a great deal o' trouble with those infort'nit strangers. They oughtn't to be sent up to town in that way at all, to find their country cousins about town. They shou'd be properly for'arded by the waggon, with a direction on 'em, and be stowed away and kept dry at the inn-yards till they're called for; or otherways be for'arded by the Parcels Deliverin' Company." In short, Mr. Stump is a decidedly popular person, and might put up for Westminster; and as sitting for that city is sometimes a sinecure office, I don't know whether the ten-pounders could do a wiser thing than return him as their representative: because if they *should* want him to say or do anything for them in the House—such as to express their disapprobation of the tender mercies of the New Poor-Law Bill, or suggest the possibility of giving the old political Augean stable a little further cleansing in its holes and corners, and patriotically direct him to assist in the dirty work—there would be their member, broom in hand, and used to the business, ready to do their bidding. A member always in the Strand, at his post, must be much handier than a member always off his post. But perhaps Mr. Stump is much better employed where he is: he is useful.

My attention was first drawn to this good-humoured public servant by a bit of spoken drollery of his, when there were loud outcries in the city about the scarcity of money. Mr. Stump was, if I may use the phrase, behind his counter, when I passed him one evening. It was the first time I had noticed the worthy fellow. As I approached him he touched the "sad remains of beaver once admired," and hoped, and not in vain, as some men hope, that "I'd remember the sweeper—as money was very scarce in the City!" Such an appeal was irresistible. I heard in these few words that he was a character, and made up my mind to know more about him. I observed enough in a very short time to see that this common-crossing-sweeper was no common crossing-sweeper. He did not "God bless your honour!" to death, and compel a penny from your pocket by the force of his perseverance, and the strength of his vociferations: he took higher ground, and rightly considered that "he had done the *Strand* some service," and that he had a claim upon you for that service. He seemed to say—"Brooms were not to be had for nothing, and if they were, no one, however much he might be a lover of cleanliness, would be an amateur sweeper of a crossing." Undeniable truths these. Remember them, ye close-fisted ones, who pick your way with gingerly toes through the public streets, care-

ful of the unsullied reputation of your Hobys ; and be not unmindful of the man who conserves your studied cleanliness, and fits you to enter, without spot or blemish, the nicely-carpeted drawing-room, or the critical dress-circle. It is either an omission of duty—an inconsideration—or a poor meanness perpetually to pass over one of these nicely-tended spots, and “moult no feather” of your better fortune as a waif for your not-so-fortunate, humble servitor. A penny dropped now and then into his hand would not sully the whitest kid-glove in the world : shabbiness is much more likely to make it look shabby in your own eyes, if no other eyes observe it.

Being curious to know something of his previous history, I seized the golden opportunity a summer's day afforded, when, the streets being dry and dusty, his office was a sinecure, to get into a long gossip with him, hoping to come at some amusing traits and trials of his life, which I could easily perceive had been “of a mingled yarn.” While I was breaking ground, however, I observed that a youngster was standing so close to me that he could readily overhear all I said. At first I took the urchin for one of those undersized pickthankies who confine their professional practice to the pockets of your coat-tail, not being tall enough to reach your watch-fob, or make a snatch at your breast-pin ; but as he bore, without

flinching, the scrutiny of my suspicious observation of his movements, it was plain that he was honest: so I sat him down as one of those curious town-boys who are always on the stare and the listen wherever two or three are gathered together: one of those lesser Paul Prys, and curious sneaks and snick-ups, who are ever agape for some small sort of knowledge of men and things—persevering day-scholars in this great academy, the City, in which school they too early learn much that were better left unlearned—hungerers after knowledge—hungry dogs, too, who could, if need were, bolt any given quantity of dirty pudding—who are to be seen standing, by the hour, in the unsavoury steam fuming up from the area of an eating-house, plum-pudding paralyzed, and staring through the misty panes

“ ————like some watcher of the skies,
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 ”Or like stout Cortez, when, with eagle eyes,
 He stared at the Pacific; and all his men
 Look’d at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent upon, ————”

the pave in Drury-lane. Annoyed, however, by the ragged urchin’s dodging and dodging about me and about me, pointing Mr. Stump’s attention to him, I inquired, impatiently, “Who is this imp that hovers around us so?” “Oh, don’t mind him, your honour,” answered he, “it’s all right—

he's only a poopil of mine." "A pupil?" cried I, and I laughed too. "Yes, poor little chap," he continued, "I knew his dead and gone father intimate—he was in my line—a brother brush—and very successful and highly respected in his vocation, I do assure you. But he happened to be caught napping one day on this very crossing, by a hominibus at full gallop; and as the crowner said it was quite accidental, which it wasn't, he levelled only a shilling on the wheels, and left little Sam and two other youngsters half orphans and half not, as they had a mother. So, as I succeeded to the old man's business, the old woman thought she couldn't do better than put young Sam 'prentice to me, in a manner of speaking, and I couldn't do less than take him, that he might larn to yarn his own liveliwood. He's as promising a lad as is, and 'll do byme-by when I've finished his edication. I'm very tender of him—haven't hit him yet: who'd set their wits against a orphan? I wouldn't—no man would! No—I uses the encouraging system: gives him all the fardens I gets from my customers—and the lead penny-pieces—and the old brooms, as parquisites—and, nows and thens, a half holiday! That's the way to bring up a child in the way he should go, and, when he grows old, if he departs from it, that's no consarn o' mine—it's his bis'ness, you know? When I was a boy, and was being dragged up, I

wasn't served so ! My master taught edication in a very different manner ! He used to thump larning into my head very hard, and, if it didn't stick in, he clenched the nail by hitting it hard at the other end. I've seen written up in windows about town ' Children taken in to wet nurse : ' my old master might ha' put on the board at his dcor — ' Children taken in to dry towel,'* he was so outrageous fond o' laying on, the stick, which he used to call the most instructive branch o' the tree of knowledge ! Now, I uses persuasion and example ; and don't expect him to larn everything at once. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know, Sir ? So I sets him to do the little finicking bits, and puts in the finishing touches myself. All in good time ! He's very serviceable now—goes o' all my errands, and runs with a letter like a lap-wing for one of my neighbours, under my responsibility, of course ; and he follows up the gentlemen that's a long while getting out their ha'pence—so that if they means to remember the sweeper at all, they haven't got no excuse for not doing it, when there's Sam dodging arter their heels : if their fumbling' in all their pockets a long while is all a sham, and all along they mean to give nothing, I know 'em again, and that cock won't fight another time—I don't leave off sweeping because

* *Towel*—to cudgel, to beat with a stick.

they happens to be a-crossing, and, in that case made and purvided, they must take pot luck. I've got a good many customers of that sort, Sir, shabby-genteel smart chaps with a burst in their boots, who want to come Captain Grand in the Strand—the 'Don't-happen-to-have-any-ha'pence-now-my-man' kind of fellows! 'I'll owe you a penny till I come this way ag'in' chaps! You'd be surprised, Sir, what a deal o' bad debts I got on my books in that way!—Look out there, Sammy, my boy!—that's nothing but a customer!—Morning, Sir!" said Mr. Stump, touching his hat very respectfully to an old gentleman passing slowly over. "You don't know *him* now, I dare to say?" he inquired. I shook my head in the negative. "One of my very best employers, Sir!—sixpence a week as reg'lar as every Monday morning comes round, and only uses my walk once a day—rides home at night—gives me a Christmas box besides! You don't know him? Well, then, that's the Editor of a Liberal Paper, which I read once a week!" "So I should have guessed from his gratuitousness," I remarked. Mr. Stump seemed puzzled, but proceeded.

"There, that old gentlemun that's creeping across now, he's a reg'lar clock-work customer o' mine—only he never gives more than a ha'penny, and he's so long in giving it, that I sometimes loses tuppence in waiting for it. I shall turn him

over to my 'prentice. You wouldn't think it—he's ninety year of age! He isn't so very feeble, is he?—makes a very good toddle of it?—I should think so! I've known him a matter of twenty year: he isn't so young as he was twenty year ago." This was an undeniable bit of good truth. "He's well to do, Sir: they do say, very warm and comfortable." Mistaking Mr. Stump's meaning, I remarked that he looked very cold. "Hah, I didn't mean that—I meant that he was well covered in. That's his house, t'other side, that that's new p'inted. You don't know his darter neither, Sir?" I confessed my ignorance. "Nice woman—quite a lady—forty, I should think, if she's a day, but very good-looking—nice leg—very 'tentive to her Pa—sends me over a basin o' broth when it's cold—" "What, the broth?" "No—the weather—because I saved the old gentlemun from being run down by a cab. He ought to give me more than a ha'penny a cross—oughtn't he? 'Good deeds are never ill-bestow'd,' as old Mr. Fawcett used for to sing. Nows and thens she sends me some cold meat: these very boots was his'n! Very nice young woman, and a handsome leg!—Mind, Sam, where you're going to with your broom! 'Excuse me, Sir, a moment?'—And Mr. Stump turned off to do the honours to some passenger, who acknowledged his attentions with a white piece of money, which I took for

silver, and so, I doubt not, did Mr. Stump, for his bows became more and more profound, and he seemed to glow with satisfaction. When he came up to me again, he erected himself rather proudly, and said—"You don't know *him* neither?" I nodded. "That's the great actor, Mr. Y——! Don't look odd, does he?"—And Mr. Stamp seemed mightily pleased with the poor pun, and repeated his laugh when he saw that I smiled. "The last of all the Roamuns, Sir!" he continued. "Why, Mr. Stump," said I, "it strikes me that you must have had something to do with the stage yourself, you gave that quotation with such a tragedy tone." "Well, I have heard the cotation where I shall never hear it ag'in—I have smelt the lamps, Sir! I played half the elephant in *Blue Beard*, and was Master Parsloe's deputy in the Goose in *Mother Goose*, which had such a long run." "The goose?" I inquired. "No—the immortal pantomime, which they can't revive now that Joe's tumbled through the trap!" "What trap do you mean, Mr. Stump?" "O, the grave to be sure!—That's a trap in the stage of life we must all tumble through, you know, sooner or later." "Upon my word, friend Charles, you are quite a moralist!" I remarked. "There's sarmon'ts in stones, Sir, you know—why shouldn't there be in the sweepers ov the stones? I heard that about sarmon'ts from the great John Kemble's own mouth, while I was a

stuffing the 'goose's body with my own, and I never forgot it. Sarmonts in stones! Very fine! Shakspeare, Sir! I often look up at his statty outside ——— Theatre, and wonder what bis'ness he has there now-a-days!" "Why, yes, they have pushed him out-of-doors, it is true," I remarked; "but he is loth to leave a theatre once worthy of him; and though he turns his back upon it, cannot kelp lingering at the door." "That's very forgivin' of him," said Mr. Stump; "if I was Shakspeare, I'd walk away, and leave the—the——ah, well, I won't say what I was going to say, because I've no particular prejudice ag'inst fore'ners in general, more than other people; but this I will say, it's both a sin and a shame that they should have half the stage to themselves—as the thin inside said to the fat inside in the Danstable coach—that it is! There's a sarmont in that stone of Shakspeare out over the portigo!" "That stone is lead, my friend," said I. "It's very approp'ate, then, that's all I say!" said Mr. Stump.

To hear a lamentation for our neglected and insulted Shakspeare breathed, with honest earnestness, from the mouth of an illiterate sweeper of the streets was something to listen to in these degenerate days of the English stage! My interest in the hero of my tale might well increase, and my curiosity to know more of him, and his history, be

well excused. “ ‘All the world’s a stage,’ Mr. Stump, and you seem to have played many parts on it,” I observed. “ Why, yes, Sir, I have. I’ve been a player—a scene-shifter—a puffer’s poet—a painter’s assistant—a writing-painter and sign-painter—‘everythin’ by turns, and nothin’ long,’ except when I made tape-worms for a worm-doctor !” “ Made what ?” I exclaimed, in astonishment. “ Tape-worms !” he repeated, and looked as though he wondered at my ignorance. “ Why, you don’t believe them are real, original, right-’njest worms which the Long-Acre doctors show in big bottles to frighten mothers of large families ? Lauk love your innocence ! Do you think anybody ’ud be so ridic’lous extravagant as to carry about two hundred yards of tape-worm under their waistcoats ? No, they’re manyfactur’d for the purpose at tuppence a yard !—I made ’em, and a very good bit of living it was, till the market got overstocked — all the bottles full — nobody believed in ’em, and the worm-powders didn’t go down as they used to do !

“ Yes, Sir, I’ve gone through strange wicissitudes ! I sometimes count them over on my fingers, and laugh at the long list o’ my poor parts in the pantomine o’ life ! Well—when I’d done wi’ the worm-doctors, I shifted the scene, and lived with a Wilson-maker.” “ A what ?” I cried. “ A Dick-Wilson picture-maker !—Mr. Daub was

a famous hand at 'em. He painted 'em, and I smoked 'em down. But honesty's the best policy, arter all. Daub could hardly get a living out of his roguery ; for the dealers knew what these cham Wilsons was—nobody else would buy em, because nobody else could sell 'em, and you may be sure they ground Mr. Daub down much more fiter than I ground his colours. He got little or nothin' for 'em ; but the dealers, when they'd got hold o' a good customer, they got 'Wilson prices' for Daubs ! Well, they'd ha' deceived the knowing ones in Wilsons, would Daubs ! They were raal'ly takin' pictures—not quite as good as the orig'nals, but next door to it—almost *fack s'miles*, as they say in the Classucs—or what you might call doublykits*. Lord, Sir, would you believe what fools there are in this world ? Daub's Wilsons sometimes fetched more at a sale than Wilson's Wilsons, because Daub's were in such a high state o' preservation ! Poor Daub ! If he'd taken half the pains to paint orig'nal pictures, he might have lived like a gentle-

* *Duplicates*—a word which the poor of London—(who have most to do with these chequered documents, which shew that they have passed through the turnpike gates of Poverty, and taken their tickets)—never rightly pronounce. I heard one ingenious fellow lately pronounce the word like *double or quits* ; but as he was a sly dog, and was talking, at the time, upon the enormous interest which those Lombardy lenders and usurers get upon redeemed piedges, he was perhaps nearer the mark than I supposed in his pronunciation.

man. Too many Wilsons had got into the market, and the rich buyers smoked the plot. So Mr. Daub went into the Bench, for no good, you may be sure, and I went about my his'ness. Hows'ever, I'd larned to handle the brush while I served under him, and so what does I do but I sets up as sign-painter for myself! My mangles, though I say it, were mirac'lous; my cows for dairymen did all but mew and give milk; and as for my 'horses and carts to let,' if I carried one through a turnpike-gate, they wanted to charge the toll. Then I did 'writing in all its branches:' but, unfort'nately, I minded my stops too much; and because I wouldn't follow the stupid directions of the shop-keepers, and paint up their bad grammar, they called me a pedant, and an obstinate—you know the animal I mean—very long in the ears; and the consequence was, I lost all my custom. A superior gen'us has no chance in this world, Sir—all the human spechies set their faces ag'inst a gen'us! Surprising the ignorance there is among shop-keepers, Sir! Would you believe it? I lost one very good connection because I wouldn't spell sugar with a *H*! A parcel of ignoramasis—Sam, follow arter that gentleman! He's going to give summut at last, I know by the turn of his wrist." Mr. Stump was right in his prognostication, for Sam came capering and crowing back with a skilling, which he handed up, and Mr.

Stump, having first examined it, to see that it was good, next spat upon it for luck, and paid it into his exchequer, remarking—"First money I ever touched o' that gentlemun's, and I've swept for him a long time; but better late than never, as Solomon says.

"So, as I was going to say, as I'd lost all my prospecks in life as a brush, I turned hand and moved marble as we used to say at taw, and shifted the scene by turning scene-shifter! Mr. Farley—bless his old red nose!—(he used to bluster a good quantity behind, and he d'd swear not a little above a bit, but he was a very good manager, that's sart'in—he gave me the situation because he knew that I understood trap, and he hadn't forgotten the long run of the *Goose*. I thought it very hard, hows'ever; that I should be reduced so low as to set a scene and manage the flats on the very identical boards where I'd been once so pop'lax: but I stomached the pride of my heart, and played my part; and if Mr. Farley did bullock me now and then on the one hand, on the other he often said, after it was all over, 'Charley, I dare say you're dry?' which you may be sure I was, and he gave me a shilling; so we were very good friends on the av'rige.

"Well, I was getting on swimmingly at the Garden when I tore an unfort'nate hole in my manners, which made Mr. John Kemble my enemy

—(he was an actor, Sir, wasn't he?) You knew the late Mr. Claremont, I dare say?—Well, he had to speak a prolog' to a new play—a mighty pompous, partic'lar sort of man—always carried a white han'kercher! Well—he was just going on—prompter's bell had rung for him—when, as the devil would have it, I run a scene, quite accidental, as hard as I could drive, no harder, against the funny-bone of his elbow;—consequence was he was in exscrewciating pain all through the prolog', and couldn't handle his cocked hat and white handkercher as genteelly as usual—consequence was he got hissed, which might ha' d——d the new play you know; and when he came off he d——d me considerable, and I d——d him rather more in reply:—the upshot was, he threatened to throw up his articles if I wasn't discharged; and as he was a favourite with Mr. Kemble, and I was only a poor scene-shifter, I got my 'quiet us,' as Hamlet says. I don't think I should ha' been sent to the rightabout, but I'd made another hole in my manners only a day or two prev'ous. Mr. Evans was one of the company—(you must have heard o' Mr. Evans?—he had a very long nose :) well, having a little wicked wit o' my own, I'd chalked up four lines on his nose at the back of the drop scene, which made a considerable sensation, because they *was* severe, and very cutting—not but his nose would

bear cutting—and that was the p'int of the joke, recommending the prompter to cut that part of Mr. Evans, as rather too long:—consequence was I got my discharge. It wasn't bad, was it, Sir?" And Mr. Stump chuckled over this reminiscence of his wit, and seemed mightily pleased when he saw me enjoy the joke almost as much as himself.

"Well, as I had shown a tu'n for versifyin', what did I do but offer my services to one of the printers and publishers of entirely new songs in Seven Dials, as a poet! He, in course, asked for a specimen of my powers: so, with a bit of chalk, I 'rit the lines on Mr. Evans's nose all along the counter, and drew a sketch of it, jist to give him a rough idee of its length; but the counter, though longish, wasn't long enuff, so I continued my drawing of Mr. Evans's nose down one side of the counter, across the shop, and out into the street, and 'rit '*To be continued*' where I left off. Mr. Vamp did me the honour to say that he was mightily taken with my comic powers as a poet and painter in the chalk style. He bit like *hacky-forties* at the engagement, but objected to my spelling⁴—them printers are so ridic'lous partic'lar about the spelling!—What does it matter so long as the p'int's good, and you understand it? Hows'ever, he entered into an engagement wi' me, at five shillings a song, and find my own paper—and he was to mind the spelling. Well, I wrote a new

song to an old tune that very morning, to shew what I could do at a pinch, and it was printed next day, and published that night. You should ha' seen me that evening in the printer's warehouse, with a quire o' ballad-singers roundabout me, while I, considerable elevated on three bundles of paper, read my verses, and then sung 'em, and read and sung 'em over and over ag'in, till they'd all got 'em by heart, for those poor creeturs, Sir, many on 'em, can't read a bit themselves! It was a pictur' for Hogart'! I've often wished my old master, Daub, could ha' seen the sight! I'm very sure he'd have made more of such a subject than he did o' making Dick Wilsons. I think I see myself now—the Poet!—on the bundles o' paper! At my side one o' them wretched scrapers o' catgut which play about the streets, stuck up on another stack o' paper, giving 'em a notion o' the tune—a long, gaunt fellow—quite a bag o' bones—wi' a beard six days old, a head o' hair six weeks uncombed, a large tuft of it shooting up through a hole in the crown of his hat—buttoned close up to the chin—his naked elbow out o' one sleeve—his trowsers tied up wi' two bits o' string to the bottom button of his coat—his shoes kept soles and upper-leathers together by two turns of rope—and he, all the while he was a playing givin' himself all the airs and graces of Mr. Ware, who led the band at the Garden when I played

the Goose! It 'ud ha' done your heart good to ha' seen him—and h'ard him fly out in a passion because his poopils didn't keep time, and sung-out out of tune! Then his attitudes were so very fine! His elbows squared—and his knees tarked out so that you could see the backs of his calves—his right foot beatin' time, and his ragged head noddin' it! Then to see his poopils—some slow—some stupid—some very deaf; with their hands behind their ears to catch the hair—some screeching—some howling—some hoarse—some coughing their lungs up, goin' with gin—some with a voice, and some with half a voice—one could reach the high notes and couldn't touch the low—one could sing the low and couldn't reach the high; and when that was the case they went into the streets in pairs, and the first voice sung out 'Blow high,' and the second sung out 'Blow low,' which was what they called toe-and-heel piecing each other's voices!—Lor', sir, it was as good as a farce—better! Muster Mathews should ha' seen 'em! If I was a comic painter—a Wilkie or a Cruikshank—I could take 'em off to the life—now—'here in Denmark!'

"Upon my word, Mr. Stump," said I, "I think you *are* a comic painter—with words—not colours! I have seen the picture, in all its parts and details, as you proceeded in your description." Mr. Stump immediately drew himself up, placed his

hand upon the top of his broom in a peculiarly impressive manner, and apparently felt all the poet's pride swelling and sweeping with lofty pinions through his soul. He was silent for a minute; and then glancing his eye down at his broom, as if he felt it was unworthy of his ingenious hands, and he was worthy of a nobler implement, he proceeded.

“ Well, I followed the Muse many years, and I must say my songs were very pop'lar—one particular so—a parody on “ *The Old Woman clothed in Grey*.” It was during the Reform hubbub, when the Greys were outjockeyed by the Tories. Mind, I don't say it was my doings, but it was rather an extr'or'nary goinsidehence that, very soon arter, the Greys run in again, and got the plate. But before that 'consumeation, so devoutly to be wish'd,' took place, I lost my lauritship for the Seven Dials! I'd been so very severe on the Tories, that Mr. Printer and Publisher got threatened by the parish Consarvatives that they'd put his shop down as a nuisance; and so, having made a fortin' by my Muse, he made a political sacrifize of your humble sarvant—took to selling' pious trac's, that 'last infirmity of noble minds'—and patched up a peace with all his parish'oners except the parson o' the parish, who hated the 'ranting dogs, the daddies' of'em, more than he did a anti-Tory squibbing song. Ah, Sir, it's an ungrateful worl'

we live in! But that bit o' good truth's as old as lying! You might as well look for a bee at Billingsgate as gratitude among publishers. But that complaint's as old as elbows!—The ungrateful rascal! I could ha' hanged him!—for he told me one night, over our cups, when he was rather more drunk than otherways, and couldn't hold his own, that he was one o' the muffineers at the Nore." I smiled, and set Mr. S. right: he laughed, and thanked me, and proceeded. "That's treason, you know, all the world over!

"Well, I wasn't going to be put down by a faction, so I offered my ^safvices to an advertisin' blackin'-maker who wanted to outshine Day and Martin; and I flatter myself that my varses did rub the shine out on 'em not a little. In course, they started a poet in opposition: Lor' bless you! I soon took the brilliancy out o' his shoes, and made him small. Consequence was that Day and Martin was goin' rapidly down-hill in the market, while Tombleson, my man, was risin' famous! Well, to see the ingratitude, as I said before, o' this world! This Tombleson—that I had made famous all over town and out of it—would you b'lieve it? he had the vanity to ask me to fill up my overhours wi' chalkin' the walls out o' town wi' 'TRY TOMBLESON'!—*Me!*—a man o' my gen'us!—wanted *me* to go pokin' about in the dark o' cold winter

mornin's, wi' wet whitenin' and a brush, defacin' garden walls wi' that myster'ous writin' which no eye never saw doin' it's done so invisible, nobody knows when! *Me* submit myself to that? No, I was too magnaficient for that. I b'lieve! I stuck up for the dignity o' gen'us, and wouldn't! Well, them sort o' chaps they know the weak side o' human natur', and that's the way they get on so. He knew my weak side, and over a pot of Whitbread, to which I'm partial, and a pipe, to which I've no partic'ler objection, excep' that it makes your clothes rather offensive to the ladies when they ask you which is the way to Exeter Hall, or some sich place—he coaxed me, and flattered me, and laid it on so thick, that at last I consented to go out inscribin'—for 'that night only,' mind me, 'by partic'ler desire'—jist for the humour o' the thing. Well, off I started—all right—wi' five pints o' Whitbread under my waistcoat, which al'ays inspires me—off I started for Peckham, meanin' to go the circuit. Well, I spied a nice new wall, jist fit for the purpose. I out wi' my brush, and went to work. Guess what was the upshot? When I'd written my first 'TRY TOMBLESON' I, nat'ral enuff, stepped back a bit to study the effects, just as my old master, Mr. Daub, used to do—when, all at once, I found myself tight in the arms o' the properietor o' the wall, who no sooner cotched fast hold o' me than he began

brawling ‘Watch! watch!’ no louder than he could; and, very providential! the Watch, for once, was on what the French call the *queer weave*, and, before I could cry ‘Fafn it!’ I was *hiked* off safe enuff to Peckham cage!

“A-pleasant village that Peckham, Sir!—but I can’t say very much for the Peckham cage. Hows’ever, as I was in for it, by a nat’ral ’sociation o’ idees, the dickey-birds flew into my head. Birds sing, you know?—not ’all on ’em—geese don’t—nightingales and skylarks do. Well, now, if there’s anything on this univarsal earth I’m imminent on account of, it’s for whistling like a nightingale and a lark—larnt it when I was so high”—[and Mr. S. gave me a superficial idea how high he was at the time]—“of a reg’lar bird-fancier—Jem Gibbins: didn’t know Jem, perhaps?”—[I shook my head as usual.] “Why, you shake your head, Sir, jist like a horse wi’ the tooth-ache!”—[I acknowledged the compliment.]—“Well, but, to get along. As I was all alone, wi’ nothin’ to amuse myself till mornin’, what did I do but strike up the lark’s song!”—[And Mr. Stump favoured me with, certainly, a very capital imitation of “the lively lark.”]—“The Night-constable—servin’ in his own right—said ‘I mustn’t do that, which made me to do it all the more. Well, the respectable gentlepeople opposite, as they’d never heard a skylark singin’ at twelve o’clock at night, thought it

very odd, and sent over to the watchus to the Night-constable to inquire into the unusuality o' the thing. 'Whose bird is it?' says they: 'Nobody's bird,' says he: 'What bird is it?' says they: 'A gao^o-bird, I think,' says he, 'by his being such a very hardened offender!' 'What, an t it a bird at all, then?' says they: 'No,' says he, 'it's a man!—gave his name in the charge-sheet "*Mister Charles Stump, artist.*"' 'What's he in for?' says they: 'Why, he's charged by Mister Tombleson, the attorney, wi' white-washing his new wall with "*TRY TOMBLESON,*" which he considers pers'nal, and calc'lated to provoke a breach o' the peace.' 'Well, do keep the unfort'nate man quiet,' says they: 'He can't,' says I, speaking through the bars, 'I defy him!'—and I struck up ag'in as strong as six skylarks, just to show 'em a bit o' the spirit o' independence o' circumstances, and that gen'us wer'n't to be put down by nobody! Two o'clock the gentlepeople sent over the way ag'in, and said they hadn't had a wink o' sleep, all along o' my skylarking! 'Well, I thought it nothin' but right, in that case, to give 'em a change o' performance, as they'd been so very attentive—so I struck up the nightingale's song, and made 'the stone jug' ring ag'in wi' my 'Tirra, lirra, sweet, sweet, sweet, jug, jug, jug!' Three o'clock Mr. Tombleson came across himself, and begged, for heaven's sake, that Night-constable

'ud discharge the charge. 'Tirra, lirra, sweet, sweet, sweet, jug, jug, jug,' chirrupped I. Well, at last, they couldn't bear it no longer, and so they turned me out, neck and crop, quite indecent, which was jist what I wanted—neither more nor less! 'So I gave 'em a 'Tirra, lirra, sweet, sweet, sweet, jug, jug, jug,' at the door o' the cage, and hopped the perch. And that's the origin o' the cant phrases you hear so common in fash'nable life—'the stone jug,' which means a pris'n., and 'sky-larking,' which si'nifies kicking up a row at night." [I respectfully thanked Mr. Stump for the etymological enlightenment he had so facetiously afforded me.]

"Well, when I got to town, you may be sure I didn't say nothin' at all to Mr. Tombleson about the indignunties he had brought on me—no, I didn't say much, but what I did say was very much to the purpose. I blew him up, and he was insolent—I knocked him down, and, I will say that for him, he kicked me out of his house; and then, as he must nat'rally have expected, I threw down my indignunt pen, and threw up my articles, and went home to my garret, disgusted with the world. You know what a garret is, Sir?" inquired Mr. Stump, and he looked at me very knowingly. "It's the very first room you come to under the tiles. Always the best air there, Sir, it's so high! Bad place, though, for poets, as it sharpens their

appetites, which, pervidin' they've nothin' to eat worth talkin' about, isn't very adviseable. Well, as I was goin' to say, it was a sad reverse o' fortune to fall all at one fell swoop, as Macduff says, from a guinea a-week to nothin' a-week, and no forfeits. I hope your honour never had none o' them misfortuns?" [I shook my head in such a manner as to express that I had.] "Well, then, you'll know all the more how hard it is to be turned adrift on the wide worl', and not immed'ately recollect where you can find a dinner. I was very much puzzled, I confess, for several days that way; and it wasn't because I'd such a bad men'ry, neyther. It's rather unpleasant than otherways, as poor Supple, a country player o' my acquaintance used to say when he was out of ingagement, to keep dinner waitin' for you three days successfully, and have no time to take a bit, you've such a many rehearsals to attend before the piece comes out! It's likewise very bad for the stumach, beside spi'ling your temper." And Mr. Stump glanced very facetiously at me, grinned from ear to ear, and twiddled his broom-handle in a playful manner.

"Bread's the staff o' life," he resumed, "but when you've nothin' else to lean upon, you very soon find how feeble you're a gettin'. My good old gran'mother, rest her old soul! used to tell me, when I was a boy—which I was once, of course—

to eat my bread and smell to my cheese, by way o' econimy. That's all very well, and very relishin', when we're hungry boys, but when we're hungry men we put off childish things, you know, as the good Book says. Then it's not at all gratifyin' to eat your bread in the streets—(a pinch at a time from your coat-pocket, on the sly, out o' a dirty feelin' o' pride, but you can't help it, you can't, try as hard as you can)—nor satisfyin' to smell to your cheese in the chan'ler's shop over the way safe enuff, but you can't get even a sniff at it, as you've no change about you, not the vally of a ha'penny. But it's no use complainin' in that event; and as for lettin' other people know how poor you are, why, it's like a sailor's showin' off his timber toe by the roadside, which only moves the tender hearts o' all good Christians to get out of his way as fast as their legs can carry 'em, for fear he should tread on their toes with his wooden peg. That's a bit o' good truth. Perhaps you never was hungry for many days runnin', and nothin' to stop its rage wi' but a bit of dry bread once in a way—was you, Sir? Your eyes never rolled about in your sockets, as thoff they were in a fit, when they got sight o' the very dinner you used to like when you *cou'd* get it—did they? Your flesh, mayhap, never crept wi' cold in a warm day—cold wi' want?—[The poor fellow shuddered as he recollected that his flesh had, and

the various, struggling expressions in his face were painful to behold. He mastered himself, however, and went on,]—"You never gaspt and cou'dn't speak, and cou'd only cry, feebly, like a child, and stagger about like a drunken man, though as sober as an angel, when somebody, who'd known you in better days, met you in the street, and lookin' in your starved face, wi' pity in their good-hearted eyes, shoved a shillin' in your hand, and pushed off their boat as fast as they cou'd, before you cou'd say 'Thankye'?—I hope your honour never did! But I have! I've gone through it all, and more than that, for two or three long, long years; and you'll be surprised, Sir, to larn that it hardens the heart wonderful! It softens it at first; but when that's over, then it begins to harden it wonderful fast! What thoff you do sometimes meet wi' a bit o' human kindness, once every three or four months or so? One swallow, you know, don't make a summer, as the man said who'd only a mouthful—a roasted sparrow—for dinuer? One hand wi' a little pity in it can't make you forget the hundreds o' hard hands, screwed up tight as white-smith's wices, when you ask a favour on 'em? Ah, Sir, God have pity on the poor fellow—for man unfort'nately puts it off sometimes till it's too late—God pity, I say, the wolfish wretch that sheds tears as he devours an unexpected bit o' bread!

But God pity much more the man whose eyes are dry, and his tongue silent, when he cries in his heart !”

I started at this burst of earnest eloquence, as well I might, when I looked upon the humble being who could so feel, and so express his feelings; and, as I looked, saw his eyes flashing a wild fire—his colour flying from his face—his lips trembling—and his frame shaking with emotion. I kept silence; for what could I have said to a man who was manifestly troubled at the heart by some agonizing recollections of old sufferings? Silence was, indeed, the best sympathy I could show, and I was silent. In a few moments he recovered himself, and proceeded with his narration.

“ However, I’ve forgiven all that long ago, and shaken hands wi’ the world, and made it up; but I haven’t forgotten it—mind! No, I haven’t forgotten it! It does me good sometimes to sit down and remember it all, and make my own ‘Moral’ on it. Hang poverty, I say! I never knowed no good that it ever did in this world: if you do, Sir, just mention it.” [I confessed that I had not a word to say “in its favour.”] “ It isn’t pleasant, Sir, to go straggling about this City with nothin’ in your pockets but your hands—or, if so be you’re well off, with nothin’ but a shillin’, which you’re very much afeard isn’t a good one, and you feel it very often, and think it’s a lectle too smooth, like a

toothandague one; and you ain't sure, when you looks at it promise'ously, that it hasn't a yellowish look, as if there was much more brass, considerable, than silver in it; and you go into a shop and buy something that comes to a penny, and ask for all ha'pence change, just to convince yourself: and all the while it's good enuff—it's only you that's duberous—it isn't pleasant, I shou'd say, because I've tried it!—Ah, Sir, when a poor fellow, as I was then, has been wanderin' about the streets till he's sick of 'em, and the parks till he's faint with the fresh air, which only makes him all the more hungry, it hardens his heart, if he has one, to see lux'ry starin' him stupidly in the face! He don't look at it with no sort of compassion—quite the contrary, I should say, and I ought to know. •Eh? Nor it isn't very delightful to hang about the doors o' the great people when they're givin' their routs and them gaities. You look rarther uncharitable, and you can't help it, at their gold chains, and di'mon' neckluses, as they step out o' their carr'ages wi' such a deal o' unnecessary ornyment about 'em! It's a great waste o' their pocket-money, Sir, for a good-looking English-oman don't require all that ornymenting! She's as han'some as she can be as she is, by natur', without 'the fore'aid,' as somebody says, 'of ornyment,' if she would but let well alone. But as I was goin' to say, when I looked at all this waste of

riches, in di'mon's and what-nots, and it happen'd to occur to me that I hadn't a penny in the wide world, says I to myself, in that predicament, 'That's no bis'ness o' yourn!' and as soon as I'd made up my mind that that was the case, I walked away as' fast as legs could carry me. Ah, Sir, I don't wonder—I don't—that there's so many rogues on the Town: all I wonder at is that there isn't more of 'em! There ain't so many, after all, as there might be, and get 'a livin' too!" And Mr. Stump indulged me with another of his facetious faces.

Just at this interesting point in his reminiscences, his attention was drawn away from himself to a gentleman who was passing by in a splendid cabriolet. "Do you know that fine gentleman there in the dashing cab with a tiger?" I begin to think that I know nobody, and not to know anybody is to be yourself a nobody, for again I was compelled to answer "No." "Well, then," said Mr. Stump, with an air of complaisant pity of my deplorable ignorance, "that's Count Daresay, the handsomest man as is!" I had not time to confirm Mr. Stump's emphatic opinion, for "the handsomest man as is" was no sooner seen than gone, like many another handsomest thing "as is." I don't know whether Mr. Stump was simply facetious, or simply misinformed; for he then went on to instruct me that "All those fine fellows

which go about town in their own cabriolies, with tigers ramping behind 'em, are Vice-Presidents o' the Zulelogic Society, them tigers bein' nothin' more than a symbol that they patternizes that outlandish hexhibitionment o' fore'n animals up in Regen's Park !”

After the handsome gentleman had passed away, Mr. Stump took that opportunity of boasting that “ A great many great public characters patternized his crossin', because they knew that he'd snelt the lamp and the orange-peel, never neglected bis'ness, and was always sober and civil, he couldn't help sayin' that for himself !” It was saying a great deal. “ I only want the Duke o' Wellin'ton,” continued he, “ Mr. O'Connell, and Lord Broom, to complete my collection o' celebrated characters who've done me the honour o' usin' my shop. Mine's no common crossin', Sir ! It goes right over to Coutts's !”

Here Mr. Stump was put a little out of temper by a lively young person suddenly taking it into his heels to “ Jump Jim Crow” in the middle of his shop, as he called it; but he plainly informed him that “ He would have none of his white-black blagguarding there ! That it was a place o' bis'ness, and not pleasure.” And as he seemed about to enforce this distinction upon the lively young person's memory with his broom, the lively young person desisted from the dance, and made

a rapid exit at the wings, O. P. "The worst o' these hexhibitions," said Mr. Stump, resuming his broom, his composure, and his reflections, "is, that they bring pickpockets by the dozen about 'em in no time. There, now, there's one of the snickups looking out! D'ye see him? Tuck in your han'kercher, Sir, or it'll be had! One thing follows the other as a nat'ral consikence, like two men a-carryin' a ladder, that where there's a mob there will be pickpockets." I stared to hear that Mr. Stump, among the rest of his accomplishments—such as player, painter, poet, tape-worm manufacturer, crossing-sweeper, and moralist—was also a logician! "Now, only observe the impert'nence of the fellow! He's arter that officer-like gentlemun, very properly, 'cause he's indiscrim'nate enuff to expose his han'kercher, out o' the corner o' his pocket. Well, only you notice the Botany Bay boy! He's got *his* muckinger out o' *his* pocket, too, 'cause when he's tried the gentlemun, and he finds it won't suit, the gentlemun being a lëttle suspicious, he walks on before him, quite innocent-like, and when the gentlemun sees *his* han'kercher similar exposed, he can't think it's him that tried his pocket only that moment; and so the cunnin' rascal gets clean off as a smelt, don't you see? And p'r'aps the gentlemun, very superfluently, advises him to be more careful o' his property than to throw ten'ta-

tion in the way of them pickpockets; and walks alon', talking wi' him on the rogueries o' town rascals, to all which observations o' the gentlemun he agrees very 'decided; and jist as he little thinks o' such a thing, he cleans the simple gentlemun out in a workmanlike manner; and when he looks round to address another remark, which has jist struck him, he's gone, and so what he was goin' to remark is lost!" Mr. Stump has not missed his official opportunities for observation of what is passing in the Strand.

"Well, but to finish my story, Sir," resumed Mr. Stump, "when we were interrupted—let me see, where was I? Oh! I was all abroad on the wide worl', just out of my ingagement wi' Tomble-son, the blackin' and whitenin' man. Well, I didn't eat the bread o' idleness, when I got any bread to eat. I looked out sharp, you may be sure o' that, right and left, and all round, for somethin' to go to work at. I had a soul above matches, Sir, though I was han'somely offered to be set up in that line o' bis'ness by a patron! The Muse didn't desert me: she never does a proper sort o' poet at a pinch! What did I do? I sung my own songs in taps, and got a draught from one, and a snap from t'other, and an occasional copper or two from another, that sarved very well as a stop-gap. When the wind and the rain comes in at the wall, stop 'em out, anyhow. But I sighed

for independence, and I got it made a present to me in a very remarkable manner. I was passing down the Strand one arternoon when who should I see runned right over by a hominibus but poor Sam Scrape, which formerly swept this very hidencetical crossin'! 'I know'd him well, Horatio!' as John Philip used to say, and, in course, I picked him up, as I ought to do, and helped to carry him to the Hospital. P'dor Sam! he died that very night; and as I'd taken care o' his broom while his sentence was undecided, when the sargeons said there was no hopes of him, Sam beckoned me to the bed, and said, 'Charley,' says he, 'it's all dicky wi' me—the doctors says so! Well, it can't be helped! So keep my broom, which you've held so han'somely *enterroarum* (!) and take my advice, jump into my berth to-morrow mornin', before it's snapped up by somebody else as don't deserve it half so well! There's a honest penny to be yärned there, Charley,' said he, 'if your back arn't too stiff to stoop and pick it up! Take it, and be kind, there's a good boy, to my poor Sally and Sam, and the two youngsters, and Heaven 'll b'fess you!' I promised I'd look arter the wife and the little ones, *and I have!* That's one on 'em, Sir—Sam's eldest son and heir—my poopil as is! That very evenin', as soon as decency 'ould permit, I officiated for poor Sam—throwed all my hambition for Fame overboard—and 'ere I am—

none the worse for it !” And Mr. Stump gaily struck up this verse of Dibdin’s :

“ You’ve heard those old proverbs—Ne’er lean on a rush :
 A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush ;
 ’Tis the money paid down that decides who ’s the winner ;
 Who waits upon Fortune ’s ne’er sure of a dinner.”

He was silent for a few moments, and then resumed his narrative. “ I don’t trundle that hoop with jingles, Poetry, now, Sir—leastways, not professionally—only as an evening’s amusement, which don’t always bear the morning’s reflection. It’s a pretty toy, Sir, is Poetry !—better than a rattle, only it don’t always keep you as quiet ! Nobody reads Poetry now-a-days ! Nobody, except them as writes it—more’s the pity ! They’re ‘ a gude few,’ as Sandy says. Every one as likes Poetry now writes his own, and makes it jist as he relishes it—cold, without gen’us, or warm, with sugar, and a squeeze o’ the lemon. Anybody as writes verse now-a-days as he hopes somebody else ’ll read ought to have a statty of lunacy taken out for him by his friends or medical advisers as soon as possible ! Yes, Sir, it’s all up with the profession ! The market’s overstocked, and there’s no buyers ! So the poets ’ad better shut up shop, and take hold o’ a broom, as I ha’ done. They’d yarn a better liveliwood, I can tell ’em, and be a great deal much more independent—pervided there’s a vacancy—for crossin’s ain’t always to

let now—(and it's a perversion o' gen'us to strike out an orig'nal one where one's not wanted!)—the sweepers ha' got used to the hominibuses, and don't get run over as of'en, as they did at first, so there ain't so many vacancies—other people get run over instead. You wouldn't believe, Sir, what a deal o' time I lost, when I first opened shop here, 'tending coroner's inquests, 'cause I saw how the accidence hap'en'd. I tarn another way, and never sees nothin' at all, now, since I couldn't get my expenses. The way o' the worl', Sir!" And Mr. Stump winked his eye, and looked very sagaciously at me.

"Lor', Sir," continued Mr. Stump, "an honest penny is an honest penny! What does it si'nify whether you sweep a crossin', or don't sweep one? All these 'ere sort o' sitivations are good or bad—respectible or otherways—only by comparison! Sweepin' a crossin', where the income 's a consideration; is an elegint imployment—Liberty Hall—everythin', and nothin' else, when compared with the manufacturing o' Wilsons—scrapin' o' catgut at half a crown a night at a Royalty Theatre, as the musicianers, I'm told, do now-a-days—writin' ingenuities for ungrateful blackin'-mongers—or tragedies for swallow-all-up-tragedians!"

Just at this moment a poor, gaunt, miserable, but ingenious-looking young man came shivering along, though 'the day was warm, and, as he

passed, nodded to Charley. "How do, Stubbs?" inquired Mr. Stump of the spectre, who shook his head mournfully, and walked, or rather feebly tottered across, Charley following him carefully and piteously with his eyes, to see that he got over safe. "There," said he, turning round to me, "that's another victim to Poetry! Look at him! Poor devil! Writes for the Highgeists now! But he a'n't no gen'us, though—only eddication—knows grammar from first to last—and speaks French like a natural! But he drinks dreadful when he can get it, which is the ruination of a man o' talons!—nobody never does no good that drinks! Poor Stubbs!—No, no, Sam!" bawled Mr. Stump to his diligent assistant, who was about to take a fee from the poor consumptive creature, "No, no—I won't allow it! As he's a brother chip, Sir, in course I don't take money of him—he's on the Free List!" And Mr. Stump chuckled for a moment, and then looked very grave as he continued—"He's dying, Sir, as fast as he can! The medical gentlemen at the Hospital up there ha' given him over: they told me in confidence that he's got two buckles in his lungs——"

"Two what?" I cried.

"Two buckles!" repeated Mr. Stump. "How he cou'd ha' got 'em down, I can't make out!" wondered my perplexed friend in the innocence of his ignorance, and well he might! I took the

liberty to suggest the right reading—tubercles—which Mr. Stump (unlike many of your men of superior intellect, when you “suggest a fault, or hesitate” a correction) gratefully accepted as an emendation, and modestly confessed his want of knowledge.

Poor wits seem to abound about Town, for no sooner had Mr. Stubbs been pitied, than a less to be pitied, but still pitiable wag hove in sight. He was a brisk little fellow, and seemed in good spirits. “You *do* know him, I *shou’d* think?” said Mr. Stump, inquiringly, nodding his head towards the individual in point—as, buttoned up to the chin, in good case, but bad feather, he went tilting along on tiptoe, like a dancing-master in a rhapsody. I looked at him—all redolent of the faded fineries of Monmouth-street—and answered, “No.” “What! not know Sniggers—sing’lar Sniggers, as he’s called—the formerly celebrated Headhitter” [so it sounded to my ear] “o’ the ekally celebrated *Monthly Mangle*? Is it possible?” I assured Mr. Stump that it was: that I had heard of such a Review, but that I had never heard the name of its celebrated Editor. “There’s fame!” exclaimed Mr. Stump, in contempt of it. “Why, he thinks he’s sure o’ himmortality! And here’s you, a gentlemun as always looks like a readin’ gentlemun, as never h’ard on him! And yet how he used to cock up his pertinent nose ever

so high over my head, when I was a brother chip of his in the song line, 'cause I wasn't so pop'lar as he! Well, I forgive him all that now! Hows'ever he is clever—has a versatality o' gen'us, I should say." "Hah!" cried I, "What can he do?" "Oh, many things! When he's partic'lar happy, and full of his fun, he'll balance a pipe on his nose and invent a verse at the same time, before it tumbles off! He'll make a node—" "A what?" "—I see the force of your objection," said Mr. Stump, "an ode on anybody's birthday—he ain't no ways partic'lar whose—while a mutton-chop's br'ifin', for a wager o' one shillin'! You whip off the chop, done to a turn, and he'll whip down the ode, done very nicely too! He'll write you a song, with his eyes shut, while the waiter's takin' the chill off a bottle of Scotch ale, and when 'Coming, Sir' cries 'It's up!' down he throws the song on the table!—I've seen him, many's the time, make some o' those little funny things with a p'int in 'em—what d'ye call 'em?—little things with a sting in 'em?" inquired Mr. Stump. "Bees, perhaps?" suggested I. "No," said he. "Wasps?" "No." "Blow-flies?" "No." "Severe critics?" "No." "Attorneys?" "No." "Satirists in the small way?" "No, no—I don't mean none o' them hannimalkelies—I mean small bits o' verse?" "Oh!" cried I, suddenly enlightened, "you mean Epigrams?" "Them's

them ! Well, he'll write you half-a-crown's worth o' them—five to the half-crown—with one hand tied tight behind him, any half-hour you likes to select, for anythin' you like, and say 'Done !' A'n't he a dab ?" I said I thought he was, and pitied the poor wit, that his cleverness was not much better employed. "I'm glad to hear you say that, Sir !" said the good-hearted fellow. "Lor' pity and help all the poor clever men about town, say I ! They're very much to be pit'ed, I know ! Yes—poor fellows ! Ah, Sir, nobody knows that the shoe's tight so well as him that's tried hard to get it on wi' a shoeing-horn, and couldn't ! Aye, aye ! Poor Sniggers !"—And he looked compassionately after the distressed author as he hovered about a bookseller's window, and kept running his eye up and down the piles of goodly books of ancient date. "Ah !" cried my friend, with a long sigh, "don't look in there ! That's been your ruination, lookin' into them windeys, and thinkin' what a fine thing it was to be bound in calf and have a gilt back ! That's the reason why you're a'most in rags, and haven't got a whole boot to your foot, you poor, proud, pitiful, infatigated, d-d clever fellow !" And as he said this, never were humorous scorn and humane pity more strangely mingled in the face of man ! It was a study for Le Brun ! As for Lavater, he would have loved him !

Here my worthy friend called out to his pupil

“To mind the shop, while he turned in to tea ;” I slipped a shilling into his hard, horny, honest hand, which he gratefully acknowledged ; and envying him his good-humoured cheerfulness, and confidence in all the trials and sad vicissitudes of life, I bade him good day, and pondering walked my way—a wiser man

THE END.

